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THE
MARK OF THE BEAST

BY SIR THEODORE COOK

AUTHOR OF "KAISER, KRUPP AND KULTUR," "KULTUR AND CATASTROPHE," "THE LAST LAP," ETC. ETC.

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"It is possible that one day, when time has wearied remembrance and restored the ruins, wise men will tell us that we were mistaken, and that our standpoint was not lofty enough; but they will say it because they no longer know what we know, nor will they have seen what we have seen."—MAETERLINCK.

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TO

HENRY CUST

CHAIRMAN OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE FOR NATIONAL PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATIONS

"TO WHOM THE COUNTRY OWES A GREAT DEBT OF GRATITUDE FOR UNREMITTING SERVICES DURING THE WAR."

[*Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons, August 14th,* 1916.

"We must never forget how the war came about . . . what was the real cause of the war. Some people say 'You need not go back on the old ground now; everybody knows it.' You cannot go back on it too often. It affects the conditions of peace. . . ' There must be no peace except a peace which will ensure that the nations of Europe live in the future free from the shadow of Prussian militarism, in the open air and in the light of freedom."

VISCOUNT GREY,
October 23rd, 1916.

PREFACE

" Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries by the multitude of thine iniquities, by the iniquity of thy traffick ; therefore will I bring forth a fire from the midst of thee, it shall devour thee, and I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee."

DER KAISER.
MORIERIS ENIM TU ET NON VIVES.

My main object in collecting and rearranging the facts which follow is to drive home the lesson that an inconclusive peace with the German Empire will be a disastrous defeat. No military details of the war (with very few exceptions) will be found here. For them my readers must turn to such authorities as Hilaire Belloc, John Buchan, Ian Hay, Lord Ernest Hamilton, and many more. My task has been to record and explain certain facts about German Kultur, German diplomacy, and the atrocious cruelties perpetrated by the armed forces of the German Empire in flat contradiction not only to

the laws of war, but to the dictates of humanity; and this book is therefore divided into three sections dealing respectively with these three main subjects.

The whole of the material (which represents a mass of facts and names) has been carefully verified. It has also been deliberately removed from its original chronological setting. It is no longer important that the dates of any particular essay should be preserved. After two years of war a more organic and more useful method of arrangement has become possible and necessary. The concentration into one chapter of events or facts which came to light (and were originally recorded) at various times has added very greatly to their significance. I therefore offer no apology for making full use of what has appeared before, either in the *Field* or in reprints of Leading Articles written for that paper; for I present it in a very different form, and, I venture to believe, in a far more valuable setting. A great deal of new material (up to October 24th, 1916) has been added.

Many books about the war were written long before the multiple corroborations of 1916 had happened; and many facts in this latter year, which might have seemed isolated phenomena, gain a vivid interpretation when compared with earlier occurrences which prove them to be the inevitable result of an earlier and a deliberately determined policy. In both of these senses this book has profited by the mere date of its appearance. But it has profited still more by yet another process; for I have been very deeply indebted to many previous writers on the war and on its causes. In most cases they are aware of my personal gratitude. But if there are others whose work has not been specifically acknowledged, let me say that I have freely taken from the whole *corpus* of contemporary writing any thought, any phrase, any reference, which might strengthen the case here

set forth. For I have felt that everyone would wish to contribute to the common stock, to that unbought armament of nations which is the mental resolution and decision of their people. I have felt that there is not one of us who would not freely offer everything he had to advance in any way the cause for which we are all fighting either with sword or pen; and that, in such a conflict as we still must face, the usual literary courtesies may for a time rest in abeyance. Let me in any case here openly express my very hearty thanks to all those predecessors who have given me, whether they were aware of it or not, such valuable assistance. After all, it is the Germans themselves who have provided by far the gravest counts in the indictment of their nation.

The murder of Captain Fryatt on July 28th, 1916, did not stand alone in the more recent chronicles of German crime, for in the same week as this gallant seaman was shot for doing his duty we received news that the Germans in Lille had been carrying out atrocities upon the civilian population which have only been equalled by the most savage slave-traders in Central Africa. Hundreds of men, women, and children were taken from their homes, under circumstances of disgraceful brutality, and packed off into forced labour—and worse—in Germany and elsewhere. One of the many possible observations upon this (apart from other considerations) is the contradiction with Germany's own interpretation of the law. Not merely had she agreed (at the African Conference of Berlin in 1885) not to inflict on African tribes the forced labour again forbidden by Article 46 of the Hague Convention of 1907, but she based on that very Convention her request to France on March 22nd, 1916, that Germans interned in France should not be forced to work. Early in August, 1916, Commandant Schrack, German Governor of Halluin, near Lille, wrote to its burgomaster to say that "whatever the

Hague Convention may have decided in the matter of occupied regions, it is to be understood that *no other will was valid* than that of the German authorities." If the civilian inhabitants would not work for Germany, their town was to be destroyed. This is, I think, the most openly cynical disavowal of the conventions of civilization which even Germany has yet uttered during this war.

But it is not by any means the only instance of the preposterous claim that Germans are a law unto themselves. On August 31st, 1916, a report issued by the International Committee of the Red Cross was published by the *Gazette de Lausanne.* It revealed that prisoners had not only been forced to work in mines, but that at Ewald 40 per cent. of them had been totally incapacitated in consequence. It revealed that in September, 1915, a German order was placarded compelling French prisoners to work at Erhhardt's cannon and munition factory in Düsseldorf; and the Order set forth the position as follows: "All means will be employed to compel prisoners to work. . . . Any appeal of the prisoners to the regulations and laws of their own country will be useless, as the prisoners in point of fact are *under the laws of the German Government alone.*" We know a little better now what those "laws" mean; and some of the horrors inflicted upon Germany's unhappy prisoners are set forth in later pages of this book. They imply a national brutality that would be incredible if it were not proved.

On the day after Captain Fryatt's death the final touch was given to the nauseous picture of the Germans and their Kaiser by an announcement from Madrid which is incomparably worse than the advertisements published previously in the Scandinavian Press offering for sale the furniture and effects looted from French and Belgian homes by the noble German Army in 1914. It appears that several well-known

members of the Catholic aristocracy in Spain who owned estates in Belgium had expressed a very natural sympathy with the sufferings of their neighbours in that unhappy country. The Kaiser then took a step which is even more sickening than his bullying vulgarisms about "Attila and the Huns" in China, or about our "contemptible little army" in Flanders. He threatened these Spanish gentlemen that if they signed the address of sympathy with the Belgians he would cut down the old trees in their parks, and would fill their châteaux with the "roughest soldiers in Germany," who "would defile and destroy their furniture." It is quite impossible to make any adequate comment in these pages upon this disgusting message; but it is an admission, somewhat too belated, that the German Army still contains men sufficiently brutal to do all that was recorded of their pioneers in Belgium. And it affords another proof—if more were wanted—that the whole German nation, from its rulers downwards, are thoroughly unfit to mix with decent civilized society.

It is unfortunately true that the first shock with which we all heard of the atrocities committed by the German Army in Belgium and France has been lessened by the mere effluxion of time. But this only lends an additional importance to our remembering, at this hour, that with such bestial atrocities as this war began in Belgium will the German Empire cheerfully begin every other war in which it may be engaged, for, horrible as it is, this is not merely the way they fight, it is the way they think and live; and therefore these atrocities, in one form or another, have gone on ever since. It is equally essential to-day to remember that, though many excellent British citizens have long ago put out of their minds the tangle of diplomatic intrigue which preceded the definite outbreak of military operations, yet this intrigue has gone on ever since, not merely because the German

Chancellor has taken every possible subsequent opportunity to tell lies which may "explain" his position in July and August, 1914, but also because Bethmann-Hollweg has been carefully backed up by his master. On August 1st, 1916, for instance, the Kaiser's open proclamation to his Imperial Chancellor began with the deliberate lie: "For the second time the anniversary of the day arrives when *our enemies forced me* to call Germany's sons to arms *to protect* the honour and the existence of the Empire." It is also a melancholy fact that the deceit and spying which Germans (and Prince von Bülow) call diplomacy have never stopped during the whole war, and are being even more feverishly organized than usual as they see the inevitable end approaching and struggle to escape it. That struggle must be rendered as vain as were their military plots.

The well-known facts on record concerning the diplomacy of their ministers and the atrocities of their army are the real reasons why we cannot for a moment contemplate the usual "terms of peace." Just as they have continuously broken those rules of war which were really framed to enable the combatants to live in peace together afterwards, so they have totally abused those principles of honesty and humanity on which the foundations not merely of treaties, but of all European civilization and intercourse must depend. It is essential to understand this in detail, and not merely as a sweeping statement. The documents officially printed by the various Governments concerned confirm these views. And just as the atrocities they committed in Belgium and elsewhere have for ever dishonoured the German Army and its Kaiser, so the dingy pedantries which he calls Kultur have for ever vitiated his diplomacy and policy. The strongest military organization the world has ever seen did not meet with the defeat of the Marne, the disaster of Verdun, and the collapse

of its effective strength upon the Somme merely because of those technical mistakes in strategy and tactics to which technical military writers can so plentifully point; its downfall was chiefly due to the terrible truth that the inspiration behind it is a demoniac farce, that it has nothing to offer those it would enslave, that it has no shred of spiritual sanction on which the courage of its bravest supporters can finally repose. I have endeavoured to prove this, not by the mere generalizations of philosophic criticism, but by the production of ascertained facts and by quotations from actual German writers.

Though, in defining the issues of the war, we are still so close to the events on which, as an Empire, we are asked to give the most momentous decision in our racial history, the position is far more favourable to the production of a reasonable verdict than has ever been the case in any war before. Not only is the choice immeasurably clearer, but the authentic documents on which evidence for plaintiff and defendant may be based are forthcoming in great numbers. I have published scarcely a single atrocity that has not been proved by the legal processes usual to British justice in our courts of law. I have pilloried scarcely a single diplomatic fact which has not been published in the official statements of one or another of the Governments involved. And lest it should be thought that all the evidence has been taken from one side, I have been careful to make full use of the little material in the way of "White Books" which has been published by a Government singularly averse to these productions ever since the days of Bismarck; and my evidence for atrocities rests almost as much on the letters and proclamations of German soldiers as on the testimony of eye-witnesses or of victims. In just the same way my analysis of Kultur has been based on German writings even more than on French or English criticisms of them. So I have quoted as

freely from the works of Bernhardi [1] and Frobenius, before the war, as from the famous pamphlet "Truth about Germany," after war had begun. I have not thought it necessary to call further attention to the notorious writings of Prince von Bülow which have appeared during both periods. But it should be noted that this typical diplomatist vastly prides himself on his complete deception of England in the matter of the building of the German Fleet. He is no doubt considered by his compatriots to be one of their most valuable assets in the peace-negotiations they still anticipate. If any such negotiations should unfortunately be necessary, which I doubt, we shall know at any rate that von Bülow can never be trusted again, for he has boastfully proclaimed his own duplicity.

Bernhardi, Frobenius, Prince von Bülow, and other modern writers have, after all, only applied to present conditions the doctrines emphasized long ago by Treitschke and spread all over Germany for the last twenty years by the poisonous propaganda of the militarist caste. That propaganda was always based on certain fixed principles, viz.: Hohenzollern absolutism; the hegemony of Prussia in Germany; the necessity of a military system strong enough to force German will upon the world; the duty of abolishing or absorbing all such absurdities as "small States"; the complete freedom of the German Empire from all "moral" obligations such as treaties, arbitrations, considerations of "humanity" or "honesty," or any of the effeminate shadows of an outworn "honour" which are only invoked by men or peoples too weak to do what they like and take what they please. It could easily be shown that about half a dozen quota-

[1] At the end of August, 1916, Bernhardi replaced the Austrian General, Pachalo, in command of the Army Corps in the Kovel section, under Hindenburg. I look forward with interest to his next volume on the blessings of War.

tions of Treitschke would justify everything the Germans have done and the Kaiser has said since July 1914. Here are a few:

"War will endure to the end of history. The laws of human thought and of human nature forbid any alternative, neither is one to be wished for."

"The God above us will see to it that war shall return again, a terrible medicine for mankind diseased."

"It does not matter, says the State, what you think, so long as you obey. . . . Moralists must recognize that the State is to be judged not by the standards which apply to individuals, but by those which are set forth by its own nature and ultimate aims."

"Piety is a fundamental requirement in a monarch, since the belief that he stands immeasurably above all other men may actually unsettle his reason if it be not balanced by personal humility which compels him to acknowledge himself God's instrument."

"Neither personal excellence nor mental capacity lies at the root of the position of the house of Hohenzollern. Their distinguishing mark is that they are our kings and stand on their own right and exercise a power which is undisputed."

"In Prussia they learned long ago how to be subjects and how to seek their glory in the service of the Crown. . . . There must be no question of subjects having the right to oppose a sovereignty which in their opinion is not moral."

But no antiquarian researches into Treitschke and the philosophers would be appropriate to pages which are chiefly concerned with recent utterances. I am well aware, too, that very much more could be added to what I have selected even from this latter class. Perhaps the egregious epistles of Professor Lasson may be taken as typical of the rest. In any case, it is only on the evidence of such testimony as I have mentioned that I have ventured to draw the moral which such opinions seem to me inevitably to involve. My aim, in fact, has been to prove that the war can end in a peace of one kind and of one kind only, unless we are deliberately to reject everything for which our best and bravest have sacrificed their lives. I

venture to hope that no one who seriously considers for himself the facts I have recorded can for an instant remain in doubt as to the urgent necessity for continuing the war until it is in our power fully and finally to impose that peace upon the German people.

From time to time I have drawn attention to the various utterances of Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Imperial Chancellor, who began his martial oratory with the open admission before the Reichstag of the "wrong" committed by the German Army in invading Belgium, and who brings his speeches up to date by a description of the kind of "Peace" which he would like to see produced by the operations of that army from August, 1914, to the present day. The rest of the world is, in one respect, almost as well able to judge of the actual results as is the Chancellor, for we know the facts of the period preceding the war; we know the situation now before us; and we observe that Germany, which had risen since 1870 to be one of the greatest and most respected nations of the world, not merely in military and naval power, but in commercial development, in industrial activity, and in intellectual reputation, has become, in the two years since the German Army invaded Belgium, an object of almost universal execration, crippled in both fleet and army, cut off from all the seven seas, blockaded round well-nigh all its frontiers, impoverished by the dislocation of every form of commerce and finance, and fighting for sheer existence against the combined and justly incensed forces of France, Russia, Italy, and the British Empire. It is no wonder that the German Chancellor should think it well to emphasize the blessings of "Peace." But it is worth noticing that he has as little idea in 1916 of what we mean by "Peace" as he had of the results—to him and all of us—of the war he deliberately roused in 1914.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for July, 1916, Mr. J. W. Headlam, who has done sterling work in analysing

German diplomacy for the last two years, published a description of Bethmann-Hollweg's arguments which everyone should read; and I recommend it chiefly to two classes of thinkers—the first, those who never understood why we had to fight in 1914, or why we are fighting now; the second, those who will be wondering, in a few months, why we go on fighting after Germany has professed her willingness to treat for peace. The former may be neglected; for if they are not ashamed of themselves, they ought to be, and they will never influence any important section of their fellow-countrymen either in war or peace again. But the latter cannot too early realize that German promises in 1916 will have even less value than she attached to her signed word in 1914. The breaking of treaties is so deeply rooted a tradition in the House of Hohenzollern and its Prussians that their violation of the neutrality of Belgium should have surprised us far less than it did, and their infraction of any terms they might induce the Allies to let them sign this year, or next, would be a matter of course. The war will be ended by a peace that is "made," not by signatures that Prussia would disown. There will be no "terms" to sign. Fighting will not cease till a condition of affairs is reached which will render Prussia and the Hohenzollerns impotent for evil either outside their own borders or within them. They made war to show that the Necessity of Prussia was above all treaties; and it is the one asset on which they will be able to count as being widely recognized after their campaign has ended. They made war to prove that there was no Law save that of the Strong, and by that law alone shall they be given peace. They made war in order that the conquerors might have "full security" to do as they liked afterwards; and by that same prudent motto will the victors' plans be guided when we begin to talk of terms at all. They began their diplomatic

preparations two years ago on the insolent assumption that a question which instantly and intimately affected the whole of Europe should not be discussed by any Power save Austria and Serbia, with the inevitable corollary for the future that no European Power should interfere in any question which Prussia desired to isolate. They have since suggested conditions suitable to the victors in a decisive struggle at a moment when their opponents are neither beaten nor dismayed.

In July, 1916, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* published the Imperial Chancellor's latest offer. He stated that, before peace can be concluded, he has three objects:

"(1) the closing of the doors of attack which are now opened on Germany's heart from the strategic positions of Belgium, France, and the East; (2) the pushing back of Russia behind the rivers, the creation of Poland as a buffer-state and the consequent shortening of the Russo-German frontier; (3) assurances to Germany that her trade in the world can develop unhindered."

It must be observed that, though his tone of confidence has gradually changed, the spirit of his interpretation remains the same; and there is the evident argument that England and the Allies are uselessly prolonging this war after they have been beaten. It is a subtle suggestion that we might have peace tomorrow if we would only give Germany legitimate "security" with the usual "guarantees." How simple it sounds! And what damnable sophistry it really is! What does "security" mean to the Prussian? It means the hegemony of Germany over a prostrate Europe. And what are her guarantees? They would be the bondage of all other nations to her commerce, her Kultur, her militarist officialdom, her loathsome ideals of life and character. In other words, the Chancellor's idea of peace is the utter destruction of everything we mean by a free and

honourable civilization. I need say nothing more at present of the revolting revelations of innate German bestiality which this war has produced, by sea and land, and in every part of Europe the German troops have touched. Readers of this book will need no more instances of what German Kultur and German honour really mean. But I do not think everyone quite realizes that this is the kind of Kultur Germany proposes for Europe as the result of her war, or that this is the kind of honour with which she would keep any peace treaty we were fools enough to let her sign. She would only sign it on condition that she was left stronger in the future than England, France, Italy, and Russia all combined—which means that she would do as she pleased, whatever form of words she ratified; and she is asking more than sufficient "securities" and "guarantees" to enable her to do so.

It must be obvious that no one outside Germany is likely to consider the Chancellor's offer seriously to-day. In September, 1916, M. Briand scornfully refused it on behalf of France. Mr. Lloyd George followed him with an even more emphatic rejection on behalf of the British Empire. I believe that the German people are beginning to have grave doubts about it also. And the war will go on until the stern reality is seared into their minds. For the "security" which Bethmann-Hollweg predicates for Germany she shall have in the same measure and with the same guarantees as England, France, Italy, and Russia have it—by the one law of honourable confidence between nation and nation on which alone European civilization can be based. It is just because Germany broke that law in 1914, and insists on her right to break it whenever she thinks the "necessity" for doing so may arise in the future, that we shall go on fighting until she is powerless to break it whatever she may wish. That lesson Germany must learn, and no "terms of peace" matter a farthing in comparison with it. Until the

Germans have learnt it we shall never lay down the sword or allow Germany's flag to sail the seven seas; for the only "security" the rest of Europe will accept from her is the certainty that she is powerless for evil. Prince von Bülow's latest publications reveal yet more of the great German plot. Never again must Europe live beneath the menace of that black obsession. As Mr. Asquith said in the House of Commons, on October 11th, 1916:—"This long and sombre procession of cruelty and suffering, lighted up, as it is, by deathless examples of heroism and chivalry, cannot be allowed to end in some patched-up, precarious, dishonouring compromise, masquerading under the name of peace."

All Europe, and all the civilized world, celebrated with especial fervour "France's Day," the 14th of July, in 1916. Think for a moment of the contrast between the memories that anniversary evokes and the ideals to which Bethmann-Hollweg has just given repeated utterance. In that contrast lies the root of the whole war; for it is the contrast between Right and Brutality, between Reason and Ambition, between the gentler arts of life and the morose insanities of organized assassination. I am not among those who thought that the war would continue until its third year was ended, for I have been able continuously to keep under observation what may be called the moral and intellectual trend of events as opposed to the simpler issues of military operations; and it is only because those moral and intellectual phenomena will become more and more important as the military defeat of Germany becomes more certain that I venture to reiterate their vital importance as the third year of war begins. The flood of German lies and protestations will rise to unexampled heights as soon as she begins to suspect the possibility that she has lost the material conflict on which she staked her whole reputation and her future. This is the moment when

I ask my countrymen to remember what I have recorded. It is right to go on killing, in fair fight, as many as possible of the German soldiers who support the Hohenzollern policy. It will be right to refuse British citizenship and even admission within our borders to all the German citizens who have been ready to profit by that policy. It will be right to register in the Archives of Civilization the Black List of those murderers and torturers whose names are known in France and England. It will be right to remember in the day of reckoning that the Kaiser, who might have pardoned Edith Cavell and Charles Fryatt, and did pardon others who had done the same, allowed these two to be butchered by legal formalities because they were English. It will be right to insist that for every ton of defenceless merchant shipping sunk without warning and without regard to the lives of non-combatants, of women and of children, at least a ton of German shipping is handed over to the Allies; it will be right that all German money and property in this country should be sequestrated, and all German shipping of every sort and kind barred from the seven seas of the world, until that debt is paid; and it will be right to refuse all diplomatic representation to Germany until she has carried out in full the terms of the Allies. But it is not right even remotely to consider the question of "reprisals in kind," and I have invariably deprecated them.

Such a policy of stark terrorism and brutality as the German people have attempted to carry out has brought its dreadful and inevitable punishment, not upon them only, but also upon the actual instruments of each hideous crime. No one who was in London in the very early morning hours of September 3rd, 1916, will ever forget that memorable spectacle of the Zeppelin flaming in the northern sky, or of its slow descent, like some infernal prodigy of doom, in ashes upon the land it had attempted to destroy. No one

who heard it will ever forget that thousand-throated murmur from the crowded streets which seemed to voice the verdict of humanity upon the most gigantic effort ever made by man to harm and horrify his fellow-man. . . . "Thou shalt make them like a fiery oven in time of thy wrath: the Lord shall destroy them in His displeasure, and the fire shall consume them. For they intended mischief against thee: and imagined such a device as they are not able to perform. Therefore shalt thou put them to flight."

On September 9th, 1916, the Crown Prince issued the following Army Order:

"The Kaiser to-day conferred upon me the oak leaves Pour le Mérite. The appreciation shown by this high distinction refers not only to me, but also to every one of my brave army. It is an expression of thanks by His Majesty for what the army has achieved in the fighting before Verdun."

Five hundred thousand German casualties, with no result, is certainly a record that deserves some signal mark of approbation. We cannot but compare it with the cross so proudly worn by Aschenbach or with the adornments enjoyed by the murderer of the *Lusitania's* passengers and by the general responsible for the tortures of Andenne. It may be just as well that most of the rest of the world has given up the questionable pleasure of wearing decorations that have each become a badge of infamy. We may at least be grateful that they will never sully an English uniform again. The Mark of the Beast will be on every Prussian forehead for the next generation; but it has remained for the Kaiser to pick out the champions and award the prizes in his catalogue of crime; and I have no desire to question his entire ability to do so.

The interview granted by the Crown Prince to an American journalist early in October, 1916, told nothing new to those few who knew the Prince, and

not much to those who can judge him, in the pitiless comparisons of History, by the standard of another youthful Hohenzollern, the craven and dishonest princeling who was to be known, after he had reached the throne, as Frederick the Great. Yet it is well that the world at large should realize who this is who talks—as his kind usually talk—of "gentlemen" and "sportsmen," without the least knowledge or appreciation of what either of these terms connote. His words remind one of that preposterous pamphlet, also "made in Germany" for the American market, which appeared, soon after the start of the war, under the auspices of Albert Ballin, Prince von Bülow (who began the struggle, he tells us, "in high spirits"), Prince von Hatzfeldt, Prince Münster Derneberg, Count Reventlow, and others of the Crown Prince's friends. They were good enough to say that "the Czar himself did not, at the breaking out of hostilities against Germany, show himself the gentleman upon a throne which he had formerly been believed by everyone to be." They were also tactful enough to remind Americans that "George Washington gave his countrymen the advice to select only gentlemen as officers, and it is according to this principle that the officers of the German Army and Navy are chosen."

There seems, however, some little uncertainty as to the meaning of a word which Germans, as they tell us, have abandoned from their vocabulary after ceasing to deserve it in their lives. The German officer, chosen because he is a (German) gentleman, has given vivid proof, since this pamphlet appeared, of what he thinks his title should imply. He puts women and children in front of him to screen him under fire. He makes his men hold down his wretched victims while he violates them before their parents. He burns hospitals over the helpless wounded. He treats his defenceless prisoners with studied brutality and leaves them to die of hideous diseases among a morass of filth.

He ties them to posts in a frost in the open fields. He spits in their faces. He starves them slowly. He jeers at them as they bear their dead to burial. He raises the white flag and conceals a company of murderers who shoot down the unsuspecting officers from the other side as soon as they advance to take over a surrender. He shells motor ambulances and stretcher bearers. He snipes at burial parties. He fires on his own men in action, and scourges them at drill. At sea he drowns women and children and laughs at their efforts to escape. And, so that the world shall clearly understand these things are highly satisfactory, he is presented with the Iron Cross for doing them, and with the Order of the House of Hohenzollern when they are particularly illustrious. These things are the German interpretation of a "gentleman" and a "sportsman." "I have had," says the Crown Prince, with the parvenu's true instinct for displaying his credentials, "*and I trust I still have,* many friends in England." It may be as well to tell His Royal and Imperial Highness that he has not got one, and never will have. No one else needs that information.

I can but pity any portion of the German population which has nothing but such a Prince to anticipate as a change from such a father. What is the attitude of both to-day? The God to whom they appealed in 1914 to wipe out the degenerate and traitorous nations which opposed them is now besought to save them from the onslaught they have brought upon themselves. The superiority in munitions and in men which was the sacred work of Germany's great mission in 1914 is bewailed before high heaven when it has passed to the hosts of our Allies. The "contemptible little army" that was to be brushed aside two years ago is now an overwhelming force of traitors armed by "the whole world" and actually inflicting upon its innocent and horrified enemy the same punishment it had stoically endured for nearly two years at their

hands. War, that unmixed blessing, that Divine gift to poor humanity, that sacrosanct prerogative of the Teutonic superman, may have been a splendid thing in the " high spirits " of 1914 ; but to-day, curiously enough, " we are all tired of the bloodshed," and it appears to the Crown Prince to be a " terrible extinction of human life, blasting the hope and expectancy of youth, and mortgaging our energies and resources far into the future." The shining ardour and the mailed militarism which showed so magnificent an aspect two short years ago have now become " dreadful necessities pressed upon us by this combat."

To-day " every general, every officer, every man, would far rather see all this labour, skill, education, intellectual resource, and physical prowess devoted to the tasks of upbuilding and lengthening life, subduing the common enemies of men—disease and the material obstacles to the progress of mankind—than devoted to the destruction of other men." The German General who wears the Order of the House of Hohenzollern for authorizing the murders at Andenne was in fact and in reality (we are given to understand) a humanitarian. Like Lewis Carroll's Carpenter, " with sobs and tears he sorted out those of the largest size." The German surgeon who got the Iron Cross for abandoning our prisoners to unimaginable (and avoidable) horrors must have been pained to the quick by the stern call of duty. The hero who sank the *Lusitania*, and was promptly decorated, could scarcely sleep at night for thinking of the slaughtered babes. Like the Kaiser, whose " heart bled " for Louvain, all the German Army, with their " heavy projectile shells, shrapnel, grenades, liquid fire, bayonets, and knives " (we quote the Crown Prince's lachrymatory and very incomplete catalogue), have in reality been overwhelmed with sorrow for their solemn task of exterminating their weaker brethren. But when the weaker brethren turn round at last and begin exter-

minating Germans, then indeed there must be some mistake.

The diplomatists who refused every single offer by every single Minister which might present a chance of peace in July, 1914, are now moving heaven and earth to secure the intervention of the Pope, of President Wilson, of every one of those neutral non-combatants to whom their manners during the past two years have been so ingratiating and seductive. I do not pretend to be in the secrets of the Vatican. But I am in a position to anticipate that the Americans will not be taken in by "poison-gas" of this kind. For the rest of the world the pestilent rubbish which the Crown Prince thinks good enough for Mr. Hearst of the United States has accomplished at least one thing: it has convinced all of us, who had determined to fight to the end against that bitter despotism for which the Crown Prince's name and family have always stood, that the man himself does not deserve even the remnant of consideration which may be extended to a villain who has the courage of his villainy. The mask is off the "hero of Verdun." The contemptible reality beneath will serve no longer even as a scarecrow.

Many military critics thought that, when Armageddon broke out, the perfection of scientific slaughter would enable one side to crush the other in about three months. But it was one of the chief signs of Lord Kitchener's greatness that he so quickly realized this war might last three years. He was right, because Germany roused against herself much more than the existing military organizations of her immediate foes. She roused the resentment of every honest man throughout the world. She roused four million volunteer soldiers in the British Empire alone. She roused a spirit of unshakeable opposition, worth more than all her army corps, in France. She roused the whole of those enormous potentialities which underlie the national religious faith of Russia. And therefore

her penalty will not be limited to that which soldiers alone may suffer or inflict. Prussian militarism may be discredited by the forthright argument of the Allies' cannon and by the bravery of the Allies' soldiers. German territorial ambitions—in Europe and beyond it—may be curbed by the unanswerable logic of the Allied diplomatists. But peace, real peace, is not a matter of diplomacy or of arms alone. It is a question to be settled between the free peoples of the world, and if they are to settle they must begin by understanding. Certain consequences (I do not wish to call them punishments) are inevitable after what Germany has done, and no excuses can save her from them. We can never settle peace, or anything else, with a Hohenzollern or a Bethmann-Hollweg. We can only settle with the accredited representatives of a German people which fully realizes what has been going forward. Unless that people understands that the verdict passed upon them has behind it the full weight of public opinion in this country and in the whole British Empire, as well as in all the territories of the Allies, Germany will never exhibit that full change of heart and mind which is our only true guarantee for the future security of Europe.

It may be as well to register the precedent for such a course as that which has been suggested; not because the Germans would pay any attention to their own or anybody else's precedents, but because we may as well have our answer ready for the inevitable lie that no such precedent exists. When the Allied Sovereigns entered Paris in March, 1814, they publicly proclaimed "that they will not treat either with Napoleon Buonaparte or with any member of his family . . . they will guarantee and recognize the constitution which the French nation will frame for itself. They therefore invite the Senate at once to designate a provisional government to administer the

country and prepare the constitution chosen by the French people." If we substitute "Hohenzollern" for Napoleon, and "German people" for French, we have exactly the position which must be taken up by the Allies at the close of this war, and we shall adhere to that position for precisely the same reasons which influenced the Allied Sovereigns in 1814. I may add, to complete the parallel, that before the Peace of 1815 the Emperor Francis of Austria, on his entry into Paris, declared that "for twenty years he had carried on war not only with Napoleon, but with those principles which constitute the misfortune of the world." It is precisely because Prussia and the Hohenzollerns have constituted themselves "the misfortune of the world" that we refuse to have any more to do with them; and Mr. Asquith's declaration in the House of Commons, on August 16th, 1916, makes it clear that we shall carry out this policy in detail. "The Government," he said, "are determined that this country will not tolerate a resumption of diplomatic intercourse with Germany after the war until reparation has been made for the murder of Captain Fryatt."

That murder was but one of many brutalities suffered by our Allies in even greater numbers than by ourselves, and all traceable to direct Prussian and Hohenzollern influence. It will be quite clear to every reader of this book that, after more than two years of war conducted by those methods, the German people cannot urge the plea that they were ignorant of the atrocities committed in their name and applauded by their representatives. It is even more clear that the Kaiser himself approved them. Not only was the Iron Cross bestowed upon Aschenbach, the German doctor at Wittenberg, who stood afar off in his protective gloves and mask, calling the helpless prisoners whom he had doomed to a filthy plague: "You English Swine"; but there are two other fiends

ERRATUM

Page xxix, line 15. For *Track* read *Wrack.*

whose conduct the Kaiser could only sufficiently reward by giving them the Order of the House of Hohenzollern which he personally controls. It will be widely agreed that no more appropriately distinctive label could be worn by the man whose torpedo sank the *Lusitania* or by the general who publicly prided himself on having authorized the massacres of Andenne. The Germans believed that, since they were safe from reprisals in kind, such actions would gradually frighten their foes out of the fight. They have been wofully mistaken; and they must be made to learn that such actions do not "pay" either during a war or after hostilities have been concluded.

Maeterlinck has put the point unanswerably (as I think) in his *Track of the Storm*, translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos (*Methuen*). He says:—

"Nations have the government which they deserve; or rather, the government which they have is truly no more than the magnified and public projection of the private morality and mentality of the nation. If eighty million innocent people select and support a monstrous king, those eighty million innocent people merely expose the inherent falseness and superficiality of their innocence; and it is the monster they maintain at their head who stands for all that is true in their nature, because it is he who represents the eternal aspirations of their race, which lie far deeper than their apparent and transient virtues. . . . If our enemies prove that they were deceived and corrupted by their masters, they prove at the same time that they are less intelligent, less firmly attached to justice, honour, and humanity, less civilized in a word than those whom they claimed to enslave in the name of a superiority which they have themselves proved not to exist; and unless they can establish that their errors, perfidies and cruelties, which can no longer be denied, should be imputed only to those masters, then they themselves must bear the pitiless weight. . . . No nation can be deceived that does not wish to be deceived, and it is not intelligence that Germany lacks. . . . No nation permits herself to be coerced to the one crime that man cannot pardon. . . . We have forces here quite different from those on the surface, forces that are secret, irresistible, profound. It is these that we must judge, these that we must crush under our heel once for all."

When Prussia struck in 1914, she had the advantage of, at least, two years of special preparations (following on forty years of intensive militarism) for a date she had previously fixed. She struck antagonists who neither were specially prepared nor knew the date fixed for the blow. These two things alone meant so much that she nearly won her game in the first three months in spite of almost incredible bungling in diplomacy and in appreciation of the spirit of her foes; and in spite of military mistakes which would have meant immediate ruin to any nation less self-infatuated or less materially strong. It is these mistakes which produced the disaster of Verdun and the defeats on the Somme. The position of affairs at the end of September, 1916, was explained by many as "a miracle." This is easy, for it relieves the speaker from all further need of argument, and he finds it so satisfactory that he applies it not only to the failure of the Germans, but to the success of the Allies against them. Let me not be misunderstood. I am one of those who believe firmly in the higher meaning of this mighty struggle of Good against Evil. He who bestowed upon the tiger cruel strength and venomed fangs upon the cobra, has never added unto these the intelligence and loyalty (so nearly human) of the nobler breeds of horse or hound. A nation given up to the sole worship of brute force will never exhibit the finer qualities which give mankind its best exemplars. It can never claim the sympathy which the conquered, in a just cause, might so legitimately excite. The poison will be crushed within its battered skull. Its strong spine will be broken behind the prison bars. Its dishonoured carcase will be swept into the sewer.

In August, 1914, the German Army was the strongest military weapon the world has ever seen. Its superiority in infantry and in munitions was so overwhelming, and the advantage it secured by dishonesty of

many kinds was so great, that it is taking most of the rest of the world three years to beat it. I ask not only why it did not win in three months, but also why it ever gave its opponents the opportunity of beating it at all. The reason lies far deeper than any merely military considerations.

We are not deciding the issue of this war by pitched battles between trained armies. We have developed a war of nations in which national character and stamina are only less important than the individual initiative and originality of every soldier. We hear that the Germans foresaw everything. They cannot have foreseen this. For their soldiers (brave and tenacious as they can show themselves individually at need) are, as a whole, little better than a mere mass of automata. Their nation, blinded, drugged, and ignorant of all the truth, is turned into a sullen slaughterhouse. War on a great scale is like life in the great world of nature. It is full of surprises. Only those who can adapt themselves to unexpected situations can survive. The Germans thought that they could make machinery of both life and war, and could mould each into the narrow channels their own fatuous pride dictated. Their failure has been not only lamentable, but revolting. Their diplomacy has become the laughing-stock of the world where it has not degenerated into the eternal shame of its own leaders; and their much-vaunted military skill, which anticipated everything except the essentials, and promised itself everything except the actual result, has now ended by disgracing the name of Germany for ever with the appalling atrocities which will involve her final ruin.

It will be observed that two of the most damaging criticisms of German Diplomacy (here reproduced in my Appendix) are by German authors; and it is my belief that the day is not far distant when the facts recorded in these pages will be read with as much

horror and will bring as much conviction among the German people as among the people of the Allies. As was only to be expected, German official publicists were striving, in September, 1916, to rouse their countrymen to the courage of despair (and to excite all neutrals to a belated pity) by exclaiming that our object was to "destroy the great German nation." Of course it is nothing of the kind. As a matter of fact we do not even propose to jeopardize its political freedom. We merely insist that it shall no longer be governed by a military caste involving either a constant struggle for expansion and hegemony by force of arms, or a constant preparation for such expansion which will be limited only, as Prince von Bülow says, by all the neighbouring seas. Unless widespread devastations and abject humiliation are clearly proved to be the fruits of Prussian leadership in these directions, there will be no chance of seeing that pacific and non-aggressive Germany which is the sole guarantee of Europe's future safety.

If the burglar who is seized while he is trying to carry off the cruet-stand is released without any punishment, he naturally proceeds to have another try. He may win, and he finds he cannot lose. If Prussia is asked merely to evacuate Belgium, Poland, or Serbia as the price of peace, she will at once prepare to annex them again. Nor will she listen to any appeal save that of force; for in 1914 she refused both the appeal of Serbia to the Hague Tribunal and the request of Sir Edward Grey for a Conference, on the specific grounds that a great Power like Austria (or herself) could not be expected to accept any kind of arbitration in dealing with a small one. We must see to it that the same arguments are rigidly applied to her own case when the war she made is over. She struck in 1914 with the deliberate intention of destroying a European civilization she felt certain she could kill. She so nearly succeeded that it would be

fatal folly to risk a repetition of that felon blow; its repetition would be certain if she secured a mere truce instead of an abiding peace; and at her next effort she would of course strike straight at ourselves first.

As Maeterlinck says, in the book from which I have already quoted:—

"She was within a hair's breadth of succeeding . . . we can picture Germany, monstrous, ferocious, implacable, finally towering alone over the ruins of Europe. Now it seems that we have turned aside the inflexible decree. . . . It is after we have won that we must really vanquish. . . . If at that hour we do not profit by all our advantages; if we do not destroy, root and branch, the military power of an enemy who is in secret alliance with the evil influences of the earth; if we do not, here and now, by unbreakable compact, forearm ourselves against our sense of pity and generosity, our weakness, our imprudence, our future rivalries and discords; if we leave a single outlet to the beast at bay; if, through our negligence, we give it a single hope, a single opportunity of coming to the surface and taking breath, then the vigilant fatality which has but one fixed idea will resume its progress and pursue its way, dragging history with it and laughing over its shoulder at man once more tricked and discomfited."

But my conviction is that the German people as a whole are already beginning to realize the misery in which the Hohenzollern policy has now involved them all. They recognize that the result of the most cruel war in history has been that they are losing all their colonies and will have to give up every inch of stolen territory in Europe; they will even have to abandon the Berlin-Bagdad dream which was to compensate for everything. Their assets are continuous and appalling casualty-lists, and the total loss both of commerce and of reputation. Is it likely that they will cling with desperate affection to the ambitious militarists whose only *raison d'être* is a resounding military triumph? They have begun to distrust them; they will eventually abandon them; and when that day comes, the war will not have been

fought in vain. To its coming it is the plain duty of every citizen of every civilized community to give the best and ablest assistance in his power. Let me not for a moment be understood to advocate any such presumptuous or impertinent suggestion as the proselytizing of Germany or any other country. The Germans must work out their own salvation. But it is essential for the survival of the human race that in working it out afresh they should finally and for ever abandon both the doctrine which made this war possible, and the organization which was a continuous peril to the world. They had become not so much an independent Empire as a public danger. If they will realize this, then, for us all, life need no longer be an exasperating alternation between atrocious international conflict and bitter distrust involving ruinously expensive preparation; it can be an opportunity for the widespread enjoyment, in a gracious liberty and peace, of both the beauties of the past and the amenities of the present. It is my firm belief that, through the horrors of a cataclysm unparalleled in history before to-day, mankind will move slowly but infinitely more surely towards some such an ideal of prosperity and happiness.

"Nations," said Lord Bryce, "cannot hate one another for ever; and the sooner they cease to do so, the better for all of them." "Must we hate the enemy to the end of time?" cries Maeterlinck; "the burden of hatred is the heaviest man can bear upon this earth." The soldiers teach us the better way. "We have seen that they do not hate the German; *but they do not trust him at all.* They discover the human being in him, only when he is disarmed."

"People who are militarists," said Lord Grey in October, 1916, "whose ideas and thoughts run solely on military considerations, wholly material, forget to estimate and cannot estimate the spirit and the soul which exist in nations when they are attacked and

fighting for their lives." So England, so Russia, and so France have fought. The terrific bombardment to which Verdun was subjected for so many months of 1916 had the curious result of baring to the light of day the relics of all its previous history. Behind the trenches of the twentieth century the grass and masonry of Vauban's celebrated fortress were shattered into dusty fragments by high-explosive shells. Beneath the ruin of Vauban's counterscarp, the stones that were squared when Charlemagne was Emperor lay splintered in the wind. And under these again, for some two thousand paces, the Roman Wall was torn apart beneath a sky more cruel than Attila or Cæsar ever knew. The very ghost of History herself seemed blasted from her agelong sepulchre—*L'Histoire Vengeresse*—a phantom full of menace for the Kaiser and his son. They may pierce yet more profoundly into the granite framework of that heroic soil, and they shall only find that the deep heart of France is beating still. Yet deeper again, they may lay bare the foundations of the Continent, and they shall only find those elemental laws of Justice, Right, and Honour which they have so blatantly denied. The citadels that hold them back are in the strong, clean soul of every French and English soldier. The Hope they would destroy began upon the lawns of Eden, and will persist till man has vanished from this planet.

T. A. C.

WINDSOR HOUSE
BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.
October 24th, 1916.

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE vii

PART I

GERMAN KULTUR

CHAPTER

I. BERNHARDI'S PROPHECIES 3

II. THE FORECASTS OF FROBENIUS . . 31

III. "TRUTH ABOUT GERMANY" . . . 38

IV. KULTUR AND DARWINISM . . . 48

V. "THE POSITIVE BARBARIAN" . . . 58

VI. KULTUR AND CATASTROPHE . . . 63

VII. THE KAISER AND ST. GEORGE . . . 78

VIII. A FATAL CREED 87

PART II

GERMAN HISTORY AND DIPLOMACY

I. THE PRUSSIAN KINGDOM 97

II. DIPLOMACY AND SERAJEVO . . . 111

III. PAN-GERMANISM 128

CHAPTER PAGE

IV. THE EVIDENCE OF THE FACTS . . . 146

V. A SCRAP OF PAPER 171

VI. SOME GERMAN FORGERIES . . . 180

VII. THE NIGHTMARE 199

VIII. MISUNDERSTOOD 204

PART III

GERMAN ATROCITIES

I. THE OUTLAWS 215

II. THE GREAT CHANGE 237

III. THE GERMAN DANCE OF DEATH . . 265

IV. THE CRIMES OF THE GERMAN ARMY . 292

V. THE HIGHER TRIBUNAL 310

VI. THE APOLOGY OF PRUSSIA . . . 323

APPENDIX

I. THE CRIME OF SERAJEVO . . . 343

II. J'ACCUSE 356

III. HERR FERNAU'S BOOK 385

INDEX 393

PART I

GERMAN KULTUR

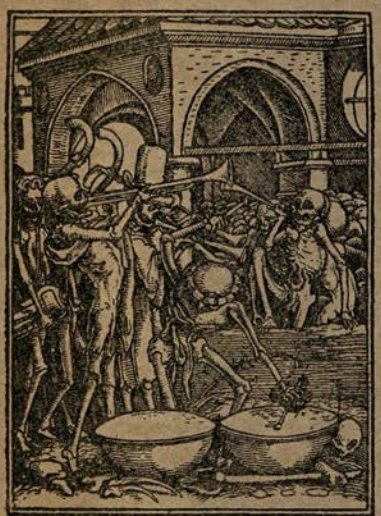
"German organization is very successful in some things, but in nothing more successful than in preventing the truth from reaching their own people."

VISCOUNT GREY,
October, 1916.

CHAPTER I

BERNHARDI'S PROPHECIES

WHEN the war began, many people who did not realize the way in which it would be waged refused to attach any importance to Bernhardi either as a writer or as a popular force. Events soon proved their mistake; and if we remember that his writings came from the same sources and appeared at the same period as the vulgar and savage forecasts of Frobenius, as the horrible *War Book* published by the German General Staff, or as the cynical avowals of Prince von Bülow, I think the result in any serious critic's mind must be that Bernhardi's books are the most terrible evidence of deliberate crime ever published against any nation by its own writers, even if we omit the dreadful corroboration of its principles contained in German "White Books"



VAE HABITANTIBUS IN TERRA . . .

concerning the negotiations preliminary to war and the atrocities committed during the first invasion.

For this reason, therefore, I begin my analysis of that barbarous and bloodstained myth called "Kultur" with a short analysis of what Bernhardi said before the war began.

General Friedrich von Bernhardi [1] says a great deal that is most unpleasant about England. I cannot trust myself to say what I really think of General Friedrich von Bernhardi. But it is essential that his amazing book should be in the hands of every thinking Englishman at the present day, and I propose to analyse it somewhat carefully, because it has provided the German Press with every *cliché* of 1914–16, and because it is an astoundingly frank exposition of the feelings which animate Germany in this war. Few authors have ever had to face so terrible a test. His book had scarcely been published, containing a high estimate of Turkey's military value as an ally to Germany, when Turkey's power was completely smashed in the first Balkan War. His views of the conduct of England and France "in the next war" were printed in 1912, and in 1914 his prophecies concerning them, concerning the British Empire, and concerning Russia were overwhelmingly contradicted. This is unfortunate, but it would not have detracted so much from the value of his work had it not been for the spirit in which that work is written; for that spirit proves that these mistakes were typical and almost unavoidable. Bernhardi is so wrapped up in the greatness and goodness of Germany that his views and his general intelligence seem strictly bounded by the geographical limits of his Fatherland. This is not because he has never travelled outside those limits; but because he is a living example of Horace's old

[1] I quote from *Germany and the Next War*. By General Friedrich von Bernhardi. Translated by Allen H. Powles. Popular edition; price 2s. London: Edward Arnold. 1914.

saying, "*Coelum non animum mutat qui trans mare currit.*" In fact, he says himself that "during a journey around the globe I studied many countries, and wherever I went I recognized the great power and significance of Germanism." This is quite natural and excusable within limits; but he seems to have "recognized" nothing else. If we may put down his conclusions as to the rottenness of the British Empire to mere ignorance, it is impossible to acquit so learned a soldier of a graver fault when he produces the Boer War or the Russo-Japanese conflict solely as proofs of the weakness of Russian arms in the one case and of the British soldier in the other. He evidently never realized that each had received an education under modern conditions of warfare which was wholly lacking to his much-drilled Germans; and this is the more remarkable because his book has undoubtedly very high value as a technical study of the German Army; and it is as a warning of the difficulties ahead of the Allies in their task of destroying this army that Bernhardi is most valuable to everyone to-day.

His attitude is clear towards England as a nation, and the passage on p. 164 where he describes the opening of Germany's forthcoming war against us is so typical of the whole book that it may furnish my first quotation:

"In this war we *must* conquer, or, at any rate, not allow ourselves to be defeated, for it will decide whether we can attain a position as a World Power by the side of, and in spite of, England. This victory will not be gained merely in the exclusive interests of Germany. We shall in this struggle, as so often before, represent the common interests of the world, for it will be fought not only to win recognition for ourselves, but for the freedom of the seas. In such a contest we should not stand spiritually alone, but all on this vast globe whose feelings and thoughts are proud and free will join us in this campaign against

the overweening ambitions of one nation [England] which, in spite of all her pretence of a liberal and a philanthropic policy, has never sought any other object than personal advantage and the unscrupulous suppression of her rivals."

In dealing with this book I propose to use quotations largely. No more damning process could be imagined. No other method is conceivable; for no one could believe (from mere description or epithet) what Bernhardi says unless the actual text is reproduced. It must be remembered that he is a distinguished German officer, whose ability has been publicly recognized in Germany. Many remarks in his book show great common sense and shrewd observation. But he sees everything through his own spectacles. He denies that anything is possible outside. He judges everything from a German standpoint. And since his views are now adopted by the whole German nation, from the Kaiser downwards, it is as well to see what he really does think. No more amazing theories, I venture to say, were ever written or put into solemn practice. They constitute the most crushing indictment of the German character and nation which anyone could desire.

"The Germans," he asserts, "have proved themselves to be the ruling people of the continent by the power of their arms and the loftiness of their ideas" (p. 9); they have "for centuries been paramount only in the realm of intellect" (p. 13), and are "the greatest civilized people known to history" (p. 14). In a sketch of universal development later on, he says, "When the Roman Empire broke up before the onslaught of the barbarians, there were two elements which shaped the future of the West, Christianity and the Germans" (p. 58). Later on, "in Germanized England a first-class Protestant power was being developed" (p. 61). Still later, Kant's gospel of moral duty, Scharnhorst's idea of universal military

service, and Stein's foundations of self-government in Prussia (p. 64) began the German Empire that we know. But it will be news to many that it was the old Holy Roman Empire which was "revived in federal shape by the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy." The results were not slow in coming. "Germany" (p. 70) "in social political respects is at the head of all progress in culture." Naturally, therefore, unless his countrymen extend the dominion of German thought (p. 77) "we shall be untrue to our great duties towards the human race"; and again, "No nation on the face of the globe is so able to grasp and appropriate all the elements of culture, to add to them from the stores of its own spiritual endowment, and to give back to mankind richer gifts than it received" (p. 73). "We often see in other nations a greater intensity of specialized ability, but never the same capacity for generalization and absorption. It is this quality which specially fits us for the leadership in the intellectual world and imposes on us the obligation to maintain that position" (p. 74). "The chief aim is to secure to German nationality and German spirit throughout the globe that high esteem which is due to them" (p. 81). "We now must decide whether we wish to develop into and maintain a World Empire" (p. 104) "in order to secure the blessings for which German blood has flowed in streams—spiritual and moral liberty and the profound and lofty aspirations of German thought" (p. 105). A war lost, under these circumstances, "would shake the influence of German thought in the civilized world and thus check the general progress of mankind in its healthy development, for which a flourishing Germany is the essential condition" (p. 154). "Germany's future lies on the sea. If the German people wish to attain a distinguished future and fulfil their mission of civilization they must adopt a world policy and act as a World Power" (p. 226).

Though there is a good deal more, we have quoted enough to show the point of view, which might be indulgently received as the outbursts of a childlike patriot, were it not accompanied by the most venomous attack on the motives and ideals of every other nation. Two notable exceptions may be mentioned. The Boers are praised because they fought the English in South Africa. France is praised because she has been preparing her "Revanche" for forty years. The choice made is enlightening. All other nations are roundly abused. Here are a few examples:

"England would not shrink from war to the knife, just as she fought for the ownership of the South African goldfields and diamond mines, if any attack threatened her Indian market, the control of which is the foundation of her world-sovereignty" (p. 24). "England preferred to grant the Boers self-government rather than to be faced by their continual hostility" (p. 44). "England has tried to found a new universal empire; not, indeed, by spiritual or secular weapons, like Pope and Emperor in bygone days, but by the power of money, by making all material interests dependent on herself" (p. 68). "All the colonies which are directly subject to English rule are primarily exploited in the interest of English industries and English capital" (p. 79). "She has never justified her sovereignty by training "up a free and independent population, and by transmitting to the subject peoples the blessings of an independent culture of their own." I observe that Bernhardi does not place these aims in the forefront of his own demand for more German colonies, and I may remind him that recent news from a German colony revealed the pleasant invitation to the natives to attend a prayer-meeting armed; whereupon the German missionaries stole the natives' rifles during the opening psalms; no doubt in order to enable them to enjoy more freely the "blessings of independent

culture." Germany never has understood how to colonize, and she never will. However, she will have no more colonies, so the question need not be elaborated. The many kind-hearted gentlemen who have endeavoured to "make friends" of late years will be glad to hear that "English attempts at a *rapprochement* must not blind us to the real situation. We may at most use these to delay the necessary and inevitable war until we may fairly imagine we have some prospect of success. We must not, in any case, wait until our opponents have completed their arming and decide that the hour of attack has come" (p. 287). In another place he makes it quite clear how that attack, as he imagines, will be made. We make no formal declaration of war, following the precedent of Japan, though we should be as wrong as Italy was in 1911 (p. 237). Our deliberate intention to attack was obvious from our preparations at Rosyth, Harwich, and the Orkney Isles (p. 155), and from the concentration of our fleet in the North Sea (p. 231). "We must be ready for a sudden attack in peace time. It is not England's custom to let ideal considerations fetter her action if her interests are at stake" (p. 157). Our bombardments of Copenhagen in 1807 and of Alexandria in 1882 lead Bernhardi to reflect solemnly that "the brutal violence shown to a weak opponent, such as is displayed in the above-described English procedure, has nothing in common with a course of action politically justifiable" (p. 236). This comes well from an officer of the army soon to be devastating Belgium. But Bernhardi is quite clear about Belgium. "We must expect" (p. 278) "not only an attack by sea on our North Sea coasts, but a landing of English forces on the continent of Europe and a violation of Belgo-Dutch neutrality by our enemies. It is also not inconceivable that England may land troops in Schleswig or Jutland and try to force Denmark into war with us. An attack by France

through Switzerland is also increasingly probable." When we read all Bernhardi expected we can only stand aghast at the Kaiser's moderation; but he at least gives good reason for the hatred now let loose against ourselves. "We must not deceive ourselves," he writes on p. 272, "as to the principles of English policy. We must realize to ourselves that it is guided exclusively by unscrupulous selfishness, that it shrinks from no means of accomplishing its aims." There is a great deal more to the same effect. We pass on to the author's kindly criticisms of the United States, which we commend to the shrewd examination of the citizens of that far from unintelligent community. They are an unexpected antidote to the luscious flattery ladled out by the German Ambassador (or Advertiser in Chief) at Washington.

None of Mr. Bryan's or Mr. Wilson's efforts for peace, says Bernhardi, has really been sincere. No government, in fact, has been sincere in this direction. "Pacific ideals, to be sure, are seldom the real motive of their action. They usually employ the need of peace as a cloak under which to promote their own political aims. This was the real position of affairs at the Hague Congresses, and this also is the meaning of the action of the United States of America" (p. 17). Now we know why Germany has refused to be bound by any Hague agreements since this war began. The Hague Congresses were mere rubbish. "We may suppose" (he continues on the same page), "that England intended to protect her rear in event of a war with Germany, but that America wished to have a free hand in order to follow her policy of sovereignty in Central America without hindrance, and to carry out her plans regarding the Panama Canal in the exclusive interests of America." Besides, why need Germany obey any arbitration award? "On what right is the finding of an arbitration court based?

And what sanctions ensure that the parties will accept its finding?" (p. 30). Evidently, in Bernhardi's case, no such sanctions exist. It is at least a frank avowal. We know where we are. But the United States had a sinister motive behind her peace policy; for we learn that they "championed the ideas of universal peace in order to be able to devote their undisturbed attention to money-making and the enjoyment of wealth, and to save the three hundred million dollars which they spend on their army and navy" (p. 28). Mr. Elihu Root's ideals are equally rudely shattered on p. 32. He "declared in 1908 that the High Court of International Justice established by the second Hague Conference would be able to pronounce definite and binding decisions by virtue of the pressure brought to bear by public opinion. The present leaders of the American peace-movement seem to share this idea. With a childlike self-consciousness they appear to believe that public opinion must represent the view which the American plutocrats think most profitable to themselves." The United States will be flattered, after this, to find themselves called an Empire. "Supported" (p. 68) "by exceptionally abundant natural resources and the unscrupulously pushing character of her inhabitants, this mighty Empire (*sic*) aims at a suitable recognition of her power in the council of the nations, and is on the point of securing this by the building of a powerful navy." Better than this is yet to come. "Since England committed the unpardonable blunder" (p. 94) "from her point of view of not supporting the Southern states in the American War of Secession, a rival to England's world-wide Empire has appeared on the other side of the Atlantic." The point is again laboured on p. 239, where it is said that our "supineness" in refusing assistance to the South "allowed a power to arise in the "United States which already threatens England's own position." There is, in fact,

no knowing what may happen. "England wishes in any case" (p. 95) "to avert the danger of war with America. The relations of the two countries to Canada may easily become strained to a dangerous point." And again: "If England is forced to fight America, the German fleet must not be in a position to help the Americans. Therefore it must be destroyed" (p. 97). In the same way we have to be very careful in our dealings with Germany, for "it is unlikely that the Americans would welcome any considerable addition to the power of England, such as would be the case if Great Britain succeeded in inflicting a political and military defeat on Germany." It would be difficult to produce a better instance of political ineptitude than this; but we chiefly recommend it all to those who have been suffering from Germany's Press campaign in New York. It is quite a good answer to the German Ambassador's interviews. Herr Dernburg, however, towards the end of October, 1914, managed to go one better than Count Bernstorff even without Bernhardi's help, for he said that Germany had, at the beginning of the war, "presented Washington with assurances of her intention to respect the Monroe Doctrine." This was no doubt considerate, but unfortunately untrue. The State Department at Washington contradicted Herr Dernburg at once, adding drily that the German Note was, in fact, "not nearly so satisfactory."

General Bernhardi's mistakes are far from being limited to the relations between the English and the Americans. His views on the philosophy of life in general, on foreign politics, and on domestic questions are equally extraordinary. I take them in the order mentioned. Other indications have prepared us for the sweeping statement (p. 29) that "Christian morality is personal and social, and in its nature cannot be political." General Bernhardi's comrades in Louvain and Rheims have certainly tried to prove this.

"The acts of the State" (p. 45) "cannot be judged by the standard of individual morality. The end-all and be-all of a State is power, and he who is not man enough to look this truth in the face should not meddle in politics. Machiavelli was the first to declare that the keynote of every policy was the advancement of power." From this it is but a step to refuse any international law. "If sometimes between individuals" (p. 32) "the duel alone meets the sense of justice, how much more impossible must a universal international law be in the wide-reaching and complicated relations between nations and States. There never have been and there never will be universal rights of men. Arbitration treaties must be peculiarly detrimental to an aspiring people." Germany has indeed made her "aspirations" so clear to the rest of the world that she will never be offered "treaties" of any kind again. Her only sanction is a material one. "Sixty-five millions of Germans cannot allow themselves to sink to the same level of power as forty millions of French." The gallant general will find that this argument cuts both ways. Some four hundred millions of the earth's inhabitants are at this very moment refusing "to sink to the same level" as his compatriots. For "power" to him does not mean power alone; "the whole discussion turns" (p. 112) "not on international right, but simply and solely on power and expediency."

"It becomes essential," he continues, with a complete unmasking of Germany's position in 1914, "that we do not allow ourselves to be cramped in our freedom of action by considerations devoid of any inherent political necessity which only depend on political expediency and are not binding on us." These views will not be forgotten when the reckoning comes after the present war. General Bernhardi's country shall reap the full benefit of her convictions in this direction; nor shall we overlook her expressed desire that

(p. 67) "historical boundaries are to be disregarded and the nations combined into a political whole."

This latter ideal is a logical corollary of his contempt for small States. He speaks of "the curse of petty nationalities" (p. 12) and "the pitiable existence of all small States" (p. 26), with a complete lack of historical perspective only equalled by the cynical arrogance which inspires his whole argument. He has not a word to say (he seems to know nothing) of such "petty States" as ancient Hellas. But modern Belgium he does mention. "Belgium was declared neutral" (p. 102) "in the Treaties of London of November 15th, 1831, and of April 19th, 1839, on the part of the five Great Powers, The Netherlands, and Belgium itself." So he admits these facts at any rate. But since then Belgium has committed the unpardonable sin. She has got one of those colonies which Germany's culture is alone fitted to develop.

Listen to his arguments on p. 110. "A further question suggested by the present political position is whether all the political treaties which were concluded at the beginning of the last century under quite other conditions—in fact, under a different conception of what constitutes a State—can or ought to be permanently observed. When Belgium was proclaimed neutral, no one contemplated that she would lay claim to a large and valuable region in Africa. *It may well be asked* whether the acquisition of such territory is not *ipso facto* a breach of neutrality, for a State from which—theoretically at least [we are grateful for that word]—all danger of war has been removed, has no right to enter into political competition with the other States. This argument is the more justifiable because *it may safely be assumed* that in the event of a war of Germany against France and England the two last States would try to unite their forces in Belgium. Lastly, the neutrality of the Congo State (proclaimed in February, 1885) must be termed more than proble-

matic, since Belgium claims the right to cede or sell it to a non-neutral country. The conception of permanent neutrality is entirely contrary to the essential nature of the State, which can only attain its highest moral aims in competition with other States." This is a fair warning to Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and the rest at the present day; and to this astounding announcement of Germany's intentions to attain her "moral aims," whatever treaties of neutrality may exist elsewhere, we need only add his sketch of the probable policy of the Allies at the outbreak of this war. "It may be assumed," he says calmly (p. 147), "that they would attempt to turn our strategical right flank through Belgium and Holland, and penetrate into the heart of Germany through the great gap in the fortresses between Wesel and Flushing." He seems to think everybody else holds the faith of treaties as lightly as Germany does; but the point needs no further elaboration beyond the emphasis necessitated upon the fact that whenever Germany contemplates a peculiarly revolting breach of faith she always begins by accusing other people of having done the same.

Of more immediate and vital interest are General Bernhardi's very definite prognostications as to the war now in progress. Not only, it appears, will our colonies be likely to leave us; they are a positive weakness to our army. "England can employ her regular army in a continental war" (p. 137) "so long only as all is quiet in her colonies. This fact brings into prominence how important it will be, should war break out, to threaten England in her colonial possessions, and especially in Egypt." The instigation of Turkey to attack us in Egypt as she did is therefore a long-matured plan in German politics. The point is made clearer still by the remark (p. 136) that our Expeditionary Force of 150,000 men is "at the same time the reserve of troops stationed in the colonies,

which require reinforcements at grave crises. This constitutes the weak point in the British armament." It must be painful for any ordinary man to believe that no loyalty is possible unless coerced by force; but clearly Bernhardi thinks that only a mass of troops, armed to the teeth, have kept our colonies faithful so long, and that as soon as ever these colonies got a chance they would secede. That may be true of Germany's oversea possessions. It is a lamentable miscalculation about our own; and I trust that Colonial troops (and Indian) have already shown General Bernhardi, in France and elsewhere, that he is equally incorrect in thinking that their soldiers "can be completely ignored so far as concerns any European theatre of war" (p. 135); just as our Territorials will possibly convince him of error in the statement that "for a continental European war they may be left out of account." The London Scottish very soon answered for themselves. The rest of our New Army took up the tale in July, 1916. I need say no more about the disdain expressed for British regulars. I am content to wait for an apology to them at Berlin Market-Cross. Nor is it necessary to pillory the slighting reference to France's colonial troops. The Turcos have seen to that.

The methods he anticipates in his enemies are astounding, and I can only explain them by supposing that he thinks every other nation has long ago adopted the curious "un-moral" attitude of Germany in these matters. "In the south (p. 151) the barrier of the Rhine can easily be turned through Switzerland." Again, "If an Anglo-French army invaded North Germany and threatened our coast defences in the rear, it would soon paralyse our defence by sea" (p. 167). But this would hardly matter, it appears, since, he continues, "it is of primary importance to organize our forces on land so thoroughly that they

guarantee the possibility, under all circumstances, of our victoriously maintaining our position on the Continent of Europe." It is significant, however, that though this "organization" was completed to the satisfaction of the General Staff, war was not declared till the Kaiser-Wilhelm Canal had been opened for a week or two. And in view of the course selected by Germany herself, as the aggressor, in 1914, it is odd to read on p. 236 the sententious moralizing: "A surprise attack, in order to be justified, must be made in the first place only on the armed forces of the hostile State, not on peaceful inhabitants." I wonder how German proceedings in Belgium can be justified on this theory. Nothing more pitiful in the German diplomacy of the last two years has been seen than her efforts to explain away the attack on Belgium. The loudest cry in Berlin was that "Belgium violated her own neutrality." The excuse is its own condemnation. It is evident that the Germans have always considered an attack through Belgium as their best way to that crushing of France which was to be the preliminary to conquering England. "France," says the General on p. 106, "must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path." She is evidently the first hindrance to that "enlargement of the Triple Alliance into a Central European Federation" (p. 106), which is one of Bernhardi's main principles of policy. "We must endeavour," he explains on p. 110, "to obtain our merited position at the head of a federation of Central European States, and thus reduce the imaginary European equilibrium, in one way or the other, to its true value, and correspondingly to increase our own power."

Bernhardi desires an extension of German colonies "as the result of a successful European war" (p. 107, "and we require countries which are climatically suited to German settlers." That is to say, no ordinary

colonies would do; he wants the pick. The General is bound to admit, though his candour surprises us, that (p. 84) "we did not enter the circle of the Powers whose decision carried weight in politics until late, until the partition of the globe was long concluded." Therefore, "what we now wish to attain must be fought for and won, against a superior force of hostile interests and Powers." Germany's bad luck in Africa rankles in the author's mind. "Even small and neutral Belgium claimed a comparatively large and valuable share; Germany was forced to be content with some modest strips of territory," and on p. 81: "It must be admitted with mortification and envy that the nation we vanquished in 1870, whose vital powers seemed exhausted, has yet created the second colonial Empire in the world, and prides herself on being a World Power." Worse than this: "When she came to an understanding with the Italians" (p. 91) "that France should be given a free hand in Morocco if she allowed them to occupy Tripoli, a wedge was driven into the Triple Alliance." Bernhardi quite rightly foresees the significance of this. On p. 89, "The withdrawal of Italy from the Triple Alliance, or indeed its secession to the Anglo-Franco-Russian entente, would probably be the signal for a great European war against us and Austria." It was not, however, from the entente that this signal came, though Bernhardi himself fully recognized (p. 102) that, "if Italy really withdraws from the Triple Alliance, very distinctly superior forces will be united against Germany and Austria." This held as true in July, 1914, as when Bernhardi wrote it in 1912; yet the Kaiser apparently neglected the warning altogether. Bernhardi faces the facts here, at any rate. "Since all freedom of action is taken from us and all expansion barred (p. 103), we must fight it out, cost what it may." I doubt whether the Kaiser quite reckoned up that cost. But we cannot complain that we had

not got fair warning beforehand. Bernhardi was certain we should be fools enough to pay no attention to what he said; and he was right. His little error lay in judging us by his own German standard and thinking we were knaves as well.

"War," says our bellicose author on p. 14, "is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture, in which a true civilized nation finds the highest expression of strength and vitality." Not only is "the conscious increase of our armaments (p. 11) the most necessary precondition of our national health," but "war" (p. 18) "is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind which cannot be dispensed with. The sages of antiquity long before Darwin recognized this." We hardly needed the denials of Charles Darwin's son to disprove an argument so differing from his real theory. The English author spoke of the survival of the "fittest," because he knew that "fit" had a very wide application. To Bernhardi "fitness" means mere numbers, unless it means a kind of "culture" with which neither Darwin nor anyone else had had experience before Louvain and Rheims had been destroyed by its apostles. "Fitness," in fact, to Bernhardi is material power. "*Might is at once the supreme Right* (p. 23), and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things." There is, in fact, nothing which does not find its supreme justification in war—though I trust that Sir Ray Lankester's and Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's crushing exposure of Bernhardi's misuse of scientific terms will at any rate prevent the repetition of such distorted "Darwinism."

Industrial conditions (p. 23) may compel war. An increase of population may require a continual expansion of frontiers (p. 21) only to be attained "by con-

quest, which thus becomes a law of necessity." Even civilization involves war, and German professors have lately told us that the only civilization in the world is German; for if (p. 20) "in playing its own part and promoting its own ends and ideals, a State comes into conflict with the ideals and views of other States, it must either submit and concede the precedence to the rival people or State, or appeal to force and face the risk of the real struggle, *i.e.* war. *No power exists which can judge between States* and make its judgments prevail." We may just as well take note of this frank admission that Germany does not believe either in the Hague Tribunals or the Geneva Conventions, and it may well become necessary to call together all the nations which do feel bound by such things and by their united strength compel Germany to abide by them for the future, as she has never abided by them since July, 1914. Nor is it in war alone that Germany (and Bernhardi) will justify dishonesty. "The relations between two States" (p. 49) "must often be termed a latent war, which is provisionally being waged in peaceful rivalry. Such a position *justifies the employment of hostile methods, cunning and deception,* just as war itself does." This again may well be taken note of when peace is finally proclaimed. A nation which has no commercial honesty cannot be dealt with by other nations. Germany, having begun by revolting every principle of honourable warfare, has ended by putting herself outside the pale in peace as well. Her "culture" is not, after all, for other people. Its spread would send the clock back twenty centuries. At present Bernhardi is the prophet not merely of German "culture," but of the war by which that culture must be propagated throughout a grateful world. "The inevitableness" (p. 37), "the idealism, and the blessing of war, as an indispensable and stimulating law of development must be repeatedly emphasized." If I am not much mistaken, the echo

of that emphasis already strikes a somewhat hollow note. It may be true, as he points out on p. 41, that "the Great Elector laid the foundations of Prussia's power by successful and deliberately incurred wars. Frederick the Great followed in the steps of his glorious ancestor." On which I may comment that if we are indeed to go back so far for our ideals to-day, the reasons for which Prussia imposed her militarism on the German Empire and desires to impose it on the rest of the world are very different; her methods remain precisely the same, and it is somewhat unfortunate for any German writer to quote her precedents. However, I have already indicated that history, neither ancient nor modern, can supply any reflections of value to our author. His only value to us is his clear view of what Germany considered the future ought to be.

Bernhardi's *Our Future* has appeared in English form as *Britain as Germany's Vassal* (W. Dawson & Sons; London; 2*s.*), and no one who has read it will wonder at the title chosen. The book is valuable not merely as a warning of the results which Germany intends to inflict upon her beaten foe, but it is full of explanations of what is going on while her war is in progress; and those who say that Bernhardi was "never read" in Germany, or "never influences" German action, must be going about to-day with their eyes closed to all they do not want to see. One of the most nauseating symptoms of the war has been the flood of lies spread broadcast over the world by the German Press. Here is Bernhardi's advice on the subject: "Those who nowadays do not recognize that the Press is a great power, prove only that they do not understand the spirit and the actualities of modern times. Therefore they neglect voluntarily one of the most potent instruments of world-policy" (p. 72). "The Press should be made to serve the political and cultural interests of Germany. That is

one of the most important tasks of the German Government. *Great successes may be obtained in this direction with a few millions.*" I interpose, a moment, to say that the Press campaign in the United States cost Germany about twenty million marks in the first three months of the war, and can scarcely have been called successful. "Thus the prestige of Germanism may be materially increased throughout the world, and the anti-German tendency of the news sent out by England may be neutralized. . . ." But an English journalist may be excused from following any further so repulsive a subject.* The ambitions of Germany, according to Bernhardi, are quite simply stated (pp. 79–81). They consist in (1) a Central European federation, including Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and Luxemburg, with possibly more States to the East; the whole to form an enlargement of the old Triple Alliance as "a defensive and offensive alliance"; (2) "the enlargement of the German Colonial Empire, and the strengthening of Germany's position throughout the world"; (3) "we must create everywhere bases for the promotion of German civilization. . . . In the interest of *the world's civilization* it is our duty to enlarge Germany's Colonial Empire." This, no doubt, was the reason why the Kaiser told his commander on the spot that the loss of Kiao-Chau to the Japanese would grieve him more than the surrender of Berlin to the Russians. That was the language of hyperbole, no doubt. But the first has happened already, and the Kaiser will no doubt be able to judge of the truth of his comparison when the second occurs later on.

* Dr. Hammann, the notorious head of the Press Bureau at the Foreign Office, appointed by Caprivi and strengthened by von Bülow, has just retired. In November, 1916, he was succeeded by Major Deutelmoser, who managed the new "War Press Office" under General Falkenhayn. At the same time the Government throttled the once independent "*Vorwärts*" and now uses it as an official organ.

"In Germany," says Bernhardi (p. 104), "the desire to preserve the peace has, since 1871, excited an unfavourable influence upon foreign policy. . . . We must strenuously combat the peace propaganda. War must regain its moral justification and its political significance in the eyes of the public. It is necessary that its high significance as a powerful promoter of civilization should become generally recognized. . . . Without war" (p. 111) "there could neither be racial nor cultural progress." Then follows the fallacy about Charles Darwin, whose theories are not only misunderstood, but wrongly quoted. I have said enough about the errors involved. But the faults in logic do not stop here. "If men and States" (p. 109) "acted absolutely unselfishly, war would be avoidable. That is a condition which can neither be expected nor be hoped for. *Hence war is inevitable.* . . . It may happen that victory involves a moral defeat. In that case the defeated derives the advantage. South Africa serves as an example. The united Boers are to-day (1913) the ruling nation in South Africa, and before long they will probably have obtained their complete independence. . . . The abolition of war" (p. 128) "would more severely harm human civilization than would war itself." It is quite clear that all who have laboured of late years to bring about a better understanding between Germany and England have not only neglected Germany's feeling that war was in itself a blessing on general lines, but also have paid no attention to Bernhardi's warning that war was inevitable and immediate on particular grounds. His chief complaint is that the claims of Germany, owing to her increased power, have been faced by the change of policy on the part of England involved in the creation of the Triple Entente. Evidently Triple Alliances are holy and sacred things, but Triple Ententes cannot be sufficiently condemned; one makes for peace, it appears, while the other necessi-

tates war; it is a curious piece of reasoning. I need only add that in Bernhardi's opinion (p. 158) "all English utterances which describe England's policy as disinterested and unselfish, especially those made during the recent troubles in the Balkans (1913), must be described as sheer hypocrisy." And again (p. 176), "Diplomatic measures are only a cloak under which every State hides its own interest."

It is scarcely less interesting to observe how completely futile all the efforts of the English Peace Party would have proved, even if war had not stultified them by the middle of 1914. Here are the terms on which Germany would have considered the possibility of an alliance in 1913. "If England" (p. 154) "should decide to side with Germany, she would first of all have to concede to Germany a position of absolute equality. . . . . England would have to give Germany an absolutely free hand in all questions touching European politics, and agree beforehand to any increase of Germany's power on the Continent of Europe which may ensue from the formation of a Central European Union of Powers, or from a German war with France. England would have to agree that she would no longer strive to prevent by her diplomacy the expansion of Germany's colonial empire, as long as such development would not take place at England's cost. She would further have to agree to any possible change of the map of North Africa that might take place in Germany's or Italy's favour. England would further have to bind herself that she would not hinder Austria's expansion in the Balkan Peninsula. She would have to offer no opposition to Germany's economic expansion in Asia Minor, and she would have to make up her mind that she would no longer oppose the development of Germany's sea power by the acquisition of coaling stations." But even the sanguine Bernhardi scarcely believed that we should tamely agree to all this. "We shall arrive," he concludes,

"at an understanding with England, which is desirable from every point of view, only after we have crossed swords with that country." Perfectly correct; but the "understanding" will not be quite so one-sided as General Bernhardi and his friends imagined. As usual, they had no idea there were two sides to a bargain or even to a war.

Bernhardi may have taken his ideas from Bismarck or Clausewitz, and his complacent egotism from the Prussian court; but there has never been the shadow of a doubt as to the gospel he preached in 1911 and 1912. He advocated (as we have just seen) "the value of war for the political and moral development of mankind"; he urged the "right," the "duty," the manifold "blessings" of war; he derided all peace propaganda and sneered with especial bitterness at those Americans who (for their own mean purposes, forsooth) supported Hague Conferences and Hague Tribunals. In one sense he may well seem to have been right in this particular detail to-day; but I am confident that the true feeling of the American people is not in the least degree represented by their Government, and I could trust them to remember what Bernhardi said of them in 1912 when he tried to force the opposite in the writings he published in 1915. However loudly the silence of President Wilson may have resounded through the depopulated wastes of tortured Belgium, the mass of the fellow-citizens he has misunderstood will never forgive him, and they need not fear that we shall misunderstand their real feelings. They have known their Bernhardi for a long while. They remember his castigation of all attempts to abolish war as "immoral and unworthy of humanity." They remember his expressed wish that "France must be so completely crushed that she can never get in our way again." They remember his ruthless scorn of all the "little States," and his detailed ambition of a central coalition under the

hegemony of Prussia and the German Empire. They remember that Prussia has never freed a single slave, that she has stolen one piece of territory after another by force of arms, and that when the hour for the last and greatest robbery of all had struck, she alone was ready and armed, like a thief in the night, among the peaceful populations of a slumbering Europe. They remember those famous Belgian documents, facsimiles of which (forged and otherwise) were sent all over the Press of the United States, proving beyond question that our only engagements with Belgium were that we should not violate her neutrality ourselves, and that we would come to her aid if it were violated by others. And, finally, they remember those disclosures, so fatal to Bernhardi and his master, of Signor Giolitti to the Italian House of Commons—disclosures to which neither the Kaiser nor Bethmann-Hollweg, nor even their slaves in the Press, have ever had the effrontery to refer—the final and convincing proof of Germany's calculated plot to wreck the peace of Europe for her own base ends. In the face of all this, Bernhardi had the brazen impudence to tell them: "It has never been our intention to conquer and subjugate foreign States"! And his measure of the perspicacity of an American audience was to explain his phrase "World-power or decline" as applicable only to the legitimate desire of a strong country to develop her own resources without hindrance and in peace! "Power," in fact, never meant conquest or invasion at all. It may have meant brutality, or methods of frightfulness, or killing the wounded, or trying to torpedo hospital ships, or starving the prisoners, or firing on the Red Cross, or laughing at the non-combatants they have drowned at sea. But aggression? Never!

"No weaker neutral State," said Bernhardi (for the benefit of Americans) in 1915, "need fear any violation in the case of a victory on the part of Ger-

many; such a violation would not be in keeping with our policy. . . . If to-day we are aiming to throw down our opponents with every means, this is not in order to rule them in future and to enslave them politically and economically, but in order to attain for ourselves in future the guarantee of peace [the peace he has so bitterly derided all his life, no doubt]. In this spirit of unison and unshakable determination of victory, which at the same time will not despair in adversity, but will never abuse the power of the victor over the weaker in order to bend right by might, there lies the absolute guarantee of final victory." It is really difficult to believe not only that this was written by one of the generals whose troops have devastated Belgium, but also that he expected Americans (or anyone else) to believe him. I hope the citizens of the United States feel flattered at his estimate both of their intelligence and of their information. In England we are, frankly, sick of these continuous discussions, engineered by German liars, as to the beginnings of a war they wanted and they made, as Maximilian Harden openly confessed. But at any rate they are the symptom of a very guilty conscience, and to that extent they have their value, especially from Bernhardi, for the urgency of the case may be measured by the eagerness with which he turns himself inside out to prove that his original black was actually a lamblike white. His airy description of the progress of the war is equally amazing in its childish distortion of the truth. Though to the defeat of the self-sacrificing Rennenkampff (and when did Prussians ever do as much for an ally?) whole pages of panegyric were devoted, there was, of course, a careful silence about Calais or Paris. Nothing indicated the German retreat across the Marne, which really meant the defeat of the whole German plot.

Like the professors, the theologians, the manufacturers, and the rest of his unhappy country, Bern-

hardi has ruined what reputation the war had left him by telling lies at the bidding of his master. Many were of the opinion, in 1914, that the notoriety into which he had suddenly leaped was undeserved when judged by the value set on him by his own compatriots. They were wrong for many reasons; but chiefly because, whether the Germans accepted Bernhardi as an authority or not, he was an amazingly faithful mirror of their ideas; and everything he said they would do in a war they did. I only hope he is an equally faithful mirror to-day. For we could ask nothing better than that a Germany which began as she did in August and September, 1914, should have all changed their minds as he changed his in April, 1915. His omissions were even more significant than his mendacities. He had always pressed the point (and his sheer brutality of candour was his best asset) that a swift and irresistible campaign of about four months was absolutely essential; and that was the chief excuse made by Germany for hacking a way through Belgium, a feat which Bernhardi evidently imagines will appeal to the finer sensibilities of the United States; yet he appeared, after seven months' war, to contemplate with equanimity a position of "a stationary character" in which the achievements of the Imperial roadhogs were limited to the destruction of their little neighbour, the precarious tenure of a strip of France, and constantly abortive efforts to paralyse the Russian Army. "It is impossible," he says, "to foresee how and by what means the final decision will be brought about." This is a change indeed. Let us hope it reflects the mental attitude of his General Staff as clearly as did his earlier writings. But it is most significant of all to find no mention of the British Fleet, except a casual lie about its alleged discomfiture by shore batteries from the victorious Fatherland. This is even more remarkable than his odd commentaries on the Battle of the

Aisne. And again I trust it reflected the thoughts of his own High Command.

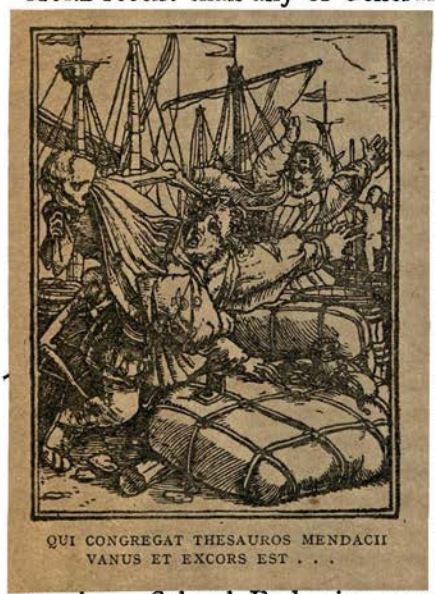
Bernhardi speaks, it is true, of our supposed security behind the bulwark of our seas, and makes much of that blessed word "navalism," so dear to the heart of every militarist; but I seem to detect in all he says the same curious ignorance of what sea-power really means, which has been obvious in Germany from top to bottom of the nation; and that ignorance will prove her downfall. They have never realized that the intangible may in time become the irresistible. Russia is intangible; so they have dreamed that they can "paralyse" her by repeated Blunderberg-excursions; but her lines surge back with the same hissing menace that tore the octopus of Odysseus from its lair, and all the time her army gathers strength like some vast tidal wave from the remote Atlantic, and will, when the hour strikes, overwhelm her adversary with her elemental, inexhaustible attack. In just the same way British sea-power is intangible; so they have set at naught an exhibition of that power more widespread, more tremendous in its silent pressure, in its power of safely transporting troops and supplies to various theatres of war, than any shown in previous history. We may, perhaps, learn from the extraordinary opinions held about us by Bernhardi not to be too confident as to our statements about our enemy. But we may at least feel that we are a trifle more consistent. Bernhardi not only contradicts himself. He is contradicted by so highly placed a diplomatist as his crude compatriot, Herr von Richthofen, who proposed, while Bernhardi was writing his withdrawals, to keep Belgium, placate France with "ten thousand Alsatians" of French race, "immobilize" Russia, "control" the railway from Berlin to Constantinople, and conquer England by invasion. The chief value of this latest boaster is also that he has been immediately contradicted, and

that we now know, from the Government of Luxemburg itself, that it warmly protested against the violation of its neutrality, and received no indemnity whatever. I always thought a German was better at stealing than at paying. But Herr von Richthofen's virile bluster is very different from the mild protestations of the emasculated Bernhardi of 1915.

CHAPTER II

THE FORECASTS OF FROBENIUS

MORE recent than any of General Bernhardi's publications before the war, in fact as recent (from internal evidence) as the spring of 1914, is *The German Empire's Hour of Destiny*, by Colonel H. Frobenius, which has been translated by "W. H. B.," and was published by Messrs. John Long, Ltd., with a preface by Sir Valentine Chirol. It will be convenient to pass at once to those considerations of Belgium which I have just been discussing. Colonel Frobenius approves (on p. 49) the famous Memorandum of 1830–31 by Clausewitz, advising the annexation of Belgium as a permanent object. It is, however, prophesied on p. 57 that "England, in case of a conflict with Germany, intends to land her expeditionary force in Antwerp, so as to



QUI CONGREGAT THESAUROS MENDACII VANUS ET EXCORS EST . . .

support France." Colonel Frobenius makes great play with a volume called *The Day of the Saxon*, by the American General Homer Lea, which was translated into German by Count E. Reventlow in 1913, and he quotes (p. 123) the General's opinion that "the occupation of neutral territory, such as Holland and Belgium, might call forth violent opposition in England." It is illuminating, in view of the notorious "Scrap-of-Paper" conversation, that Colonel Frobenius goes on to comment: "I do not believe that England will exhibit the opposition assumed by Homer Lea to a violation of neutrality." On which I need only say that Americans understood us a great deal better than Germans have shown any signs of doing.

Colonel Frobenius is, of course, a disciple of Bernhardi, in the "Might v. Right" idea, and says (p. 137) that "*Si vis pacem para justitiam* is all very well, but absolute justice does not exist." His main object in the book is (p. 16) to "consider what interest the principal, and therefore the most dangerous, opponents of the German Empire (viz., England, Russia, and France) would really have in such a war which will undoubtedly involve the whole of Europe." He is good enough to state (p. 73): "To be sure, England has at present" (January, 1914) "every reason for not seeking war with Germany without cause," and (on p. 130), "that war has not broken out long since is in my view principally to be attributed to the cold-blooded British commercial spirit." He also says on p. 75, "Russia has really no cause for a grudge against Germany." But his whole view of the motives of the three Allies, who certainly made their mutual pledge to fight to a finish after the Colonel's book was "out," is vitiated by the usual German method of applying to other people those dishonest schemes of self-interest which animate, as we now know, the whole of German policy. Conscription, for instance, he thinks (p. 27), "would not only cut into England's deep-rooted ideas

of personal freedom, but would also be contrary to her custom (which has always been skilfully and happily pursued) of exploiting on land the military powers of other nations, and extracting from their loss of blood the double advantage of overcoming unpleasant resistance to herself, and bringing about a wholesome weakening of her allies." For this reason the gallant Colonel asserts (p. 39) that "England can have no desire to annihilate our army. That would be contrary to the whole of her policy up to date. A strong Power on land on the European Continent is indispensable to her." The only reason for England's hostility, in his opinion, is the first German Navy law. At one stroke England's policy changed its front. . . . We should not be deceived by a temporary apparently friendly disposition; *this generally conceals secret feelings of malevolence.*" Now we know, for the future, how worthless all attempts at friendliness will be.

And if we are surprised to learn that we cherish the German Army, we may be equally astonished to discover (p. 45) that France has an ineradicable affection for the German Fleet: "France would much rather destroy Germany's land forces but if possible spare her navy as a menace to their future enemy, Great Britain." As Sir Valentine Chirol says (p. 10), "He who puts his faith in trickery and deceit, and makes a constant practice of them, is apt to assume that everyone else does the same, and this assumption lands him in grievous miscalculations . . . such political estimates ignore all those moral *imponderabilia* of which Bismarck himself was fain to recognize the immense importance." Unluckily, Germany's military power has been a far more formidable reality than her diplomatic policy; or the Allies would have had an easy task to prick the whole gasbag. But Colonel Frobenius is evidently as accurate an interpreter of his countrymen's feelings as General Bernhardi, for on

October 19th, 1914, I read, with considerable astonishment, in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, that, after all, it was not England but Russia which is the real enemy, and that "every loss of power by England means for Russia a further gain of strength and influence." Though these curious words were no doubt prompted by the belated discovery that our "contemptible little army" had not been "walked over" as quickly as was calculated, they provided a very odd confirmation of the general German view that if "allies" will not quarrel, for selfish reasons, while the war is going on, they are certain to fall out when it comes to discussing the fruits of victory. Germany is wrong in both cases. A thorough knave never will understand the motives of an honest man.

The Colonel is convinced (p. 46) that "the British Expeditionary Force of 150,000 men will be destined as an invading force to support her fleet." Again, he says (p. 66): "It seemed to be the opinion in France that Great Britain would quite unselfishly devote her forces to the interests of France. This is, of course, quite out of the question." Neither our author, in fact, nor any of his compatriots, can possibly imagine that the elemental notions of honourable and fair dealing which they have themselves discarded can ever animate any other section of the human race. It seems a disgusting state of mind to live with; but I conclude they must by now be used to it; and I am more than ever of the opinion that they will remain in it—alone. The Colonel did not seem to think there was any other military force in the Empire except the "Expeditionary Force of 150,000 men." His brother officers do not remain of that opinion. It is not the business of any English writer to enlighten them. He calculates (p. 99) that the "peace footing" of the Russian Army in the winter 1914–15 would be 1,360,000 men, of whom 1,337,000 would be "in Europe." He will no doubt be interested to

discover how many Russian soldiers reach Prussia by the end of the war; but he draws careful attention (p. 95) to the fact that in Russia in 1913 the "complete preparations on the highest scale being made for the contemplated war" included (p. 103) "an increase in the estimates of 154 per cent. between 1909 and 1913 for a new Baltic fleet." France's fleet does not seem to enter very much into his forecast. But he points out (p. 113) that "since 1875 the French population has only increased by 7·9 per cent. to 39,700,000, whereas Germany has reached 67,500,000, an increase of 58 per cent." In spite, however, of this Teutonic exuberance of parturition, he estimates the French standing army (p. 115) at "768,300, while we have (1913) only about 751,000 troops with the colours"; and he shows (p. 116) that the effect of the new three-year term of service will be that in 1914–15 France's "standing army" would have "a greater battalion strength than is required on a war footing." The war, however, has made it clear that Prussia, in her usual merry way, had falsified her statistics of man-power in the German Empire for some time. Yet even Prussia did not calculate how large a total of cannon-fodder she would eventually require.

General Bernhardi at least confessed that he did not speak as an expert in naval matters. Colonel Frobenius makes no such reservation; but I think he is equally erroneous in detail; and he is certainly as ignorant as most of his compatriots of the true meaning of the command of the sea. He has at any rate one plan for the British Navy which is new to me (pp. 60–63). It appears that it is owing to the British Admiralty that the harbour of Esbjerg on the Danish west coast of Jutland has been so much improved of late. "There can be no doubt that in the case of a war Denmark will be found on the side of our enemies," and in that case Denmark is given the part of furnishing British ships "strong support in an assault on

German harbours and the destruction of our fleet, thus providing a base for the employment of British military forces." His information as to the effect of our navy on the war has hardly proved correct. But even his fertile imagination did not foresee that his General Staff would kindly order trenches to be dug within range of our warships along the coast from Ostend to Dunkirk. He goes on to argue (p. 69) that " The United Kingdom is to such a large extent dependent on the regular import of the necessities of life, that a blockade would very quickly bring about a famine, coupled probably with very grave danger." We are still awaiting the blockade. But this is not all. We cannot even man our ships at sea. " It is an open secret " (p. 71) " how difficult it is for England, even on a moderate increase of her navy, to provide in good time and train correspondingly increasing crews." This, we learn, is the real reason why Mr. Winston Churchill suggested a year's holiday in naval construction (p. 72), " *a crafty move,* as England could amply employ her dockyards by building for other Powers ships which she could impress in case of need into her own navy." It will be seen how futile has been every effort made to keep on good terms with our gentle Germans. They need have no fear that such efforts will be repeated. The Colonel, of course, only echoes the opinion of all his countrymen in predicting (p. 74) that England " will seize every favourable opportunity of attacking us unawares and delivering her declaration of war with the first shells *at our coast resorts.*" It is, when I think it over, nothing less than astounding that we should have waited for the revelations of the present war before cutting off all friendly relations with a country that could produce popular writers (blessed by the Crown Prince) who could print this sort of thing as their serious opinion. It is only necessary to add the absurd suggestion (which I read in Colonel Frobenius's pages on the day

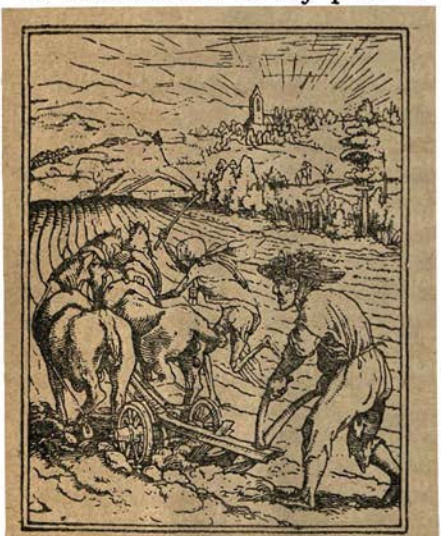
when our Admiralty's cordial message to the Japanese Fleet was published) that our design to destroy German sea power is only the preliminary to our deep-laid plots (p. 35) for blowing the Navy of Japan out of the water.

I suppose we ought not to complain of books like this; for if Germany's advisers had not believed what the gallant Colonel and Bernhardi advanced, we should never have reaped the advantage of the diplomatic bungles with which Germany handicapped herself at the beginning of the war she deliberately provoked. But I do say that such publications as these, or as the manifesto of German professors, indicate that Anatole France is right in his outburst, which characterized German war literature as "a monstrous crevasse between Germany and the whole of civilized Europe, an unbridgable abyss. These 'intellectuals,' glorifying and exalting Prussian militarism, show themselves to be more odious than the brutes whom they defend." As the more polished phrases of Sir Valentine Chirol's preface (p. 5) put it: "Some student of the historical phenomena of our times will doubtless one day work out a complete record of the warnings of the coming storm we have had out of the mouths of Germans themselves since Treitschke, the apocalyptic precursor of the Mailed Fist, first proclaimed that Germany must square accounts first with France and Russia, and then proceed to the squaring of the last and greatest of her accounts—with England. When that record has been compiled, we shall hardly be able to charge the Germans with having sought to take us unawares." We shall not, indeed; but we have this excuse: Not even the literature which foretold the present war, nauseous as my readers must have found so much of that literature to be, can ever have prepared us for the degradation, treachery, and brutality which German soldiers have actually displayed during the war itself.

CHAPTER III

"TRUTH ABOUT GERMANY"

IN continuation of my plan of putting the German case before my readers in the words of the most celebrated German prophets and apostles, I now draw attention to *Truth About Germany: Facts About The War*, which is the pleasing title of a pamphlet written in English in the first weeks of the war by an influential German Committee for dissemination in the United States. Mr. Douglas Sladen issued an annotated edition of their text which is published under the title of *Germany's Great Lie*, by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.



IN SUDORE VULTUS TUI VESCERIS PANE TUO...

After an explanation of the attack on Belgium, which our American friends will find curiously inept, the writers are good enough to say, "In our case the

Government of the United States would not have acted differently. *Inter arma silent leges*" (p. 100). And by way of prophecy they add: "The German troops, with their iron discipline, will respect the personal property and liberty of the individual in Belgium, just as they did in France in 1870." The writers continue, on p. 101: "The Belgians would have been wise if they had permitted the passage of the German troops. They would have preserved their integrity, and, besides that, would have fared well from the business point of view, for the army would have proved a good customer and paid cash." What, in fact, does honour matter in comparison with cash? It would be difficult to say which of these utterances will be more fatal. But there are many, many more, considerably less excusable, and, in their light, we read with full appreciation on p. 20 that "the German nation is serious and conscientious." On the same page is the statement: "The die is cast, and all nations must decide whether they wish to further us by sentiments and by deeds, or the Government of the Czar. This is the real significance of this appalling struggle, all the rest is immaterial. *Russia's attitude alone has forced us to go to war with France and with their great Ally.*" A graceful addition is made to this on p. 118: "The Czar himself did not, at the breaking out of hostilities against Germany, show himself the gentleman upon a throne which he had formerly been believed by everyone to be." I am surprised to see the word "gentleman" in this book. I thought that Germans had abandoned a word which they neither merited nor understood. On p. 52 we find "Great Britain declared war on Germany and sides to-day with those Continental Powers that have united for our destruction, in order that Muscovite barbarism may rule Europe." A little later, however, this is contradicted; for on p. 105 we learn that "England claims at being (*sic*) mistress of the Old World in order

to occupy either an equal, or a menacing position towards the New World, as circumstances may dictate. For this purpose she has encouraged this war." Apparently these conflicting statements do not matter, on the theory that one lie cancels another, for on p. 190 we read that "This war, provoked by Russia because of an outrageous desire for revenge, supported by England and France, has no other motive than envy of Germany's position in economic life."

It will hardly be believed that among the persons responsible for this and far worse statements, in a book issued by a Committee and a Board of Editors, are such men as Albert Ballin, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company; Prince von Bülow; Dr. Dryander, Chief Court Preacher in Berlin; Field-Marshal von der Goltz; Professor Harnack; Prince von Hatzfeldt; Dr. Heineken, Director of the North German Lloyd; Professor Lamprecht, of Leipzig; Prince Münster Derneburg; Wilhelm von Siemens; Professor Francke, of Berlin; Count Reventlow, and many more. The plain and astounding fact is that all these men, in many pages of the book for which they stand responsible, were telling deliberate lies in order to curry favour with the United States. It need hardly be said that they lamentably failed in their dishonourable purpose; but the really curious thing is that these men should ever have imagined such a policy would succeed; that they should not have realized the suspicion of their own military strength implied by such tactics; and that they should have permanently soiled their reputations by even attempting them at all. Why soldiers who have at least proved themselves, in brute courage under fire, the equals of any in the world, should be cursed with such apologists, I do not know. As to the rest of the German nation, they evidently have found the champions they deserve. They have not the sanity to understand

the universal loathing they arouse by their abuse of our trust and hospitality.

The first chapter of the pamphlet opens with an idyllic picture of July. "The peasant was gathering in the summer's peaceful crop, the factory hand was working with accustomed vigour. *Not one human being amongst us dreamed of war.* . . . Our love of peace is so strong that it is not regarded by us in the light of a virtue; we simply know it to be an inborn and integral portion of ourselves." How sad that the pupils of Bernhardi and the compatriots of Frobenius should ever be disturbed from their dreams of agricultural calm! Even "before one had crossed the German frontier" (p. 47), "a large number of aeroplanes came flying into our country across the neutral territory of Belgium and Luxemburg without a word of warning on the part of the Belgian Government." This is of course a lie. But is it not heartbreaking that peaceful peasants might have been frightened thus? "At the same time the German Government learned that the French were about to enter Belgium." This is why, we presume, nearly all the French troops were somewhere else. Excruciating self-command, however, was exercised by the agriculturist on the Rhine, and (p. 48) "not till France and Belgium itself had broken the neutrality, our troops entered the neutral territory. Germany wanted nothing from Belgium." Of course not. Brussels and Antwerp, for instance, and thefts of money and property to an appalling total, are a mere "nothing." "So sure were the leading men of the [German] Empire" (p. 57) "of the preservation of general peace, that at the beginning of the week which was to bring general mobilization they said to each other joyfully: 'Next week our vacation time begins.' But they were fearfully disappointed." It will hardly be believed that I quote the text word for word. In fact, if its sinister purpose were not so obviously insistent, this book

would be too childish and stupid to deserve attention. After an extraordinary chapter of solemn mock-heroics about the Kaiser and his officials, the authors describe the mobilization of the peaceful German peasant, laughing at the English at one moment, for our utter unpreparedness, and abusing us the next for having craftily planned the whole war. They also seem to forget that if Germany was indeed as innocent and pacific as they aver, it is odd to read the complicated details of the preparation she had hurried on for 1914. But since the gallant authors of this book do not mind if they are contradicted by the facts of their too candid soldiers at the front, or by the inventions of their ambassador in New York, they are not likely to stop at the contradiction of their own lies by each other.

Naturally we hear, to begin with (p. 67), that "the German mobilization was the greatest movement of men and materials the world has ever seen." Everyone was seriously enthusiastic, even in "Alsace-Lorraine, where, indeed (p. 69), the number of volunteers was conspicuously great." No doubt they were impulsively flocking to the regiment of their courteous Prussian friends at Zabern.

But let me pass on (p. 70) to "the appearance of the troops in brand-new uniforms from head to foot. The first sight of these new uniforms, of modest field-grey, faultlessly made, evoked everywhere the question, Where did they come from?" Happy Cannon-fodder, whose dress was a model of smart tailoring, and whose "small arms, cannons, and ammunitions are so plentiful that they have merely to be unpacked." We are very properly impressed with the guileless preparations of this "peaceful folk, devoted to agriculture, industry, and trade" (p. 81). Do you imagine the army, when mobilized and dressed, was for warlike purposes? Not a bit of it. "Since the German Army" (p. 82) "when it is summoned to war represents

the whole German people, and since the whole German people is peaceably disposed, it follows that the army can only be a defensive organization." It must be merely for Koepenick gambols; as for the depopulation of Belgium, not on your life. But I must not linger with the private, who loved his new uniform so much that he was constantly changing it for someone else's on the field of battle. Now a word concerning the German officer. He, too, has been "much maligned" (p. 85). I can hardly believe it when I remember that glowing description of the "Little Garrison," which was so true that its author, Lieut. Bilse, and his fellow officers were severely punished for letting out too many facts. "One of the greatest sons of free America, George Washington, gave his countrymen the advice to select only gentlemen [here is this curious word again !] as officers, and it is according to this principle that the officers of the German Army and Navy are chosen." This, of course, was made quite obvious to the Alsatians before the war at Zabern; and after it, to an admiring universe at Louvain, Dinant, and elsewhere; and remember the "iron discipline" of the kindly Cannon-fodder in Aerschot and Termonde. With these exploits in our mind read p. 116. "There exists the basic principle, acknowledged throughout the civilized world, that no methods may be employed which could not be employed by men of honour, even when they are opponents." How sadly we must have been mistaken in our gentle Germans!

"When it comes to pass" (p. 127) "that in time of war among nations the laws of humanity respecting the helpless and unarmed, the women and children, are no longer observed, the world is reverting to barbarism." It is; and "German Culture" is what they call it. We are well aware how the Red Cross Nurses at the front have been treated by our chivalrous foes, who use this organization of mercy for their own

fiendish purposes, and cannot even treat their hospital attendants with ordinary courtesy when they are wounded. A little further on in this curious volume we find the comforting thought: "Up to the present it has not been customary to use a uniform, which should be respected even by the enemy, to lessen the personal risk of the spy, and to facilitate his undertaking." But for the question of spies, raised in these pages in a most authoritative manner by specialists of the first rank in Europe, I have no space here. I have said more than enough to indicate the character of the whole volume, and, I trust, to blast the characters of its authors in any decent society for ever. It gives not a single argument in favour of the German case, and reveals on every page the hopeless folly of the German attitude. I need scarcely add the pious outburst, on p. 136: "The German 'White Book' prints documents proving THE WHITE PURITY OF THE GERMAN CONSCIENCE as represented by Kaiser, Chancellor, and people" (the type is original); or the moral so seriously drawn on p. 157: "Only the weakling lies and swindles, the strong man loves and honours truth. Let us act like the strong man in the struggle"; or the moan of the honest broker on p. 185: "If Germany is economically ruined, which is the wish of Russia, France, and England, and all Allied friends of wretched Serbia, it would mean the loss of a heavy buyer to America. . . . Germany's struggle concerns not only her own destiny, but to a considerable extent" (p. 187) "that of America." Do not, in fact, ask yourselves whether you will side with the nation which has devastated Belgium, or with the country which is succouring its destitute and outraged citizens; just fix your minds on the Business Proposition, which is the only thing that cuts any ice.

"The war," lament our noble authors, on p. 21, "has severed us from the rest of the world, all our

cable communications are destroyed. But the winds will carry the mighty voice of justice even across the ocean. . . . We know" (p. 193) "that the country of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln places itself only on the side of a just cause and one worthy of humanity's blessing." And so do I. But I will not pursue the subject. It is a pleasant thought to leave our honest authors cutting down apple-trees (as it were) with George Washington.

I subjoin another example of what Germans think and write, in their own words. The following letter was written on September 29th, 1914, by Privy Councillor Dr. Lasson, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Berlin, to a friend in Holland, and has been published in the Dutch and English newspapers:

"DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—For months I have not written to a single foreigner. Foreigner means enemy, *dum probetur contrarium.* No one can remain neutral to the German State and people. Either you consider it as the most perfect creation that history has produced up to now, or you acquiesce in its destruction, nay, in its extermination. The man who is not a German knows nothing of Germany. Two million volunteers have enlisted, amongst whom are two of my grandsons, one a student of theology, twenty-one years old, the other a sixth-form boy of eighteen, eight nephews and great-nephews, and more than twenty cousins. We are morally and intellectually superior, beyond all comparison, as are our organizations and our institutions. Wilhelm II., *deliciae generis humani,* had in his possession a power with which he was in a position to smash everything; yet he has always protected peace, justice, and honour. The greater his successes, the more devout and humble he has become. His Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, by far the most prominent of living men, knows no other motives than truth, fidelity, justice. Our army is

the epitome of German intelligence and moral excellence; its perfect discipline is well known.

"Now there is no German house, from the Kaiser's to the labourer's, that is free from mourning. We must sacrifice our dearest, our best, our most noble ones to fight with Russian beasts, English mercenaries, Belgian fanatics! The French are the only ones at all comparable with us. There shall be no peace until the three mischief plotters who would not let Europe rest are completely subjugated. We want peace and safety for ourselves in order to be able to guarantee it for others. We wish to carry on untiringly our work of culture in peace. We have nothing to apologize for. We are no bully State. We threaten no one so long as we are not attacked. We do good deeds to all people. Louvain was not destroyed; only the houses of the murderers. The legend of German spies in Belgium is a wicked libel. We Germans give our judgment only after an inquiry has taken place. The Cathedral of Rheims is not destroyed —the French caused the damage. England acts in politics as if we lived in the eighteenth century. Germany has taught the world how to carry on war and politics in a conscientious and proper manner. England will come to nought. France can still be saved, let us hope. But Russia must no longer be on our frontier. This time we will have a clean slate. The real enemy is England. Woe unto thee, England! God is with us and the just cause."

On October 20th the Professor added:

"We Germans have no friends anywhere. Because we are efficient and morally superior, all those who cannot attain our moral strength are afraid of us, and think us dangerous. We are the freest people of the earth, for we obey, and our law is Reason. Our successes in war and peace are deserved, the price of

infinite striving. Our Kaiser, our Chancellor, our leading men have nowhere their equals, like our people. Our might is the might of the spirit, our victory the victory of the mind. So we defy the whole world, like our old Fritz. The European conspiracy has wrapped us in a net of lies and calumny; we are truthful! Humaneness, gentleness, conscientiousness, Christianity, are our distinguishing marks. 'In a world of wickedness we represent the Love which is of Heaven, and God is with us.' You can make what use you like of my letter."

When Professors of Philosophy in Berlin write this kind of thing, and believe that Professors of Philosophy (or anything else) in other lands accept the same views, it is evidently time to disabuse them. I will therefore add no more quotations from German authors, but proceed to tell them what the rest of us think of their opinions.

CHAPTER IV

KULTUR AND DARWINISM

" Ex divitiis juventutem luxuria atque avaritia cum superbia invasere : rapere, consumere, aliena cupere ; pudorem, pudicitiam, divina, humana promiscua ; nil pensi neque moderati habere . . ."
—SALLUST, *Bell. Cat.* XII.

GERMANY has confidently put her vaunted " Culture " to the test of civilized character, and she has stupefied and revolted the whole world by her complete disregard of every human quality recognized by civilization. By its fruits let her " culture " be judged. It is barren of every inspiration to which the instinct of a self-respecting freedom can pay tribute. It rejects every element of public honour and good faith. It prefers the arrogance of the bully and the treachery of the knave to any soldierly virtue save the brute sacrifice of life by

MEDICE CURA TE IPSUM . . .

"cannon-fodder." It has displayed itself as a base appetite operating a blind machine. No more terrible indictment of a nation has ever been framed than the grim verses on the Germans who began this war written by Rudyard Kipling for the King of the Belgians:

Through learned and laborious years
They set themselves to find
Fresh terrors and undreamed-of fears
To heap upon mankind.

. . . . . .

Coldly they went about to raise
To life and make more dread
Abominations of old days,
That men believed were dead.

They paid the price to reach their goal
Across a world in flame,
But their own hate slew their own soul
Before that victory came.

Are these to judge mankind? The answer disposes, once and for all, of the civilizing mission of Germany.

Kultur, in the German sense, does not mean that "culture" which to us implies a sense of the relations, the proportions, the deeper and more permanent values of things. It implies, in Germany, the suppression of individual freedom, either of thought or action; and it has produced a system-ridden people. In the true sense of the word, Germany has not a tenth of the culture of Japan; and neither in literature, in architecture, nor in art does she encourage or produce the quality of delicacy. Her conceptions of life are most truly and unconsciously expressed in such colossal statues as that of Bismarck at Cologne or Schilling's Germania on the Niederwald; stupendously complacent; bulky, but unheroic; sentimental, but soft; full of the desire to stun, to shock, to startle, as with a massed attack; but collapsible as wax before the flame of any genuine artistic passion. Their buildings are like howitzers rather than designs for mutual life.

and social intercourse. There is force without economy of means, strength without counsel, mass without proportion, industry without genius. Their scholarship shows the same defects. Though in Ulric von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf they possess a scholar as profound and brilliant as any in Europe, they have no idea of the meaning of the phrase, "A scholar and a gentleman." To us scholarship is an art which feels certain delicacies that may be a part of a much larger life. To them it is a science collecting many recondite facts. For interest in the world at large, for humanity, for common sense they are content to substitute an absorbed cold-blooded industry, which may obsess a lifetime, and not evoke one spark of beauty.

Kultur has forced on each several citizen the wishes of the State as interpreted by the Kaiser and a few of those immediately around him; and it insists that its behests shall be obeyed whatever silly scruples the soft-hearted citizen may personally feel about it. This system has inevitably involved dishonesty and immorality with its suppression of individual initiative. It has stamped out the personal characteristics of a kindly race, and left a plodding, dull, and bourgeois people, ready to accept any excesses in the sacred names of Kaiser, Krupp, or Kultur—*Τρία κάππα κάκιστα.* Take Professor Eucken, for instance, a man formerly reckoned among the chief ethical teachers of the day. At the revealing crisis, we find that the German professor has turned into a State servant, an official machine, defending the flagrant iniquity of the invasion of Belgium and paralysing his conscience with the dogma of Prussian infallibility. The revelation that other countries would rather fight to the death than accept that dogma has driven the German people wholly, for the moment, into the hands of the Autocracy, and whatever they may once have thought, they now all say the same thing. Bernhardi, Ballin, and

the rest are but other examples, in different spheres, of a similar servility. In the last nine months Germany has lost even that reputation for the laboriously conscientious uses of research which was her chief value to the scholar, the scientific student, and the historian. For all her greatest professors, her most renowned theologians, her most prominent statesmen and financiers have given to the world a series of statements for which no patriotism, no national prejudice, can furnish the semblance of an excuse. If these men have not gone mad, they have deliberately signed what they know to be untrue. If they accept neither of these alternatives then we are driven to the inevitable conclusion that the estimation in which we have hitherto held their intellect and personal character must be entirely and drastically revised. They can make their own choice, and I do not envy them the necessity for doing so which is rapidly and inexorably drawing near.

Bernhardi, I suppose, may fairly be taken as one of the exponents of German Kultur before 1914, though he swallowed all his words as soon as he saw what war really meant; and every subsequent event since August 1914 has shown that the German nation had fully believed the fallacy propounded by their prophets and professors, which may shortly be described as the Biological Justification for War. Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, in *Evolution and the War*, has destroyed that fallacy very conclusively, and his examination of it shows up very vividly yet one more weakness in the apostles of Kultur. "Might," said its military high priest, "is at once the supreme right. . . . War gives a biologically just decision. . . . War is a fundamental law of development. This great verity, which has been recognized in past ages, has been convincingly demonstrated in modern times by Charles Darwin. . . ." Unfortunately Darwin demonstrated, and desired to demonstrate, nothing of the kind. "The scientific world," says Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, "is

agreed about evolution; it is not agreed about natural selection. It is merely ludicrous to assert that natural selection and the struggle for existence have any claims to be regarded as scientific law." The mistake is typically Teutonic; for even if such a scientific law had actually existed, it does not follow that a law derived from a consideration of animals and plants applies to human beings as well. When he spoke of the "Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life," Darwin meant not in the least those that were best armed for the active extermination of their fellows. He meant those that were best suited to their whole environment, including general adaptation to their place in the composite web of life.

Moreover, if there is one thing which differentiates man from the animals it is his consciousness of his own mind and choice. And among all civilized people the most important part of their environment is not the material, as in plants or animals, but the part which affects mental and emotional qualities. The Germans have proved this on themselves by the success with which their leaders have bent the whole mind and will and activities of the nation to the one task of war. A greater change has been effected by this agency upon the minds of German citizens in less than forty years than nature has effected upon the human body in four times four hundred centuries. All the most important agencies producing the divergent modification of modern nations are human products and can be altered in a fashion that is comparatively new in nature and certainly peculiar to man; for the various forms of literature constitute a new organ, a permanent mental environment of the most powerful kind, not merely registering but perpetuating and crystallizing thought. The very existence of such an organ puts out of court for all time any attempt to justify human conduct by referring to laws that may be supposed to rule the animal and vegetable king-

doms. For it implies the possession by man, in vital and overmastering distinction from animals and plants, of the peculiar quality which can only be indicated in such phrases as "consciousness" or "sense of freedom," phrases which suggest the centre from which all human thought, all science, all philosophy, all emotion must originate and to which they all return. To argue as if this did not exist is to deny the existence of the rest of humanity; and this, in fact, is what the Germans have done. Nor would the mistaken notions they call "Kultur" matter so much, had they not determined to thrust it, at the pain of fire and sword, down the throats of everybody else. They do not see that even if the rest of us could recognize some good in it, submission to its tenets would be no less than a crime against the human race. We require a variety of ideals from which to choose, and freedom to make our choice. Germany is as hostile to variety as she is to freedom. Against the red ravin of her brutal lusts we have to set the higher call that is older than Dante or than Odysseus:

Considerate la vostra semenza;
Fatti non foste a viver come bruti,
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza.

It is perhaps from Kant that Germans have derived that dreaming megalomania which has destroyed their sense of reality and made their Kultur the enemy of the human race. In one of his most beautiful passages Kant described two things that filled his consciousness—"the starry vault above me and the moral law within me"; but he went on to speak of that moral law as resident in the individual, transcendentally or otherwise; and so he reached the beguiling dogma: "I am responsible only to myself; I am alone; I am free; I am lord of myself." Modern Germany has translated this into political action. "I need not care," she cries, "what any other nation

thinks now or what any other nation may think in the future. I stand alone above everybody, and I am free to do as I think right. I am responsible only to myself." And this has led her to the inexorable choice between two paths, leading either to her own doom or to the destruction of the human race. For "the moral law within us" is as real and as external to man as "the starry vault above us." It is the work of the blood and tears of long generations of men, as Dr. Chalmers Mitchell has finely said. It is not the special property of any single man or any single nation. It is enshrined in the traditions, the literature, and the religion of mankind. It is man's greatest achievement, his highest contribution to the universe; and terrible is the penalty that must inevitably be imposed on any man or nation attempting to debase it.

If Kultur itself seems to us a colossal error, we feel at least no doubt in endorsing the reprobation felt by the whole world for the methods by which the attempt to force it on us have been accompanied. The autocratic directors of the vast military machine into which Germany has been turned were naturally discontented until they had tried its capabilities. They seem surprised that the test has had to be made against most of the remainder of the world. Yet their complete failure as colonists might have suggested that their methods are distasteful to most races not their own; and they have provided many other reasons for their general unpopularity. The doctrines of the Autocrats not merely changed the German nation; they entirely undermined its morality. German commerce had developed into an organized system of State-aided piracy, and the reputation for honesty of German merchants has been declining for years. This has not added to their attractiveness, for it has developed the nervous apprehension which continually accompanies trickery, even in those who believe that an imaginary

superiority will in the end enable them to triumph. The Unknown Nation has only made itself known to be universally detested. The Great Change in them has wrought an irremediable change in all our old regard for them. We realize that even if they had won this war their "Kultur" would have proved a ghastly failure. We know that in their efforts to attain a victory they are ready to trample on every ideal of righteousness and justice. We feel that their success would have overwhelmed us all in misery of body and poverty of soul; and we are determined that such an attempt shall never be made again. And so we shall fight them to our last breath, and when that bloody fight is over, those of us who are left alive will have no traffic with the remnants of a race that has flung truth and honour and uprightness to the winds.

One of the most interesting and delightful pieces of analysis in *The Book of France* is to be found in René Boylesve's masterly study of the German mind and temperament. His broad moral is that no nation which deliberately destroys the Beautiful can ever win success. He enforces it by a description of the German mind as we have discovered it since the war began, and since the "Great Change" (as I have called the process) wiped out for ever the old Germany we knew before 1870. He shows that a passively obedient people can be completely ruined by an autocracy which enforces vicious principles; and it is noteworthy that however "slack" Englishmen may have been, we have never received deliberately evil counsels from our leaders and we should never have obeyed them if we had; while as to France, there never was a country in which the Government, good or bad, has had to suffer such continuous and acutely searching criticism. The Germans, on the other hand, have completely given up their individual heritage of free opinion and of spontaneous development on all sides save the mercantile. They have been trained with the rigid

self-effacement of an enslaved population preparing itself for war, and for a war not of liberation but of aggrandizement, under the conduct of a leader whose ideas of life were limited to a barrack yard; whose court had never produced a single genius; whose favourite writers sang praises of the Huns and Vandals; whose politicians had made peace impossible; and whose soldiers have disgraced the name of war. The ideal, in fact, was such an increase and so vile a use of sheer material power that retrogression into the dark ages of a barbarous past was its inevitable concomitant.

It is a natural result of all this not only that no men of outstanding individuality should exist among the millions who slavishly obey the War Lord's tyrannous behests, but that the autocrat himself should exhibit a stupidity to which the base-born leaders of a free democracy were never subject. For in this world of men to which he presumed, as its supreme master, to dictate, the Kaiser took no account whatever of the mind and heart of man. Because he had stamped both, in their true sense, out of his plodding Germans, he assumed that the rest of us were little better than machines; he seems to have imagined that the crass ineptitudes of his diplomacy were good enough to impress us, or that the vulgar bluff of Chancellors and Generals would terrify the unfettered council-halls of Europe. He thought that a mass of soldiers and shopkeepers, with a business manager in brilliant uniform, could sweep victoriously over the racial pride, the independent criticism, the ancestral customs of every other nation. Instead of good taste and the real appreciation of good art, he advocated the worship of colossal size and strength. Instead of truth, simplicity, reticence, discretion, he exalted bombast and display. And hence it was but a short step to the praise of what is false, to the deliberate cult of lying. In all this he has most wofully misunderstood the human material he wished to mould according to his

will. Nothing more prone to such misunderstanding can exist than the despotic slave-driver who sees all his immediate surroundings in a state of abject servility to his every whim. He invariably imagines he can enlarge the circle of his kingdom; and since he has never had to exercise the finer feelings of respect or sympathy, he becomes fatally, gigantically stupid in his dealings with humanity at large; for humanity contains a spiritual essence which has never entered into his calculations. There may be remnants of it left, even in Germany, and in the fullness of time they will appear in all their terror. There is a vast arsenal of it in the free countries beyond the German Empire, and it is gathering in silent strength towards the hour of inevitable catastrophe. It is not visible solely in the elements which German Diplomacy so grossly underrated in France, in Russia, in Belgium, in Serbia, in the British Empire. It is not discoverable only in the fact that Germany's sheer triumph at the outset was due to the same physical and material force which will produce her downfall. It resides in the primordial constitution of the human brain and heart, which contain more High Explosive than ever the arsenals of Essen could turn out from 1870 to Eternity. And to that High Explosive the Kaiser has applied the fuse he lit from Belgium's blazing villages. Before the shock of the convulsion that is coming the vainglorious façade of Prussian pomp and militarism will crumble into dust and bare to all the world the rotten core of Germany. Her outward show of marvellous and minutely specialized organization will shrivel into husks and rags that will scarce hide the red-forked radish underneath.

CHAPTER V

"THE POSITIVE BARBARIAN"

THOUGH Germany's official diplomatists have discredited themselves for ever; though her Press (with the single temporary exception of the *Vorwärts*)* has reached a lower depth of degradation than the most servile Ananias could have imagined possible; and though the "manifestoes" of her professors and her men of letters have laboriously contradicted themselves, each other, and everybody else; there remains a venomous residuum of slime which has percolated through the pestiferous channels of mendacity and slander into every nation. From the very nature of this process, it has largely passed un-

STULTE HAC NOCTE REPETUNT ANIMAM TUAM . . .

* In October, 1916, the *Vorwärts*, which had resolutely represented the independent Socialist minority, was gagged, and then turned into a Government organ.

noticed by the majority of Englishmen. But the time has arrived when we can no longer wait for the rare and dignified utterances of Red Tape to administer correct reproof to liars who have become a common nuisance. It is evident that a certain amount of result has been obtained by the sheer persistence of these nauseating efforts, and by the mere absence of any reasoned contradiction. But German propaganda may have more hurtful results as time goes on. Her lies must be contradicted; her arguments held up to ridicule; her bombast shattered. Among many admirable dissertations on the main principles which underlie the present war, I will select for special notice the essays on "The Barbarism of Berlin," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., and I make no excuse for quoting fairly fully from a statement of the case, which is so excellent an example of this trenchant and imaginative author's style.

Mr. Chesterton clears the ground by a few preliminary definitions, which is certainly necessary at a time when the Prussians have described the sack of Louvain as an example of "culture," and deplored the "barbarism" of the compatriots of Gorky and Dostoiesky. "Barbarism," in this connection, does not connote the atrocities committed by German soldiers in Belgium or France; though if we are asked about Russians flogging Polish women, we can certainly reply that flogging might be called an official formality in comparison with what Germans have made Belgian women suffer; and the uninstructed Indian or the limited Turco might "not unreasonably ask, after a week-end in Belgium, what more diabolical things he could do than the highly cultured Germans are doing themselves." No; the argument goes much deeper than any external manifestations of this kind, which, deplorable as they are, and more numerous as they have been proved to be among Germans than among any other soldiers at the front, are, after all, unfortunately

discoverable in almost every war, in almost every army, and in almost every age. The real question at issue goes to the heart of what all the world outside Germany has agreed to mean by the word "civilization." Before we define that, let us admit at once that some nations have realized the idea implied in it more fully than others. To take the simplest instance: an Italian peasant is more "civilized" than a Borneo head-hunter; many "savage" tribes survive who have never seen or heard of things that are ordinary matters to our Italian workmen, such as railway trains or telephones or newspapers. Or again, if we are to arrive at the value of any given civilization by summing-up its material achievements, let us admit at once that Russia and some other modern nations may not yet enjoy the full blessings of a Krupp's factory, or of a Kiel Canal, or of a fleet of Zeppelins. But whether we take one standard or another, and whether we apply it to savage races who are far off or to European communities who are comparatively near at hand, we find (in all places except one) the definite striving after a recognized constructive ideal which makes for the betterment of society, which does not depend upon material tests, which is rooted in the twin elements of the sacredness of the promise and the recognition of reciprocity. Those who have not reached the highest ideals of modern civilization, and who are yet very far removed from it, would rightly be described (in all cases except one) as "Negative Barbarians." They do not practise certain things because they do not know them; they are perhaps anxious to learn them; they nearly always, at any rate, appreciate them when they have been taught; they are imperfect, as it were, by accident, not by design. It remained for the fourteenth year of the twentieth century to produce before an astonished world the revelation of the Prussian, the "Positive Barbarian," and this is a distinction not so much of

methods as of aims, for the Prussian soldier does nothing new when he uses atrocious methods of warfare which were common long ago among the barbarous Afghans and other savage tribes. What is really novel about him is that he is definitely aiming at the destruction of ideals of honesty in a manner quite novel even to the "heathen Chinee" and to the lowest races now struggling in remote corners of this unquiet planet to improve their intercourse with one another and their neighbours. In drawing this distinction Mr. Chesterton has done good service, and he illuminates his parable by many striking phrases, which all go to show how the narrow-minded but very sincere lunacy of the German Empire is now hard at work attacking the two root ideas of national society, the idea of record and promise, and the idea of reciprocity. Let us consider them in that order.

"It is not easy," says our essayist, "to mention anything on which the enormous apparatus of human life can be said to depend. But if it depends on anything it is on this frail cord, flung from the forgotten hills of yesterday to the invisible mountains of tomorrow . . . the Barbarian is trying to cut away that cord of honesty and clear record on which hangs all that men have made." Even savages respect men who keep a promise; even Orientals respect a "scrap of paper." But for the Prussian politician everything dissolves before the plea of "necessity." He does not see, nor do his philosophical, professorial, social, and mercantile supporters see, that if everyone's actions are to be entirely incalculable from hour to hour, and are merely to depend upon one side's idea of what "necessity" may be, there is an end not merely to all promises, but to all projects too. In refusing to understand this, the Germans are on a far lower level, not merely than Russians, Indians, Turcos, and the rest, but than most of the primitive savages of distant lands, who only hold together at all by

their recognition of the record and the promise. That is why we are fighting, and why every nation in the world should join us in the fight, "for all that makes life anything but an uncontrollable nightmare," and against all people who can promise to respect a frontier or a treaty on a Monday, and propose to cease respecting it when any "necessity" arises on a Tuesday; against all people who, with full knowledge and experience of the light, deliberately obscure it, deliberately wish to put it out, deliberately insist at the point of the sword that all other nations, as well as their own, should be deprived of it; against all "Positive Barbarians" like the Prussians.

Joined to the element of the sacredness of the promise was, I have said, the recognition of reciprocity. Now it is characteristic of the Germans all through this campaign, that though they openly proclaim their own right to tear up treaties as they please, they howl with indignation at the mere idea of anyone else infringing in the slightest any compact they imagine to exist. The German orders his soldiers to employ "methods of frightfulness," but he bellows with horror if someone tells a lie about a dum-dum bullet in the armouries of his enemy. Everybody else, in fact, is to play the game according to the rules. But he is to be allowed to break them whenever he pleases owing to some curious divine prerogative which he claims solely to possess. The mental mirror which reveals to the rest of mankind that there are always two parties to every bargain, two sides to every pact, is in the German's mind deliberately broken. And this is the nation, above all others, which demands of all the rest that it should impose its culture and philosophy upon the world! Unfortunately the Germans can back up their barbarous aims by the strength of the most perfectly organized military machine, and that is why the strength of the whole of the rest of the world is needed to crush both their opinions and their arms.

CHAPTER VI

KULTUR AND CATASTROPHE

In one of Dürer's most famous engravings the artist shows a knight of Christendom riding, with his spear upon his shoulder, through the clear light of evening, leaving behind him the pleasant evidences of human habitation and entering resolutely and calmly the dark portals of the Valley of the Shadow. The spectre of Death rides opposite; upon his flank creeps the Father of all Evil. Both horse and hound show that they are aware of these monstrous presences. But he himself rides forward unshaken, unappalled. We, too, are approaching a place of gathering shades that shall be even darker ere we reach the dawn of Europe's liberty. Death rides at our stirrup-leathers also; by the foul Father of Lies our own advance is menaced, and all the sky grows sombre with the omens of his

VIA IMPIORUM TENEBROSA NESCIUNT UBI CORRUANT . . .

baleful presence. We are learning the bitter lesson that no fight is won without keen weapons, however good the cause. We are discovering that the sinister concentration of a whole people upon one tremendous issue is exerting a hostile strength against us that is no less efficacious because their aims are wholly evil. It is the first time in the recorded history of mankind as we know it that a great nation has definitely jettisoned every shred of honourable conduct, every principle of civilized morality, every ideal of faith and chivalry with which the patient generations of our ancestors had striven through darkness into light, through blood and tears towards the promise of a kindlier day.

In the untrodden jungles of Central and South America there may still be seen the crumbling relics of a prehistoric race that worshipped Evil and carved the old Serpent of the Prime upon their walls and lintels. Gold they had in plenty, and human sacrifices were their official recreation. Some bloodstained shadows of their ghastly cult may still be traced among the weeds and grass that hide the cities of their sin. Their cloud-capped towers, their gorgeous palaces, their solemn temples, all like an insubstantial pageant faded, have left scarce a wrack behind. But the devil that inspired them has entered into modern Germany, and on a far more ample stage, amid surroundings of an infinitely stronger power for evil, is playing now his agelong hideous part as the destroyer of the souls of men. Of one thing, amidst this conflict, the rest of us at least are sure. Whatever may be its ending, Germany and the Germans shall remain beyond the pale. As they have sown, so shall they reap. Whether they win or lose, never shall men, now living, who have fought for truth and right, accept a German's word for anything or take a German into fellowship of any sort or kind. They have by their own acts in war made themselves the pariahs of

the world, and never shall the hand of honest friendship be given them again in peace. We fight on, whatever may betide, because we would rather die fighting in the field than have the last breath of liberty choked from our living throats by any despotism they would impose upon the conquered. We fight, whatever fate may fall, because we know the principles for which we stand are in the end unconquerable; and one by one we may go out into the night, but those who follow us shall win the victory that was worth more than any single lives. We fight through all disasters and through the bitterness of death itself, because this war has now become not a mere strife of armies against armies, not a mere struggle between combatants on earth and sea and sky, but a rising of two-thirds of all the nations of the world against the infamy of one.

Hitherto a good army might have brought success to a bad cause. The history of Prussia is rich in such examples. But to-day each army is a nation in itself. The war will not be settled by a few thousand picked protagonists upon a chosen field; it is being fought by the whole united resources, spiritual, moral, intellectual, as well as material, of every nation that has been swept into the vortex. And it will not be won by the nation which has trusted to material strength alone, and has only used other avenues of aid in order to terrify with its atrocities or confuse with its continuous deceit. We can think of no other instance in which the cult of Lies has so definitely been adopted for the national policy as has been the case in Germany since July, 1914. They have not been content to drug their own blinded population with a perpetual flood of the most obvious untruths; they have published broadcast, over and over again, a mass of statements which not only contradict each other, but are flatly contrary to the visible, proved facts. Their Imperial Chancellor has made but one mistake which

his compatriots regret—the open confession (on August 4th, 1914) of the fact that Germany had broken her pledged word and torn up the law of nations. That one candid admission of deliberate evil into which excitement had betrayed him has been a source of bitter self-reproach to him ever since. At every opportunity that has suggested itself since those early days of the war he has told a new lie about the old crime, and every time his Kaiser and his countrymen have applauded him more loudly. "The violation of Belgian neutrality was deliberate," said Sir Edward Grey in 1915, "and surely there has been nothing so despicably mean as the attempt to justify it *ex post facto* by bringing against the innocent and inoffensive Belgian Government and people the totally false charge of having plotted against Germany." There is no longer any doubt of the German national ideal of proper conduct in a crisis. In the light of Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg's speech of August, 1915, before the Reichstag, we may look a little closer at what that ideal implies.

This remarkable oratorical effort was not only, as we have said, the official and final consecration of the Lie as the main prop of German diplomacy, a consecration welcomed apparently by every German from the Kaiser downwards; it was even more significant for the concentration of its malignity upon England, and for the implicit acknowledgment that neither in peace nor in war, will this country, or the British Empire, ever be reconciled to German ideals of life and conduct. I welcome that; and I trust that no citizen of the Empire will ever forget it. We know what use German traders and diplomatists have made of the unsuspecting friendship with which for so many generations we have treated them; we know the dishonesty and fraud with which men who were accepted as honourable guests have used our hospitality as a means of spying and done their best to accentuate our domestic

difficulties. If we had not realized this already, the revelations of the *New York World* were quite sufficient to enlighten even the most tolerant of our fellow-countrymen. While nominally at peace with the United States, Germany had used her embassy and her consulates for directly hostile purposes and had done her best to rouse internal discord by marshalling the forces of her former citizens who were perfectly ready to treat their naturalizations as scraps of paper in obedience to the noble example of their original Fatherland. It is becoming a grave question how far Germany can be recognized as possessing any rights to future diplomatic representation. Rebuffs have no effect upon her crass vulgarity of spirit. That any Ambassador could do what Bernstorff and his gang have done all over America is well-nigh incredible. I may recall a diplomatic incident at the very beginning of the war which is of the greatest significance in this connection. On August 3rd, 1914, the King of the Belgians had sent to King George the memorable message in which he made "the supreme appeal to the diplomatic intervention of your Majesty's Government to safeguard the neutrality of Belgium." Speaking of the smaller States in the House of Commons that afternoon, Sir Edward Grey said: "If in this war which is before Europe the neutrality of one of those countries is violated, if the troops of one of the combatants violate its neutrality and no action be taken to resent it, at the end of the war, whatever the integrity may be, the independence will be gone." And that night our Foreign Minister informed the Belgian Minister that the violation of Belgian neutrality would mean war with Germany.

But before even this message had been received, the German Minister in Brussels handed in a Note, at six on the morning of August 4th, saying that since Belgium refused "the well-intentioned proposals made to them by the German Government," the German

troops would pursue their way through Belgium "if necessary by force of arms." The reply of Belgium was prompt and decisive. It should never be forgotten, and may be commended to the notice of the United States. It runs as follows: "I have the honour to inform your Excellency that from to-day the Belgian Government are unable to recognize your diplomatic status, and cease to have official relations with you. Your Excellency will find enclosed the passports necessary for your departure with the staff of the Legation." Such curt contempt has never been shown by one Power to another; and it must be remembered that the Minister so dismissed represented the strongest military Power in the world, with its regiments on the frontier; while the country which kicked him out was one of the smallest and least prepared for sudden warfare in Europe. Mr. Wilson's prolonged hesitations have only emphasized the courage and honesty of the Belgians, who gave their lives, their country, and their dearest possessions, and won an everlasting fame. For by that act they made themselves a nation. The United States had the same opportunity without any of the same risks, and the United States will yet learn what it means to be a mass of unassimilated races, instead of a coherent nation, when their crisis comes.

But it is even more vital to recall to-day the damning fact that Germany's action not only contradicted the previous and repeated assurances of her diplomatic representative, it broke the Kaiser's own pledged word, and it dishonoured for ever the signature of Prussia upon an international treaty. In exactly the same way, the ink was scarcely dry on the German Government's apology for sinking the *Lusitania*, with the lie that she carried guns and ammunition, when it sank the *Arabic* as well, which was outward bound and carrying nothing. Every diplomatic Note to the United States has proved the uselessness of believing

any promise made by Prussia. Will it ever be possible —I ask in all seriousness—for her signature to be accepted again, for her Kaiser's promise to be believed, for her diplomatic representatives to be acknowledged in any Court of Europe? Her princes have already been publicly degraded from our Orders of Chivalry. Her diplomatists have already been openly proved to be perjurers, liars, and forgers. Whatever may happen in the remote future, I believe that in the lifetime of those whom Germany has so basely cheated she will never be given another chance of profiting by crime.

This result is made inevitable by Germany's obvious ignorance (or more probably her sincere disdain) of the resentment she has aroused. When peace was not in sight, she had already begun to suggest negotiations; and as if her brutality to France and Russia had not already been sickening enough, she offered them the supreme insult of her promises again. She judged them by her own base standards, and imagined that one or other, if not both, might actually break the triple pledge of September 1914 and separately negotiate for peace, separately betray their friends, separately fly to the bosom of that treacherous nation whose lies and murders smoke to heaven. While I gladly admit that even Bethmann-Hollweg has at last understood us well enough to abandon any attempt to treat with England, we may be certain that not one of the other nations now in arms against Germany will afford her overtures greater consideration than they received from brave little Belgium when the first foul stroke of this war was dealt against her. On September 4th, 1914, the following declaration was signed in London: "The British, French and Russian Governments mutually engage not to conclude peace separately during the present war. The three Governments agree that when terms of peace come to be discussed, no one of the Allies will demand terms of peace without the

previous agreement of each of the other Allies." This historic document bears the names of M. Paul Cambon, Count Benckendorff, and Sir Edward Grey, men whose countries will not treat it as a scrap of paper; and perhaps Bethmann-Hollweg will begin to realize, before this war is over, not only that the German Empire does not contain a representative whose signature could be equally trusted by the rest of Europe, but also that the Powers in arms against him have definitely come to the conclusion that no military or political agreement can ever again depend for its efficacy either upon the pledges of the Kaiser or upon the word of any other Prussian.

When countries that are neutral read the Imperial Chancellor's ravings about sea power they will, we are confident, take these also at their true value. "For our and other people's protection," said the egregious Chancellor to the cheering Reichstag, "we must gain the freedom of the seas, not as England did, to rule over them, but that they should serve equally all peoples. We will be and will remain the shield of peace and freedom of big and small nations." As to the "big nations," the words just quoted will be read in connection with the phrase which followed them, foreshadowing a "new liberated Europe, free of French intrigues, Muscovite desire of conquest, and English guardianship"—full, in fact, of nothing but German lies and German murders—an alluring prospect. And "small nations" will read the prophecy in the light of the drowning of the *Lusitania's* passengers; of the torpedo that sank the *Arabic* on the eve of Bethmann-Hollweg's pietistic perorations; of the cowardly assassination of British sailors from E 13 struggling in the water off the coasts of Denmark. "*The shield of peace and freedom!*" Perhaps the Chancellor will tell us why so many million Germans have left that kindly shelter for the barbarous despotism prevalent in the United States and England. Perhaps

Italy will tell us what she thought of the shield; and possibly Austria-Hungary and Turkey realize what that besmirched escutcheon stands for, a little better now, at any rate, than they did in 1914. "*Freedom!*" Yes, "Germany supreme," as Sir Edward Grey so rightly said, "Germany alone would be free; free to break international treaties; free to crush when it pleased her; free to refuse all mediation; free to go to war when it suited her; free, when she did go to war, to break again all rules of civilization and humanity on land and sea." This is the bribe she offers to Russia and to France for a separate peace, coupled with the threat that *they* shall pay, through the coming decades, the thousands of millions Germany has spent on her unrighteous war! France and Russia have not forgotten either how that war began or how it has been waged against us; and Germany will never recover from the shame of such nefarious malpractices while either warfare lasts or peace succeeds it; for they were the deliberate policy of her rulers.

Bethmann-Hollweg of course appeals to history again. He always does. "History will pronounce judgment," he says this time, with reference to the negotiations that preceded the war. But unluckily for him the materials of history in this respect are open to the inspection of the million as they have never been before. In previous wars the mainsprings of action, the decisive diplomatic messages, the gradual and grim simplification of a complicated crisis—all these matters have been hidden from the general crowd and only opened to the research of the historian long after all immediately concerned were dead. But to-day war is a different matter. It is not the mere decision of two rulers' quarrels by means of their two armies; it is not even the mere alliance of some half-dozen principalities and powers against the personal ambition of a single autocrat; it is the struggle for right and

honesty of masses of population against a country which has concentrated all its resources and its strength on evil. This is why the forces on each side are so far from being limited to those material preparations in which alone Germany has excelled the whole combination of great Powers against her. This is why Germany's politicians, two years after their great crime was committed, were still struggling to prove that the stupendous cataclysm of world-wide slaughter was not let loose by any fault of theirs. I do not pay Bethmann-Hollweg the compliment of supposing that his conscience pricks him, for Germans have long ago careened their consciences, as they have broken every law, divine or human, which might hinder their immediate profit; but I do think that the weight of the moral censure of the world is beginning to suggest itself to his essentially stupid and vulgar intelligence as a thing which must somehow be reckoned with; and he therefore makes more and more strenuous efforts to prove that the responsibility for the deliberate provocation of this war belongs not to the joint authors of Austria's ultimatum to Serbia; not to the two rulers who planned that conspiracy a year earlier and only put it off when they discovered that Italy would not join in their blood-guiltiness; not to the men who refused every form of conciliation and negotiation and flung their ultimatums in the face of France and Russia as soon as they suspected Austria was weakening; but to the English statesman who toiled day and night, from the moment when the danger of the crisis was revealed, to suggest one means of settlement after another, and to elicit any reasonable plan from Germany herself by which catastrophe could be avoided. It was a disgraceful and unpardonable thing that though all the documents which indubitably prove these matters had for long been before the world, the Imperial Chancellor of the German Empire made yet another lying attempt, a year after the war had begun,

to blacken the character of the English Foreign Minister. Sir Edward Grey's dignified reply penetrated even the thick hide of Germany. He totally denied that he made to the German Ambassador in 1914 the statement which the German Imperial Chancellor invented in 1915 for his own purposes. He pointed out that we were asked in 1912 to give "a promise of absolute neutrality while Germany remained free under her Alliances to take part in European war." He repeated, what all save Germany acknowledge, that "in the proposal of a conference which we made [in July, 1914], which Russia, France, and Italy agreed to, and *which Germany vetoed*, lay the only hope of peace." Sir Edward Grey recalled this in May, 1916. He was then answered by the *Cologne Gazette*, which naïvely confessed that both conference and arbitration were refused "because Germany and Austria would simply have been out-voted!" This is a notable indication of the value Germany would place on any suggestions for arbitration or conference after this war is over.

The practical result of German Kultur, in the first test to which it has been put, is that Germany is convicted in the open court of Europe of being utterly untrustworthy and dishonourable in all her dealings; and if this was her proved character while comparative success was crowning nearly all her military efforts, we scarcely need any further warning as to the desperate feats of mendacious chicanery she will employ when once the tide has turned against her. She will never be believed again. She preferred Force to Promises; and she shall have it; for her word is worthless. The German Government does not seem to understand that, while it may be easy to conceal facts from its own population or to distort them gaily and continuously for home consumption, this very garbling of the truth and concealment of the essential documents provides one of the best proofs to the

outside world of the justice of the Allied cause. For all the rest of us are only too anxious to publish every scrap of evidence, and it all tends in the same direction. The two Germanic Powers, who carefully withdraw their mutual correspondence from the public gaze, have only themselves to blame if the interpretation universally put upon their action is very unfavourable to their honesty and their alleged peaceful intentions. "Some day, perhaps," said Sir Edward Grey, with deadly suavity, "the world will know what really passed between Germany and Austria respecting the ultimatum to Serbia and its consequences." When other people's manuscripts are discovered, on the other hand, Germany shouts aloud her indignation at the enormities revealed; and Bethmann-Hollweg had the impertinence to say that no attention has been paid to "the publications I caused to be published, particularly about the negotiations of the English military attaché with the Belgian military authorities." Why, these publications have been derided from one hemisphere to another. They were also proved to be disgraceful forgeries in the pages of the *Field*, which was promptly refused any further admission to the German Empire. The articles in which this was explained were reprinted in a handy shilling volume, which is very much at the service of any member of the Reichstag. I showed that Bethmann-Hollweg had published "facsimiles" of the original letters calling them a "Convention" (or "treaty") instead of a "conversation," and carefully omitting the crucial phrase that nothing which these soldiers were privately discussing would actually be done until Germany had herself violated the neutrality of Belgium.

This is not the first time that Bethmann-Hollweg has given a false description of the documents he forged; but it is at least conclusive, now, that the Kaiser, the Reichstag, and the German nation thoroughly approve the lie. It is a comforting (but perhaps illu-

sory) deduction that only the tardy realization of their desperate future can have induced Germany to endorse such extraordinarily transparent mendacities as these and the other arguments in Bethmann-Hollweg's speeches. Only a completely hopeless case could expect any assistance from such threadbare and revolting prevarications. The Kaiser and his Chancellor characteristically prefer to rest their case on their forgeries of documents dated in 1906. The rest of the world knows that in April, 1913, Sir Edward Grey had promised to send no English troops until Germany had invaded Belgium, and that in 1914 the Chancellor first tried to bribe us to become a party to German violation of Belgian neutrality, then described the Belgian treaty as a " scrap of paper," then suggested that Germany must march through Belgium because she had no time to do otherwise, and then not only marched through but also devastated that country, with the excuse that he would subsequently make good "*the wrong*" he was committing. It is a sickening story in itself; and the return to it, and the continuous lies about it, are an even more disgusting revelation of the mental attitude of Germany's rulers. But it is quite easy to understand how such a state of mind can have arisen in the Kaiser and his chief advisers.

Through many years of deceitful flattery and treacherous friendship while he waited for his " Day " to dawn, the Kaiser had brooded on that part of us with which he personally came in contact; and he saw what all might see so easily—the facile outward surface of luxury, sport, extravagance, and carelessness. Striving to spy still deeper, he peered through a mellowed atmosphere of ancient peace, based on the assured dominion of honourable understanding, on the unspoken pride of gentle nurture born of gentle blood. It was all as alien to his own dark spirit as it was foreign to the ingrained turpitude of the Germans he had deliberately debased. By neither have been ever

realized the latent manhood, the unboasting courage, the unconquerable soul that lay deep-rooted in the high traditions of our island chivalry. Nor were his lesser spies more fortunate; for they poured out the corroborating testimony of a similar decadence among the millions of our population, of footballing, of shop-keeping and strikes, of a revolting liberty in speech and action; they satisfied themselves of the complete degeneracy of those whose blood had flowed among the archers of Cressy and Poitiers, among the unbroken infantry of Agincourt, among the British squares of Waterloo. And his professors taught as their good Kaiser willed them; immured in their laboratories of death, blind to all springs of action save dishonourable motives and unworthy cowardices, drunken with the poisonous alchemy of hate, they foresaw everything save the ultimate result, they calculated everything except the actual cost. Thus then the Kaiser, and thus, through him, the German nation despised us all from top to bottom and determined that, under the stress of a war which they would make more ruthless than any waged before, we should wilt and wither and give way if ever we had the hardihood to enter it at all; and as the necessary corollary of his fiendish plan he proceeded to build up a modern Germany that should be the fitting weapon of the devilish dominion he dreamed.

Their innate brutality he nourished under the name of robust Teutonic strength; their drink-swilling he praised as natural appetite; their vices of lasciviousness, and worse, he called the vigour of the body primitive. Hence grew the modern German cult of lies and swagger, which is typified in Bethmann-Hollweg's speeches and applauded by his delighted fellow-countrymen; hence grew the modern German officer, that appalling combination of burglar, blackmailer and assassin who disgraces battlefields still hallowed by a nobler dead; who steals and ravishes and murders on

his bestial path across the corpses of the women and children he has mutilated; who hounds his cannon-fodder to the carnage and stifles with poisonous gas the troops whom in fair fight he does not care to face again—fit friend indeed of the unspeakable Turk whose hands, still dripping from Armenian and Bulgarian atrocities, were fresh imbrued with massacre in the streets of Bitlis and the Lake of Van. These are the glorious products of the Kaiser's new apostolate. These are the Dead Sea fruit of a Germany rotten to the core. Its old spiritual light has been wilfully and totally extinguished and replaced by that phosphorescent putrefaction called Kultur. Its decaying fibre, full of the germs of hideous dissolution, has swarmed with the uncounted horrors of the sepulchre. Death on his pale horse has been unloosed upon us, and Hell has followed him, for "power was given them over the fourth part of the earth to kill with hunger and with sword." But we know that Hell shall be cast out, and the last enemy shall be destroyed. We know that, at the end, Death shall be swallowed up in Victory.

CHAPTER VII

THE KAISER AND SAINT GEORGE

A VERY remarkable essay on the Kaiser, written in 1891 by José Maria Eçadè Queiroz, Portuguese Consul-General in Paris, was translated by the *Times*, which published it on December 12th, 1914. It is a character-sketch which becomes, like all great analyses of character, a prophecy; it deals with the probable causes, to be found in the Kaiser's former personality, for the war that is upon us now.

QUIS EST HOMO QUI VIVET ET NON VIDEBIT MORTEM . . .

M. Renan, whose soul, by dint of constant practice in scepticism, had acquired the impermeability and calm indifference of a cork, declared that death would bring him only one regret, that of being unable to follow out the final development of the personality of the German Emperor. Señor de Queiroz shared Renan's curiosity,

and his essay was devoted to the inquiry whether—in some later decade—the Kaiser "may be sitting in calm majesty in his Berlin Schloss presiding over the destinies of Europe—or he may be in the Hotel Metropole in London sadly unpacking from his exile's handbag the battered double crown of Germany and Prussia." Even in the first three years of his reign, "in this first act," the monarch revealed to the essayist a greater diversity and multiplicity of men than ever Hamlet imagined in himself. No wonder the world at large was usually perplexed. But our Portuguese saw deeper. He saw "simply a Hohenzollern, in whom are summed up and in whom flourish with immense parade all the qualities of Cæsarism, mysticism, sergeantism, red-tapeism, dogmatism, which alternately characterized the successive kings of that most lucky race of petty lords of Brandenburg. . . . He is nothing but *a dilettante of activities*." Even in these early days he claimed, above all other men, to be the ally and intimate friend of God. "The world has never seen since the days of Moses on Sinai, such intimacy, such an alliance, between the creature and the Creator." The attitude thus begun and developed would not so much matter, points out the clever essayist, if this Emperor ruled the other side of Asia or were hedged round by an active and restraining public opinion. "But being unfortunately in the heart of the workshop of Europe, with hundreds of disciplined legions, with a people formed of citizens disciplined and obedient as soldiers, William II is the most dangerous of sovereigns." Even before 1891 he had given a promise to his faithful Brandenburgers: "I will lead you," he said, "to splendid and glorious destinies!" What destinies could he have meant save war and conquest? On August 14th, 1914, he was saying to the First Infantry Regiment of the Guard:—"Up and smite the foe, let the enemies of Brandenburg bite the dust." We are tempted to ask—"why Brandenburg?" till we re-

remember that in 1914 all the other German states were only subjects to the heir of Brandenburg's Elector.

In his proclamation to the Army of the East, published in Warsaw on September 13th, 1914, the Kaiser was yet more illuminating. "Remember," he wrote, that you are the chosen race! The spirit of God has descended upon me because I am Emperor of the Germans. I am the instrument of the Most High. I am His sword, His representative on earth." And with what greater confidence could anyone face war than with the certainty of a Divine alliance? Yet the danger is even greater than the reward. For he deliberately risks the crude contradiction of hard facts, the proof that his confidence was but self-infatuation. And the fall is a fall from the very heights of heaven. The final passage of the critic's essay is full of the most impressive thought and imagery. "There was once a people," he writes, "that proclaimed themselves the elect of God; but it was proved that God had not elected them nor preferred them before others, seeing that He disdainfully forsook them; they were overthrown with incomparable fury, dispersed through the world, lapidated, penned up in ghettos, their houses and tombs branded as is branded a counterfeit coin. William II runs the awful danger of being cast down the Gemoniae. . . . At the first disaster—whether it be inflicted by his burghers or by his people in the streets of Berlin, *or by allied enemies on the plains of Europe*—Germany will at once conclude that his much-vaunted alliance with God was the trick of a wily despot. Then there will not be stones enough from Lorraine to Pomerania to stone this mountebank Moses."

In *The Germans*, by the Rt. Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P. (published by Williams & Norgate), the doctrines of arrogant Teutonism have been mercilessly exposed. The Kaiser's idea that the Germans are a superior race, destined by God to dominate the

world, and then dispense to it "Kultur" by force of arms, is as favourable to internal tyranny as it is fatal to external peace. For over a "chosen people" it is but natural that a divinely-appointed despot should be ruler; and it is inevitable that this ruler's hideous creed should be unquestioningly obeyed by all his subjects. They have accepted and sought to profit by the doctrine that the last extremity of international wickedness is not simply a deplorable but a necessary thing; and so for the national crime of this war they have made themselves individually responsible.

To the very last moment this country had shown the greatest forbearance in continuing official marks of distinction and courtesy towards a ruler and a nation long ago proved to be unworthy of them. The British Army can only have congratulated itself that at the very beginning of the war the Kaiser recognized that he was no longer fit to enjoy any honorary post in it; and he will never wear any of its uniforms again. Nothing but a German uniform could fitly punish the man who countenanced and encouraged the violation of Belgium, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the use of poisonous gases, the infecting of South African wells with poison and disease, the nameless horrors perpetrated by his troops on French and Belgian women and children. The news of the *Lusitania* had scarcely reached the world when the Report of Lord Bryce's Committee appeared, with an Appendix containing proofs and details of crimes more horrible than any which have ever been published in cold print before. The moment was therefore well chosen (May 13th, 1915) for the Royal announcement that the Kaiser and his Princes were publicly disgraced as felons and removed from the Order of the Garter. That removal was by no means directly due to the fact that we are at war. Many an "alien enemy," when warfare was more chivalrous, remained a member of that Freemasonry of Arms to which his loyal foes had once

elected him. The removal of the Kaiser implies not merely similar degradation from other chivalrous associations. There is a deeper meaning in such comradeships as King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, a meaning which may be traced again in the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, in the Order of Hospitallers of St. John Baptist, or in the Knights Templars; and this meaning King Edward III fully recognized when he reinforced his foundation of the Garter by the building and endowment of St. George's Chapel at Windsor. These brotherhoods of chivalry were, in fact, essentially religious in origin as in framework, in spirit as in statutes. That is one reason why the banners of Knights of the Garter hang in St. George's Chapel. It is also the reason why those of the Kaiser and his disgraced associates hang there no longer.

They have not only broken the institutions of man; they have flouted the laws of God as well. They are outcast, for ever, from things human as from things divine. They have become "The Devil Incarnate" (as Bishop Furse said) against which the whole of Christendom is gathering. They are the awful example of what can be perpetrated by those who deliberately give up the Moral Law, and seek a base advantage by dishonest felony. We had all of us, perhaps, been somewhat too much inclined to look leniently upon a lapse from the Ideal, and to countenance, if not imitate, a slackness in spiritual tenets which had grown more and more visible as the present century progressed. We have suddenly been faced with the immensity of Evil Horror that lurked behind the veil of formula already worn so thin. It is a ghastly warning; and one neutral nation after another, shaken perforce from its complacency, is coming out, in word or deed, upon the side which will never stop fighting until Prussia has been crushed. We do not claim that all the Virtues are on the side of the Allies;

far from it. But at least we claim that neither Britons nor any friend of Britain will ever stand for Evil, or will ever countenance it while we have strength left to fight against it. This is what the Kaiser's policy has roused; and this is what is implied by his degradation from the Order of the Garter—the Order that in its early days could count John Chandos, Walter Manny, John of Gaunt, or Hotspur; and in later times, those two great captains the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington, and him we have so lately lost, Lord Roberts. Of such a comradeship the Kaiser and his Princes have indeed proved themselves unworthy; and never more shall they be counted among loyal foes or clean companions, while their tainted lives shall last.

Since the Knights Companions of the Garter are obliged by the Statutes to nominate no other than "such as can abide the test of those qualifications before remembered, so is there a Standard of Honour provided and ordained for the Sovereign, whereby to measure the Extraction, Quality, and Merit of the Person proposed to Election; lest peradventure in less circumspect times, the favour of the Sovereign might become over-indulgent to *inferior or unworthy persons, who ought here utterly to be rejected, because the Order, consisting of goodness and honourable virtue, doth not admit or uphold unworthiness or villainy.*" Three points of reproach were especially emphasized by Henry VIII. The first, says the loyal Ashmole, is Heresy, "inasmuch as bending its force against the Catholic Church, it not only renders a man in the balance of Honour of no weight, but more than all other sins makes him infamous. . . . and a most notorious destroyer of that divine part of man, the soul." The second is Treason. The third is "where a Knight Companion hath fled from Battel . . . for a man to carry himself cowardly in the Field is undoubtedly a thing highly reproachful." The Kaiser

and his princes have no doubt been removed from the Order owing to " unworthiness and villainy," proved against them, as aforesaid, but now proved in accordance with " the principles which are recognized in the Courts of England, the British Overseas Dominions, and the United States," the principles exercised by the Committee under Viscount Bryce, appointed by the Prime Minister, to investigate the " breaches of the laws and established usages of war," committed by the Kaiser's army with the approval of the Kaiser and his High Command.

In March, 1654, Sir Edward Walker went from Amsterdam by way of Hamburg to Berlin to deliver the Garter to his Electoral Highness Frederick William Marquess of Brandenburg, and the ceremony was performed on a Thursday, April 3rd. The Marquess's descendant has been now degraded " as a respect of Honour to Knighthood in general, lest so much ignominy as accompanied the judgment for such an offence should lye on any that were a Knight."

In the earliest days the felon's sword was taken from him and his spurs chopped off. Sometimes his Coat of Arms was also torn off his body, or his armour bruised. In later times, certain of the Knights Companions were appointed to go to the convict knight to take from him his George and ribbon and then his Garter. At the following Feast of St. George publication of his crimes and degradation was made by Garter, and a warrant issued for taking down his Achievements from St. George's Chapel. Then his helmet, his banner, and his sword were " violently cast down into the Choir," and spurned into the nave out of the west door, and over into the ditch of Windsor Castle. Then the words *Vah Proditor* are written against his name in the Roll of the Order, as History will in future write the words " Traitor to Chivalry " against the names of the Kaiser and his princes. There is no need to-day to " break the Kaiser's blood-stained

sword over his craven back," or to apply those visible symbols of dishonour which a harder age exacted. For he has broken laws which the most savage of the early centuries of this noble Order held in respect, and his doom shall in proportion be greater than any they inflicted. His punishment is not material and evanescent, but spiritual and everlasting.

The membership of the Order to-day remains the Sovereign and twenty-five Companions, with certain foreign Knights in addition, who wear the Star of eight points, silver, bearing the cross of St. George, encircled by the Garter. The members given in Burke's Peerage for 1914 included the King, the Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the *Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha*, and the *Duke of Cumberland*. Foreign thrones were represented by the *Emperor of Austria*, the *German Emperor*, the Kings of Italy and Roumania, the Emperor of Russia, the Kings of Spain, *Wurtemberg*, Norway, Sweden, and Portugal, and the Emperor of Japan. After these come Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, *Prince Henry of Prussia*, the *Grand Duke of Hesse*, the *Crown Prince of Germany and Prussia*, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the Duke D'Aosta, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The twenty-five British companions were the Dukes of Grafton, Norfolk, Buccleuch, Northumberland, Portland, Bedford, Marlborough, Wellington, Richmond, and Argyll; the Marquesses of Abergavenny, Londonderry, Breadalbane, Lansdowne, Lincolnshire, and Crewe; the Earls of Cadogan, Rosebery, Elgin, Roberts, Durham, Selborne, Minto, and Spencer; and Sir Edward Grey. The names of the foreign Knights printed in italics are those which the King has just ordered to be struck off the Roll of the Order. No other King has ever had to inflict so terrible a penalty before. No other reigning Sovereign has ever suffered it.

Germany has roused against herself spiritual forces the end of which no man may see and none of us can yet imagine. The Kaiser has placed himself outside the pale of chivalry, as "a most notorious destroyer of that divine part of man, the soul"; and for that cumulating "heresy" has he been cast out from the Order of the Garter. That Order was placed under the patronage of Saint George because he was the patron saint of the past chivalry of England. Beneath the red cross of Saint George Victorious fights the visible England of to-day. Nor do we fight alone. For the sound of British bugles has aroused not only every valorous soul in all our Empire, not only every loyal heart that cleaves to Honour throughout the world we know; their summons has awakened, we may well believe it, the shadowy cohorts of the brave who fought or fell so gallantly beneath those colours long ago. From the Cathedral's solemn vault and from the Abbey's storied sepulchre, from many an ancient place of arms in France or Flanders, from many an unknown grave where English dust has fertilized the outland frontiers of the Sun, the Dead are gathering to the trumpet-call they recognize. A mightier cannonade than ever shook the fields they knew is thundering now, a hundred miles to every ten of theirs. Yet through the murk of conflict the same cross floats above the far-flung battle-line by land and sea; the same high watchwords ring above the strife: "God and the Right! France and St. Denis! St. George for England!"

CHAPTER VIII

A FATAL CREED

FROM the pages of Bernhardi's books, my readers will have gathered precisely what the German nation desired in this war, and how they proposed to achieve their wishes. Other volumes of the same kind have been equally explicit, more particularly *Truth about Germany*, which was the official German statement of the case, and the earlier *Hour of Destiny*, by Colonel Frobenius. It is now my object first to ask Englishmen to read the aims of Germany in the language of Germans themselves, and secondly to call the attention of my fellow-countrymen to the real significance of German actions and statements in the course of the war. I have endeavoured to limit myself to proved and certain facts in order that I may point out their necessary consequences, without incurring any charge of bias or exaggeration.

TENEBRAE NON OBSCURABUNTUR A TE ET NOX SICUT DIES ILLUMINABITUR...

The case as stated before the war by Germans themselves, and as confirmed by other Germans since the beginning of August, 1914, is more than sufficient for my purpose. Its details have passed beyond the plane of controversy. But even where these details have been already grasped, I doubt very much whether their meaning has been fully realized. To take them in the order mentioned, Bernhardi's volume is the literary expression of a national sentiment which has probably caused more immediate suffering than any racial ideal known to history, nor would his statements ever have been accepted as credible had not his countrymen heaped one proof of his accuracy upon another ever since their real motives and character have been revealed by war. They have done more. Bernhardi, even when shown to have correctly interpreted his fatherland, might have been thought to possess an insight as rare as his convictions. But since August, 1914, we have seen German theologians, philosophers, historians, journalists, University professors, novelists, artists, musicians, students, and diplomatists, all faithfully echoing the same creed. If the problem were merely psychological it would be of absorbing interest; for we are observing, before our eyes, the character of a whole nation, as we had imagined it, apparently transmuted into a wholly different metal in the short space of two months. The truth has been presented to us in a manner as unexpected to most as it must be unpalatable to all. It matters no longer that Bernhardi insists on constructing immutable theories out of armour-plated "facts"; that he rejects all notions of the necessity for a new hypothesis to fit the change produced by new phenomena; that he exhibits a callous certainty of diction concerning principles which have hitherto been open to discussion. The important thing for us to-day is that several million German soldiers are carrying his principles into ruth-

less practice. Let me examine some facts in their campaign.

Our own Army Headquarters sent us over the letter, discovered on a German soldier's body, describing the way a boy was shot by German troops because he refused to give any information about the French. It is a terrible story, and we have no means of judging of the details left unsaid; but they matter very little in comparison with the spirit in which they are narrated or with the point of view which can only see "infatuation" in this honest lad, and only wonder that such courage could be "wasted." In the latter part of September, 1914, an Order of the Day was found, issued to the 58th Brigade of German Infantry by General Stenger, commanding his men to kill the wounded, as "Germans must leave no living Frenchmen behind them." On the 8th of the same month Major Dieckmann issued from his headquarters at the Château de Bruyères a proclamation to the commune of Grivegnée, as Commandant of the District. Apart from the usual penalties concerning possession of arms, shutting of doors, burning of lights, and so forth, the Major orders the inhabitants to show their respect to the invaders "by taking off their hats and bringing their hands to their heads in a military salute," and a German soldier considering himself slighted by any omission in this procedure will "exact respect *by any method.*" The brutal system of hostages is further exemplified with elaborate precautions, and these hostages will be at once shot "if the population of the above-named communes does not keep quiet *under all circumstances.*" The result of such action has been that a war started with the plan of capturing Paris, throttling Russia, and invading England, resulted in the temporary "annexation" of the little country whose safety was guaranteed by its destroyer, and the appalling spectacle was seen of Belgians flying in thousands from their homes rather

than submit to contact with German "administration." They were well advised. I need not here repeat the gruesome tales of proved atrocities. The Germans were carefully carrying out instructions with the methodical thoroughness which is one of their racial characteristics. Those instructions originated, we may well believe, not so much in the individual ferocity of every German soldier—for we cannot admit that every German subject had suddenly abrogated all the attributes common to humanity elsewhere—as in the sincere belief that the German race is superior to all others, and that foreigners who do not become German must be stamped out.

"It is my Royal and Imperial Command," wrote the Kaiser, from his headquarters at Aix-la-Chapelle on Aug. 19th, 1914, "that you concentrate your energies, for the immediate present, upon one single purpose, and that is that you address all your skill and all the valour of my soldiers to exterminate first the treacherous English and walk over General French's contemptible little Army." There does not appear to be any considerable (or at least any audible) section of the German nation which did not endorse these courteous phrases, and their support was translated into such actions as the expatriation and enslavement of 4,000 of the inhabitants of Cambrai, Noyon, and the district of Lille, who were made to help gather in German harvests or dig trenches on the Russian frontier. When towns were the victims, huge indemnities were added to the inevitable horrors of war; and what these horrors have meant, at German hands, may be imagined from the terrible exodus from Antwerp. The non-combatant populations of conquered Belgium fled from the invader in a way that testifies more vividly than anything else to the barbarities which the enemy had inflicted indiscriminately on all he met. In artistic matters the practical results were similar. The library of Louvain was

burnt. Rheims Cathedral was bombarded. The roof of Notre Dame in Paris was shattered by a bomb. No manifestation of art, apparently, outside the German frontiers, deserves consideration. It can be replaced by better, "made in Germany." Even before war begins, preparations for conflict can be carried out with all the security afforded by the hospitable carelessness of the "lower races." As the quotation runs beneath one of the cartoons published by *Punch* and inspired by the Germany of 1888:

> I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
> Under the smile of safety, wounds the world. . . .

That process has been going on ever since. We have trusted Germany. We had no quarrel with her, and for return we find that every country has been flooded with her spies; that every possible treachery has been carefully planned in preparation for the war of 1914, and that the campaign of deceit initiated long ago has been followed by an outburst of open lying never paralleled in the history of a civilized nation.

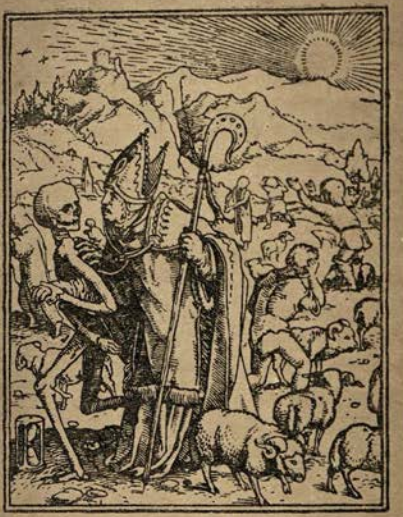
The conclusion at which any fair-minded man must arrive, after carefully considering all this, is that the moral strength of modern civilization is enormously stronger than many of us have believed. No such concentrated and unanimous attack has ever before been made upon the principles of honest dealing which are the foundation of life in this century. Those principles remain unshaken. The Kaiser has not advanced one inch nearer to victory because the helpless have been tortured or because women and children have been thrown into burning buildings to feed the flames of his glory. The heroism of Belgium has never flinched because of his savages; atrocity heaped upon atrocity has done nothing to weaken the obstacles confronting his armies. Crime has not been a profitable ally to war. In just the same way Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg did not find that a cynical con-

tempt for "scraps of paper" opened any diplomatic doors for him, nor has the campaign of lies and slander, blessed by the German Ambassador to the United States, and carried on by every German newspaper continuously, in the least advanced the German cause before the judgment of the world. In *Truth about Germany*, a still more astounding example of lying, vouched for by some of the greatest names in Germany, has been given to the world. It was as fruitless as its predecessors. We have, indeed, only been hardened in our resolution that the world's only safety lies in the extermination of the German military power. For Germany's official apologists seem to forget that principles which are once assumed as the guiding pivot of a nation's policy cannot be thrown off as soon as their immediate warlike object has been attained. This mud of their own making will stick to them for ever. It will stain their garb of peace throughout the future. Even already no clean Englishman would have any dealings with a German after all that has happened, unless both had weapons in their hands.

At a political demonstration in Saarbrücken, held during September, 1916, Dr. Röchling, a Prussian deputy, poured contempt upon "the talk about an honourable peace." He declared that "what Germany wanted was a German peace." Already, be it observed, the distinction is clear in the Prussian mind. It is the duty of England and our allies never to forget that Prussia and her people do not understand what honour means.

The consequences of this are much more far-reaching than the conclusion of the present war; they will affect the position of German trade, and the possibilities of communication between Germans and men of other nationalities in countless and incalculable ways. Their diplomatists have made it abundantly clear that no one can ever sign a treaty with them

again. Their most prominent men of business, by endorsing this policy and developing it, have made it equally clear that no contracts with them can be considered binding, and that no security for their future actions can be found in any pretended friendliness. The doctrines of Bernhardi and the preaching of his pupils have had, in fact, a very definite result; they have put Germany outside the pale of honourable conduct and beyond the frontiers of modern civilization. She is making her last struggle to break down the boundaries. She will be resisted till the last spark of chivalrous instinct dies out of a devastated Europe. No merely material successes will ever enable her to conquer that indomitable and undying spirit; for she will discover that it is the things which are not seen which are eternal. The Capitals and Governments she vainly tries to subdue have not been made with hands; the fortresses she is really attempting to reduce are guarded by the intangible bulwarks of the immortal hope of Man. She is fighting against the general conscience of humanity; and she will fall like Lucifer, never to rise again.



PERCUTIAM PASTOREM ET DISPERGENTUR
OVES . . .

PART II

GERMAN HISTORY AND DIPLOMACY

"Magna est Veritas et Praevalebit"

CHAPTER I

THE PRUSSIAN KINGDOM

Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania Bellum

PRUSSIA became a kingdom in 1701, and in 1740 Frederick the Great succeeded his father on the throne. In 1914 their descendant was leading the German Empire in an attempt to secure the supremacy of Europe as a first step towards the domination of the world. This is rather quick work, judged by our old-fashioned standards; but the history of the last few hundred years contains facts which the philosopher of the future will no doubt accept as contributing to the causes both of this mad attempt and of its inevitable failure.

REX HODIE EST ET CRAS MORIETUR . . .

The claim of Prussians to be "supermen" in 1914 was all the more grotesque that it was made by an

essentially servile people, who have never produced a Cromwell, a Mirabeau, or a Gambetta; who prefer a policeman to a policy, and a prince to any principle. Yet they had managed to connect their blood with the thrones of Roumania, of Hellas, of Bulgaria; and in the Russian Royal Family (to name no other) it had been a tradition for two hundred years that the heir should marry a German princess. This will all be different in the future. Romance has no natural home in Prussia. The very vices of the rulers of Berlin have none of the attractiveness of other courts; their scandals are both irrelevant and uninteresting. But whether they have been capable or worthless, sane or half mad, profligate or "domesticated," miserly or extravagant, they have all had one dynastic policy—that evil spirit of war mania and megalomania, of treachery, brutality, and greed, which they call Real-Politik, and Professor Charles Sarolea has analysed it accurately and ruthlessly in *The Curse of the Hohenzollerns*.

It is but natural, after all, that the German Empire should exhibit neither the history of a free people nor the activity of spiritual issues. The inhabitants have been as dull as the ideals of the Hohenzollerns, those "tollgate-keepers" who came from a Suabian hamlet between the Neckar and the Upper Danube, who developed a Burgrave of Nuremberg wealthy enough to lend money to an emperor and become an Elector of Brandenburg; or to marry the heiresses of the Duke of Cleves and the Duke of Prussia; or to be Grand Master of the religious Order of Teutonic Knights, and swallow all their religious property. There is nothing even of the Hohenstaufen about all this, still less of Barbarossa, yet less again of the Cæsar of Imperial Rome. Even the Electors of Brandenburg were, till the seventeenth century, vassals not only to the Holy Roman Empire, but to the Kings of Poland. Not until 1701 was the first Hohenzollern a

king, struggling for recognition among the older thrones, and governing a population which had been last in Europe to be nominally converted to Christianity, with a capital that scarce three centuries before was but the home of Wendish savages. Marienburg was infinitely older and more full of history than mushroom Berlin. And the whole state of Prussia is but a heterogeneous mosaic, stuck together by Prussian bureaucrats, levelled by the Junker army, and stamped into patterns by the Hohenzollerns.

The Prussians are not real Teutons. Brandenburgers are Slav-Wendish. This is one reason why they differ so totally from the imaginative, artistic, sentimental, romantic, dreamy Wurtemberger and South-German. This is why the Prussian is dull, sullen, dour, aggressive, materialist, militarist, the slave of a worse than feudal discipline. In the reign of Frederick the Great no less than one quarter of his 2,400,000 subjects were exiles from other nations—colonists brought in to fill a barren land, a land that could originate nothing, but only imitate and exploit the creations of others. Insecurity had been the characteristic of national existence in Prussia for generations. Its Junkers were soldiers by necessity. Their instinct of self-preservation became a tradition, and at last a systematic policy of spoliation. Their rulers never fought either for principle or for freedom. They fought for booty, and they enslaved the conquered. They fought under the appropriate symbol of the sinister black eagle. They stole Silesia, Posen, Hanover, Schleswig-Holstein, Alsace and Lorraine. Then they stole the German Empire. And now they want to steal the rest of Europe. "War," said Treitschke, "must be made to pay."

Their domestic institutions are what might be expected from their foreign politics. No more contemptible travesty of a free assembly could possibly be imagined than the Reichstag, which Bismarck

ordered to pass the fatal military law that began the colossal armaments of Europe. No more revolting travesty of religion than the patronage which the Kaiser extends to Protestants, for his own purposes, could well be dreamed. He is as ready to support the Crescent as the Cross, the Pope as Martin Luther. The very Lutheran pastors are but the puppets of the State, as the professors and the rest have shown themselves to be of late—a degrading spectacle of the suicide of souls. And therefore it is not remarkable that Prussia should be the home of atheism and immorality, of an innate carelessness for creeds which will use any Church for its own purposes; which can see its Kaiser riding into Jerusalem in the garb of a Crusader, or hobnobbing with Abdul the Damned over the Armenian massacres.

To this vile despotism the unhappy congeries of kinglets called Germany gave itself, and was bound hand and foot. The dreamers had dreamed of unity to restore their score of petty states. Prussia offered unity and a Sword. She gave them slavery in a gigantic barrack yard. Faust sold his soul to Mephistopheles. If this war did nothing else for Europe, it would at least have achieved one worthy end, for it will not only enfranchise Serbia and Poland—it will make the German people free. It will end that "argument against Providence" which is Prussia. It will smash for ever that nightmare "built with blood and mud" which Prussia calls Real-Politik. And the whole world will breathe more freely when that diabolical dominion is for ever broken, when it can oppress and degrade humanity no more.

The violation of the neutrality of Belgium was thoroughly consistent with previous Prussian policy. Nothing has ever equalled the Hohenzollerns' continuous disregard of a political pledge or treaty unless it is the cynical bad faith with which they have ever been ready to sign treaties with the full resolve to

break them later on. Let me consider very briefly the truth of this indictment. In 1417, by purchase and by grant from the Emperor Sigismund, Frederick of Hohenzollern (then Burgrave of Nuremberg) obtained the Mark and Electorate of Brandenburg. By 1511, Albert of Hohenzollern was Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, an Order with a most unsavoury record ever since their first appearance in the Chelmno domains in 1226. In 1525, Sigismund Jagellon, King of Poland, had to march through their territory up to the walls of Konigsberg in punishment for their continuous treachery; and Albert of Hohenzollern was compelled to dissolve the Order, and to hold his lands as Prince of East Prussia and a vassal of the Crown of Poland. While the Knights turned Lutheran, the household policy of the Hohenzollerns was rapine superficially legalised by forgery and by effluxion of time.

By 1640 Brandenburg, Cleves, and Prussia were united under Frederick William of Hohenzollern, called "The Great Elector," who received his investiture as Duke of Prussia by proxy from the King of Poland. The Swedish War and the Peace of Westphalia (1648) resulted in German States being allowed to make independent treaties with foreign powers, and "the Empire" became a purely Austrian affair. But the Emperor's consent was necessary before the Markgrave of Brandenburg could be crowned "King in Prussia" at Konigsberg in 1701, with the forced approval of Poland. The new king was followed by another Frederick William whose son became Frederick the Great, and on June 12th, 1764, this Frederick (who had already stolen Silesia and Glatz from Maria Theresa) signed and sealed at Berlin a "guarantee for the maintenance of the rights and liberties of Poland." On April 9th, 1772, after his intrigues in Vienna and Petersburg had been successful, he wrote to his brother Henry to announce the first Partition of Poland,

saying: "If this act does not bring salvation to our souls, it will at any rate contribute considerably to the prosperity of our realm." This did not prevent him from pledging himself to protect Poland in 1778; in 1788 his son twice renewed that pledge; and on March 29th, 1790, Frederick William signed a defensive treaty with Poland. At that very moment he was negotiating the second Partition, and in March, 1791, he was instructing von der Goltz, his envoy at Warsaw, to see that the Poles suspected nothing; even on May 25th, 1792, his envoy (then Lucchesini) confessed the validity of the treaty of 1790. By June 8th (a fortnight later) Frederick William himself, writing to King Stanislas Augustus, repudiated this same treaty "in view of the Constitution of the third of May," and said that, in concert with Russia, he was contemplating a third Partition. If anyone believes that the proceedings of Prussia with regard to Belgium in 1914 were anything extraordinary, let him consider the traditions of 1790. In those days, however, the scurvy game of treachery went on much longer. For on September 25th, 1793, at the Grodno Treaty, Frederick William "relinquished on his own behalf and on behalf of his descendants, all claims to Polish territory" and guaranteed the independence of what was left. Two years later he was proceeding to the third Partition, and had occupied Warsaw.

As may be seen from facts like these, the history of the Hohenzollerns repeats itself, but never changes. Belgium to-day has fared as Poland did, and as Austria will to-morrow. Treaties with Prussia, or with a Hohenzollern, are an impossibility, and any lasting understanding with the kind of Government they have erected in the German Empire is out of the question. For, said the Kaiser to the recruits of 1893, "there is only one law, and that is my law." He had inherited from Frederick the Great that autonomy

of ruthless despotism and irresponsible criminality which has destroyed the German people and spread disaster throughout Europe.

Frederick the Great's childhood was a miserable combination of misery, pain, and downright slavery. If the genius in him had ever been doubted, it could be proved as much by his survival from that agony as by the use he made of power. He grew up without pity and without honour. He never had a minister he trusted. He worked his soldiers like a drill sergeant, and gave himself as little rest as he spared them leisure. To be shot was their most merciful unishment; they were scourged daily. "The national ndustry of Prussia," said Mirabeau, "is War." "The blessing of modern Germany," says Bernhardi, "will be War." The militarism of 1914 is the direct descendant of the army of 1750. But the parallels run closer still. Take away his restless pomposity, and in the modern Kaiser you have Frederick the Great without his genius. To each monarch treaties were but "scraps of paper," and humanity possessed no rights the cannon could not cancel. Frederick the Great broke the guarantee he had signed on behalf of Maria Theresa and then, as Macaulay describes it, sent her the message that "if she would but let him have Silesia he would stand by her against any Power which should try to deprive her of her other dominions; as if he were not already bound to stand by her, or as if his new promise could be of more value than the old one"; and at once the whole world sprang to arms. No otherwise did Wilhelm II propose to England that if we would let him tear up our joint treaty about Belgium, he would do her no lasting injury, and even take no more than colonies from France; in other words, he offered us, at the same instant, a promise of faith in the future and a proposal of perjury in the present; and at once he deluged Europe in blood. Wilhelm II, in fact, is a reversion to the

type of Frederick the Great, with the unpleasing additions that we know.

The historical tradition of the Hohenzollerns has been extraordinarily persistent, and their rule has invariably exhibited a grim tenacity of purpose. They have never emancipated anyone, even by accident. They have never gone astray into the path of enlightenment. Unconsciously restrictive, abstractedly tyrannical, they " follow darkness like a dream." Even the sterile cruelty of their friends the Turks shows something of the pathos of belief; they offer a foe the choice between the sword and the Koran. The Hohenzollern cares nothing for the Koran. " He wishes to share the crime, although he cannot share the creed." The world-war begun by Kaiser Wilhelm in 1914 was characteristically introduced by what may appear to be the irrelevant occurrence of the assassination at Serajevo. But no such fact in history is isolated. The dead hand of the murdered Archduke reached out of his new-made grave to dim Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns in the past, to those grey shades of Barbarossa and of Charlemagne, which have dominated the minds of Bourbon, of Buonaparte, or Hohenzollern in turn, as each endeavoured to attain world-empire, and each in turn was met and overthrown by England and an European alliance. The pact between the German and the Austrian Emperors in 1914 represents the worst phase in the long conflict of their thrones for the supremacy of central Europe. The Holy Catholic Empire, claiming descent from the glories of Rome and of Augustus, had been shaken centuries ago when Luther's Reformation established the protestant electors of Brandenburg who eventually became the kings of Prussia. Both empire and kingdom were smashed by that new Charlemagne, Napoleon. One was transmogrified by the Austrian Archduke into the ramshackle hereditary Empire of the Hapsburgs. The other slowly developed into the

most formidable military Power ever organized in Christendom. For the whole art of Prussia was war. It has never had any other. The German "culture" of the beginning of the nineteenth century was destroyed by war at Jéna. But German "unity" recovered. The First King of Prussia had made the recognition of his royal title a condition of his support to the Emperor Leopold in the Spanish partition treaty. He had an army because Louis XIV had one, just as Wilhelm II built a fleet because England had one; your Prussian has ever exhibited the ant-like imitativeness of the Oriental. The whole attitude of Prussia when Frederick the Great came to the throne was "the tension of a tiger crouching for a spring"; and that has been the attitude of modern Germany for the last twenty years. Having imposed a sort of hopeful slavery on his own people, their War-Lord then, in the true Prussian manner, decided to impose it hopelessly on every other race. He determined to destroy liberty throughout the world. For nearly two generations he has put all that was best in civilized machinery at the service of all that is worst in Barbarism.

The process has been neither simple nor easy. I can only hint at a few of its main points. The Militarism of the Junker had far from achieved universal popularity in the days of the Kaiser's grandfather. Bismarck, the one German who had the imagination of a true statesman as well as the ruthlessness of the true Prussian, foresaw that Prussia, as a kingdom, was alone not strong enough to enforce her views. He decided to make her the head of a German Empire from which she might extract inexhaustible supplies of men and money. He made a Zollverein, in fact a Hohenzollernverein, for frankly practical purposes; and since he was no more a democrat than Bernhardi or Bethmann-Hollweg, he observed that "it is not by speechifying and majorities that the great ques-

tions of the time will have to be settled, but by Blood and Iron." In just the same way Bernhardi and Bethmann-Hollweg decided to found an European Germanic Federation "by Blood and Iron." But the modern disciples forgot the essential preliminaries which their predecessor never neglected. Bismarck began with a pretext well-nigh as trifling as an assassination alleged to be Serbian. He demanded from Denmark certain reforms for Schleswig and for Holstein. In that demand he was careful to join Austria as his ally. Fearing that Denmark might peacefully capitulate, as later politicians evidently feared that Serbia might obey unless the "ultimatum" was made "strong enough," he persuaded Denmark to show fight by means of one of the most disgraceful lies in history. He then stole both Schleswig and Holstein for Prussia, and conquered Austria herself by force of arms. This was a pretty beginning. In his *Reminiscences* we learn of Moltke's delight over the famous forged telegram of 1870. "Our God of old loves us still, and will not let us perish in disgrace," cried von Roon, when he had appreciated the full beauty of the situation, with a phrase that Army Orders and Imperial Telegrams of 1914 have made quite familiar again to the applauding ears of Europe. Many other reasons might have been given for the war of 1870 which conquered France, but the forged telegram was the immediate reason. On that characteristic base was built the German Empire which started the war of 1914, and for this too many other reasons might have been given, but the immediate provocation was the deliberate repudiation of Belgium's neutrality. That repudiation was thoroughly characteristic of Prussia. Long before Bernhardi, Bismarck had written that "the validity of all treaties between great Powers is limited by the test of the struggle for existence. No great nation will ever be induced to sacrifice its right to

live on the altar of treaty-obligations if it be compelled to choose between the two." At least, however, Bismarck realized the one possible weak spot on his Empire's frontiers—Russia. He never ceased his warnings. But they were neglected, and he was himself "retired" with almost as little courtesy as was shown by the young Kaiser to his mother. Bismarck's may not be precisely a virginal or attractive character; but it scarcely became a Prussian monarch to reject him. However, Militarism began to whip the chariot wheels in good earnest under Wilhelm II, and beside that restless, vigorous, impatient, fiery personality, no other could be allowed for long to shine. The subsequent development was double—in the Kaiser himself and in his people. It is worth considering a little.

We need be under no delusion as to the popularity of the Kaiser among his subjects. He is worshipped by them all, for he is their supreme ideal, the superman of the whole super-race of seventy million Germans. He preached "shining armour" and "mailed fists," and his people firmly believed every word. "Madman?" Not much. He gave Germany a development in trade and wealth which was bigger than their wildest dreams. He drove up her birth rate. He typified their glorification of material force. He is, perhaps, the only living sovereign who could have deliberately signed the atrocious lie about the dum-dum bullets which he cabled to the President of the United States, and yet preserved the approval of his people. He announced himself as God's Vicegerent on Earth and Germany as God's chosen nation. Germany was delighted. She thoroughly agreed. She believed in him right through, and she believes in him still, and she is practising with all her might the gospel he preached and made possible. For the ruthless Militarism of Frederick the Great was developed to its highest point by his descendant. It imposed a

paralysing regime of merciless slavery upon the nation; for "the army is the nation," as we shall discover before this war is over; and that is why her soldiers have taken naturally to the task of putting the same terror into Belgium, and why her politicians are so surprised to learn that other nations look with different eyes upon their military "frightfulness." This is why German wounded soldiers are horrified at lying in the same room with a wounded German officer. This is why German surgeons visit a French hospital (at Crépy-en-Valois), not to assist the wounded, but to examine the position of the wounds and correct the elevation of the Prussian rifles. This is why the Kaiser's answer to Grierson's suggestion that a massed attack might cost too many lives, was "There are plenty more lives to be sacrificed." This is why Brigade Orders at Mulhausen, on August 21st (as given in the diary of Reservist Reinhard of the 112th Regiment), contained the German official brutality: "All Frenchmen, whether wounded or not, who fall into our hands, are to be killed. No prisoners are to be taken." It is easy to understand how Germans can destroy Rheims Cathedral or the Cloth Hall of Ypres, or the library of Louvain, with as little compunction as they would blow up a canteen. The medals and the architecture of Berlin are a measure of their appreciation of art. For the last twenty years the whole nation that was not occupied in commerce and industrial or military research became a barrack-yard in which Prussian officers shouldered the women off the pavement and sabred hunchbacked cobblers for a fancied insult. Of course they have committed atrocities worse than defiled the record of any other army. Of course they have perpetrated dishonourable tricks with uniforms and white flags and Red Cross badges which were unknown to civilized warfare. All these and more also have their leaders taught them, have their leaders organized, applauded; and of their

spies all Europe has been full for years, preparing for the war of 1914, which the Kaiser and his Staff had carefully organized in every detail for many months beforehand.

Yet if Bernhardi and Bethmann-Hollweg are not politicians like Bismarck, neither has the modern Junker military caste produced a Moltke or a von Roon. The plain living and hard drilling that preceded 1870 have been supplemented by the grossest forms of dissipation supplied by the rise in wealth of the last thirty years, and they have not been hardened by the slightest experience of actual warfare. To these critics the Manchurian war and the Boer campaign were but proofs that the armies of Russia and of England were equally contemptible. No soldier who had been under fire would have so despised his enemy as the German General Staff have done on every single opportunity they had to talk about him. The Militarism that had gradually dominated the camp, the country, and the Court, had never seen a shot fired in real earnest, and they made up for inexperience by vainglorious boasting about the invincibility of their machine. These were the men who gradually poisoned the whole country and its diplomatic corps with the fierce venom of the Junker oligarchy. By much drilling they almost drove the patient German population mad. They drove out of it, at any rate, its chivalry, its humour, its simplicity. They drove into it the gospel of hate, of "military" atrocities, of bombast, and of lies. They held before it the dream of an ideal world-barrack, dragooned by Prussian officers, from which every ennobling virtue was banished, in which sympathy and pity and sportsmanship were unknown, in which the weak are to be stamped out of existence, and the strong alone shall ruthlessly survive. Can we wonder that such leaders leaped gleefully at the crime of Serajevo as their great opportunity for the greatest crime of all, or that they

should have taken the assassination of the Archduke as the prelude to the holocaust of Belgium? Can we wonder that a nation so led has cheered its soldiers on from one treachery to another, and nourished its ardour for the war by ever-increasing hatred of the England that it cannot reach, and by the appalling policy of first devastating Belgium, then inflicting enormous "war fines" on the country, and finally leaving its inhabitants to starve. Attila and the Middle Ages could show no such calculating fiendishness. In September, 1916, they added one more to their many crimes. For the purposes of the German War Loan, the greater part of the actual cash provided was stolen from the funds of the National Bank of Belgium. The total result of this loan, though swollen by every conceivable artifice of pillage and blackmail, inside and outside the German Empire, was largely composed of paper which had already been doubly hypothecated.

CHAPTER II

DIPLOMACY AND SERAJEVO

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

QUONIAM CUM INTERIERIT NON SUMET SECUM OMNIA . . .

THE enormous naval and military preparations of Kaiser Wilhelm II had by 1913 reached a point at which they had to be used without much further delay in a successful war of aggression, or suffer a diminution in comparative value owing to the continuance of a disadvantageous peace. The pretext for the war was found in the assassination of the Austrian Archduke and his consort at Serajevo on June 28th, 1914. It is essential to understand not only the use Germany made of this murder, but also the rôle she played throughout the diplomacy which followed it; for on this under-

standing depends the main proof that Germany, and Germany alone, has been responsible for the gigantic conflict which is ending in her downfall. To this, therefore, I have devoted a separate chapter in the Appendix to this volume, for there are many facts, hitherto not perhaps appreciated at their full value, which indicate a deeper guilt than any of which even Prussia has yet been suspected. I believe that the responsibility for the murder of the Archduke and his wife will eventually be traced to the same authorities as those who murdered Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt. The significant letter of July 20th, 1914, from Viscount Grey to our Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin is the first of the official documents on this subject published by Government in *Great Britain and the European Crisis* (called the "Penny Blue Book," and hereafter referred to as P.B.B.). "I hated the idea," wrote Sir Edward, as he then was, "of a war between any of the Great Powers, and that any of them should be dragged into a war by Serbia would be detestable." In his letter of July 23rd to our Ambassador at Vienna, Sir Edward emphasized his expectation (P.B.B., p. 2) that Austria's communication to Serbia "would include proof of the complicity of some Serbian officials in the plot to murder the Archduke," and after he had read that communication he said, on July 24th (P.B.B., p. 9), "I had never before seen one State address to another independent State a document of so formidable a character. . . . The merits of the dispute between Austria and Serbia were not the concern of His Majesty's Government, and such comments as I had made above were not made in order to discuss those merits." In Petersburg the same position was made clear by our Ambassador, who told the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs (P.B.B., p. 10) that "Direct British interests in Serbia were nil, and a war on behalf of that country would never be sanctioned by British public opinion." No direct

proof of Serbian complicity has ever been produced except to the satisfaction of Austria and Germany. On July 24th the German Ambassador communicated a note from his Government (P.B.B., p. 12), in which it is stated, "Under the eyes, at least with the tacit permission of official Serbia, the Great Serbian propaganda has continuously increased in extension and intensity; to its account must be set the recent crime." Sir Edward Grey preserved an open mind as to the evidence, for on July 24th he wrote to our Chargé d'Affaires at Belgrade (P.B.B., p. 13), "Serbia ought to promise that if it is proved that Serbian officials, however subordinate they may be, were accomplices in the murder of the Archduke at Serajevo, she will give Austria the fullest satisfaction." Sir Edward, of course, entirely appreciated the situation in Serbia, where great nationalist feeling had naturally been aroused by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908 by Austria, and that feeling had been redoubled both by Serbia's military successes in 1912-13 and by Austria's opposition to her subsequent territorial expansion. Sir Edward also felt, as every civilized man felt, the deepest sympathy with Austria's horror at the murder of the heir to her throne. But England, Russia, and France were never given any direct proof of Serbia's official complicity, and no proof has ever been forthcoming that Serbian territory had, in fact, been made the base for murderous revolutionary operations. The death of the Archduke was an event entirely contrary to Serbia's highest interests. The court-martial set up by Austria at Serajevo itself was secret. Serbia waited for the evidence there produced before setting on foot her own inquiry (for which she was given no time), and stated, meanwhile, that both the assassins implicated were Austrian subjects. It was therefore naturally assumed on all sides (except by Germany) that before Austria took any action she would disclose her case against Serbia.

She only produced asseverations of Serbian complicity without a shred of corroborative evidence.

Does such evidence exist? Considering the terrible use to be made of the verdict, it might have been thought that every scrap of evidence would have been eagerly published. The "dossier" sent with a copy of the "ultimatum" from Vienna to the French Government is a statement not of evidence but of conclusions from evidence, the source and value of which have never been disclosed. Neither Austria nor Germany have ever permitted the rest of the world either to verify that testimony or to estimate its weight. The Serbian Government itself, replying to the "ultimatum," offered "to hand over for trial any Serbian subject, without regard to his situation or rank, of whose complicity in the crime of Serajevo proofs are forthcoming." Is it not significant that Austria preferred war to the production of such proofs? Is it not even more significant that Germany declared war against Russia rather than risk that production of proofs which might have resulted from Austria's willingness, at the very last moment, to discuss the case with Russia? It is impossible, in the light of after events, to separate this horrible crime from the military policy of Prussia. One of the first cries raised by Prussia's official apologists was that we had "joined the party of the assassins." That cry bore with it all the echoes of a finally triumphant manœuvre. The assassination served Germany's ulterior purposes admirably. She had dictated to Austria for use against Serbia the most humiliating ultimatum ever sent to a free country. She was as determined that Serbia should never yield as Bismarck was determined that Denmark, long ago, should never agree to his proposals of reform. Sir M. de Bunsen had very fully realized the situation. In recapitulating events in Vienna (P.B.B., p. 81) he writes that when it was thought Serbia would submit

unconditionally "there was a moment of keen disappointment"; but when her submission was rejected "Vienna burst into a frenzy of delight." This was perhaps even more sinister than the manifestations of indecent joy (of course in private) roused in certain quarters by the first news of the assassination; and the people were carefully "coached," as soon as the murder was published, that this was the last straw and that Austria must now finally settle with Serbia, as she had settled with Bosnia and Herzegovina, in her own interests. It may be added here that a free and victorious Serbia, lying straight across the line from Berlin through Sofia to Constantinople and Bagdad, was in 1914 much more obnoxious to Germany's ulterior aims than it was ever supposed to be to Austria's domestic difficulties. In the Appendix I have gone back to the period just before the assassination in order to show a little more clearly the place it takes in Pan-Germanic policy. In our lifetime all the facts will never be revealed. But we do know some of them; and these admit of an interpretation which cannot yet be proved, but can be shown to be the most probable in the present state of our knowledge. I will ask my readers to consider very carefully the evidence collected in my Appendix and draw their own conclusions.

Obviously Serbia could have had nothing whatever to gain by a crime which, had she been the prime mover, would have been too ghastly a reminder of the murders of Draga and Alexander. Nor could she for an instant have deliberately risked an inevitable and serious quarrel with Austria while she was still weak after two exhausting wars. Her extraordinarily full compliance with Austria's subsequent demands would alone be sufficient proof of her anxiety to keep the peace, and of the sincerity which which Russia counselled her to do so. Not a shred of evidence for the official complicity of Serbia has ever been forth-

coming. Count Tisza refused to publish the result of the "secret inquiry," which he knew by the middle of July, 1914. There was no evidence to produce. Austria, in fact, preferred war to producing any evidence. On the other hand, we now know from the statements made in September, 1916, by Prince Ghika, Roumanian Minister at Rome, that the German Ambassador there, Herr von Flotow, was aware *before May 15th*, 1914, of a coming conflict between Austria and Serbia, and of the negotiations *then in progress* between Bulgaria and the Germanic Powers, between whom a secret treaty had no doubt been signed already, and a loan arranged. We also know that the Kaiser's preparations for his attack upon the peace of Europe were complete in every detail save that of a good pretext which should seem to put his immediate opponent in the wrong, and should also enable him to pose before the rest of the world as the champion of justice and civilization. For such a pretext nothing better than this assassination of an undesirable heir could possibly be imagined. By July 14th, 1914, the Kaiser had assured Francis Joseph of "German military support in all directions," if he meant to take the opportunity of settling his last accounts with Serbia. On the 15th the German Ambassador at Constantinople informed his Italian colleague, the Marchese Garroni, that the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia would be so framed as to make war inevitable. The ultimatum was actually sent on the 23rd, and we know what everyone, including our own Foreign Office, thought of it.

The date had been very carefully chosen, for on July 23rd, M. Pashitch, Prime Minister of Serbia, was far from Belgrade; the Russian Ambassador had left Vienna on a holiday; the President of the French Republic, with his President of Council, were on their journey back from Russia to France. Count Berchtold (Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs) told none

of the Ambassadors about the Note *except* Herr von Tschirschky, the German Ambassador, and was careful to leave for Ischl forty-eight hours before the Note was delivered. This was the sinister significance of the ridiculously short time-limit fixed by Austria. The French Ambassador in Vienna was not told a word about the Note by Baron Macchio, one of the Austrian Under-Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs; and Count Forgach, the other Under-Secretary, had only mentioned it to our own Ambassador there (who knew about it privately on July 15th) because it was never imagined that England would come into any war. The Italian Ambassador was, of course (after the experience of 1913), left in the dark. It was evidently hoped that no one would be able to interfere before the time-limit had expired. Yet, after a plot like this, we had the *Pesther Lloyd*, in August 1916, indignantly complaining that Roumania, like Italy, had declared war on a Sunday, "knowing there would be no responsible official at the *Ballplatz*!"

Herr von Jagow told M. Jules Cambon in Berlin, on July 21st, 1914, that he was "entirely ignorant" of the contents of the ultimatum to Serbia. On July 27th he actually said that he "*had not had time*" to read the Serbian reply, of which a copy had been delivered to him that morning! Both he and the Kaiser appreciated the fact that Serbia's answer had gone as far as any independent sovereign state could go, and that it opened an unequivocal path to that arbitration of which an admirable precedent existed in the intervention of the Powers between Austria and Serbia in 1909. And Austria herself realized that as clearly as Germany; for not only did the Austrian Ambassador leave the Serbian capital *thirty-two minutes* after he had received the Serbian reply on July 25th, but it was only after his departure that Berchtold explained (*too late*) that the intention of the Note was that Austrian officials should take part, not in Serbian

judicial proceedings, but in the preliminary police investigations. He actually transmitted this explanation to Petersburg on July 25th, where it was published on July 27th. It took away the last pretext left to Austria for war, and if she had gone on negotiating with Russia as she showed every sign of doing, this explanation would have infallibly produced peace. Do we need any further proof that in declaring war himself on Russia, the Kaiser meant to make war for any reason, or for none, when he had once realized that the Serbian pretext might, after all, be insufficient?

Official Germany posed to all the outside world all through the plot as " entirely ignorant " of the details of the Austrian message to Serbia. In Berlin, in Paris, in Petersburg she was asked how she could persist in backing up Austria if she did not know the lengths to which Austria was prepared to go; she was asked whether the whole future of the German Empire was to be staked on a blank cheque; like Baron von Schoen at the Quai d'Orsay, her representatives " listened smilingly," and said nothing; her Ambassador in Vienna, Tschirschky, saw to it that no peaceful issue should be possible there at any rate. The Kaiser himself put a stop to all possibilities of peace in France and Russia by sending ultimatums to Petersburg and Paris. But even apart from the indiscretion in Constantinople, the cat had been let out of the bag by the Bavarian Prime Minister, who told the French Minister at Munich that he " had cognizance of " the famous ultimatum (F.B., p. 28). By July 30th Sir M. de Bunsen was able to tell Sir Edward Grey that " I have private information that the German Ambassador knew the text of the Austrian ultimatum before it was despatched, and telegraphed it to the German Emperor." It had naturally been assumed that, before declaring war on Serbia, Austria would produce that evidence of Serbian guilt which she constantly reiterated was in her possession. She

never did. She never has. She never even gave Serbia time to rebut the charge beyond allowing the statement to stand that all the accused were Austrian subjects.

All Germany's subsequent lies—there is really no other name for them—are the more stupid because of the mass of documentary evidence, rebutting them, which is in the hands of everyone except the German population. No more convincing refutation of her case than the French Yellow Book (to which I have referred under the letters F.B.) provides could well be conceived. It does not add much that is novel concerning the use made by Prussia of the Serajevo murder, except constant testimony to the fact that Germany hindered peace at every turn. On July 6th, the Russian Foreign Minister pointed out to the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires in Petersburg (F.B., p. 21) that "No country has suffered more than Russia from outrages planned upon foreign territory. Have we ever claimed to adopt against any country whatever the measures with which your newspapers threaten Serbia? Do not enter upon that path." And in the middle of July, when Count Tisza had the result of the "judicial" secret inquiry, he refused to reveal, even to the Hungarian Chamber, the slightest detail. There was none he could safely publish. On July 21st, Herr von Jagow protested (F.B., p. 24) that he "was entirely ignorant of the contents" of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, and considering that this German Secretary of State had already insisted that no other Power should intervene, M. Jules Cambon very shrewdly cabled to Paris, "I could not help but be astonished at a declaration which is so little in conformity with what circumstances would lead one to imagine." On July 24th M. Cambon also spoke quite plainly to Herr von Jagow on the same subject (F.B., p. 40). "I then asked him if the Berlin Cabinet had really been in complete ignorance of the Austrian

claims before they were communicated to Belgrade, and as he replied that this was so, I expressed my surprise that he should thus undertake to support pretensions, the limit and nature of which he ignored. The Belgian Minister at Berlin (F.B., p. 43) shared M. Cambon's astonishment (on July 25th) at this unwonted generosity. The British Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin (F.B., p. 46), in face of Herr von Jagow's explicit denial (on the same day) of foreknowledge of the ultimatum, was equally at a loss to understand "the blank cheque given by Germany to Austria." And when, on the day before, the Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna was instructed to ask for a postponement of the ultimatum (F.B., p. 48), the Austrian Foreign Secretary "displayed an icy coldness when his interlocutor represented to him that to submit a plaint with justificative documents without giving time for the study of the *dossier* was contrary to international courtesy. Baron Macchio replied that sometimes *interest exempted one* from being courteous."

"If the end pursued by Austria were legitimate," said M. Bienvenu-Martin (F.B., p. 39) to the German Ambassador in Paris on July 24th, "there might be room for discussion on the means." Baron von Schoen merely insisted again that no other Power must intervene between Austria and Serbia. From Berlin the impression given to M. Jules Cambon was the same. "Everything shows," he writes on July 24th (F.B., p. 40), "that Germany is prepared to support in a thoroughly energetic manner the attitude of Austria." Even when the Russian Foreign Minister (F.B., p. 57) said to the Austrian Ambassador at Petersburg on July 26th, "Take back your ultimatum, modify its form, and *I will guarantee the result*," neither Austria nor Germany made a move to prevent war. The evidence is conclusive, and that is why it has been necessary to insist at some length on the use made of the Serajevo murder. The clumsy wriggling

of Germany's diplomatists in face of French clarity of speech and logic of thought is finely revealed in the Note of July 26th in Paris (F.B., p. 59): "M. Berthelot then said that to any ordinary mind Germany's attitude could not be explained unless it was leading up to war." Even if they were to believe Germany's assertions that she knew nothing of the ultimatum beforehand, "how surprising is the refusal of Germany to advise mediation in Vienna now that she is acquainted with the extraordinary text, when the slightest word of advice given by her to Vienna would dispel the nightmare which weighed upon Europe. . . ."

The fact that Austria knew that a general war might follow their offensive policy against Serbia is clear from the official German statement that "when the Austrian Government apprised Germany of its views and asked for our opinion . . . we were perfectly aware that a possible warlike attitude of Austria towards Serbia might bring Russia into the field." This was a recognition of the right of Russia to mobilize in order to protect Serbia against complete destruction by Austria; but it could not have involved Germany's safety; for if Russia had really wanted a general war, involving an attack on Germany, it would have been perfectly simple for her to advise Serbia to reject Austria's ultimatum without parley, and await developments.

Germany was well aware that Austria, unsupported, would never have made such harsh demands on Serbia, still less enforced them. She was equally well aware that Russia must inevitably protest. But she discounted Russian protests as she despised the Russian army, and she took care to nullify the suggestions of every other Power, first by the fruitless phrase that "the quarrel must be localized"; secondly, by her obviously theatrical sensitiveness for the dignity of her ally. The Russian Orange Book again reveals the truth. Austria took care to deliver her ultimatum,

with a time-limit of forty-eight hours, and refused Russia categorically any extension of that time. Germany then refused Russia's request for her mediation, as she refused France's offer later on, both in Paris and Berlin. The Russian Ambassador at Vienna divined the facts as quickly as any of his colleagues. "Austria," he wrote, "influenced by the assurances of the German Ambassador in Vienna, *who has played the part of an instigator during the whole crisis*, counted on the probability of the localization of her conflict with Serbia." Germany, in fact, told Austria it would be safe to go ahead, knowing all the time that it meant General War.

But a crucial point in my indictment of Prussia concerning her vital connection with the murder, is the fact that if she had been innocent of any collusion, the Kaiser possessed, on July 23rd, 1914, the most magnificent diplomatic opportunity which any European ruler has ever had, without any general war at all. He had only to join Austria in obliterating Serbia from the map of Europe, and he would have had the first part of the Pan-Germanic scheme complete from Hamburg to Bagdad. If Russia had mobilized and attacked, he and Austria could have fought her. Would France have come in on that issue? I doubt it. Would England? Certainly not. In June, 1916, M. Sazonoff, Russia's Foreign Minister, clearly explained that there had been no offensive and defensive alliance between England, France, and Russia before August, 1914, and that it was Germany's *aggression* which bound them together after that date.

Sir Edward Grey (as we have seen) wrote on July 20th: "That any of the Great Powers should be dragged into war by Serbia would be detestable." This was a correct estimate of public opinion both in the United Kingdom and in France. Our Cabinet refused the terrific responsibility of war until the invasion of Belgium had made it clear to every in-

habitant of these islands not only that our honour was involved in the recognition of our signature to a treaty, but that our absolute existence was at stake in the maintenance of what that treaty was drawn up to guard. Across the Channel, French Socialists still believed (on July 23rd) that German Socialists would prevent a universal war, and the French peasantry would never have allowed universal mobilization to become possible on the mere issue of the guilt or innocence of a Balkan State. But when France as a whole, socialists, peasantry, bourgeoisie and all, found themselves definitely faced by the ultimatum of the country which had conquered them in 1870 and insulted them ever since, then they realized, as one man, that the issue had better be decided once and for all.

Fortunately for France the Government had been able to take, in time, a step which was almost as important in their case as the mobilization of the Fleet was in our own. The French authorities had carefully and quietly sent large forces for the protection of Verdun, Nancy, and their eastern frontier south of Belgium, forces evidently considered by the German General Staff (which knew all about them) to be too large to be immediately smothered by a sudden *coup de main*, though the German attack might be quite strong enough to hold them in position and eventually (it was hoped) to smash their resistance altogether. So the Kaiser took the step which was not only the gravest military blunder any army has ever committed, but also the most fatal diplomatic mistake any ruler has ever perpetrated. He authorized the attack through Belgium. He must have fully realized—it is useless to deny it—that this attack might seriously endanger the immobility of England, which was of vital imporance to his schemes; but he decided that, even if our Fleet might hinder an invasion by German troops of the west coasts of France,

his military superiority would be sufficient to crush the French, whatever our "contemptible little army" might attempt. He must have fully realized—it is useless to deny it—that any resistance on the part of the Belgians would involve not merely a delay, which he had determined to minimize by the most atrocious methods of intimidation, but also the guarding of ever-lengthening lines of communication through unfriendly territory. Once more he determined that his military superiority was sufficient for this task also, and he took the risk.

As we know, that risk involved his eventual failure. No matter what his opinion was of German military capacity, he must at least have realized that the risk was very grave, and that in taking it at all he was breaking every rule of strategy conditioning the opening of a victorious campaign. Why did he take that risk instead of choosing a course which would have eliminated England, left France undetermined, and bared Russia to the combined onslaught of Austria and himself, if she was rash enough to attack? He took the risk because he saw that Austria was weakening, because he feared that the facts of the murder of Serajevo would come out, because he suddenly realized that the assassination, arranged not merely to remove an inconvenient pacificist but to provide an unanswerable pretext for military aggression, was perilously likely to be used as evidence against himself. And therefore, instead of immediately devastating Serbia, instead of waiting for Russia to attack, instead of giving France a problem full of hesitations and delays, he took the matter straight out of Austria's hands and declared war himself on Russia and on France as well.

This is why, when war came, Austria was actually negotiating with Russia and was only dragged in at the German heels five days later. This is why, in the first campaign of Austria (led by Potiorek, the accom-

plice of Serajevo) it was certainly not the smaller State which showed the hesitation or the guilty conscience of a nation with the stain of murder on its soul. The help of the glorious German Army, and that of treacherous Bulgaria as well, had to be invoked before Austria could "deal with" Serbia as her great ally had dealt with Belgium and with Poland. And the ultimate result will be the same in all three cases. The temporary destruction of each country has only given new life and national spirit to its unconquered people.

This question of nationality has been even more difficult for Austria than for the United States, which is saying a good deal; for in 1914 Austria had ten nationalities who refused to work together under one Emperor, but could not leave him because each was too weak, alone, for self-protection. In this heterogeneous mosaic there were spots of German blood all over the map, and each spot was considered by the Pan-Germans to be at least a proselytizing centre for its district, and eventually to be destined to absorb the other corpuscles like a malignant microbe. Professor Paul de Lagarde had some time ago suggested that "inferior peoples," such as Slovaks, Slovenes, and Czechs, should be imprisoned in "reserves" like the Redskins in the United States. In 1906 Professor Klaus Wagner improved on this by advising Germans to "organize bravely great forced migrations of the inferior peoples" to segregated districts "into which we shall drive them in order to obtain the necessary territory for our own expansion." Curiously enough, this characteristically Hohenzollern policy came into sympathetic contact with Magyar ambitions, and the two movements went on, for entirely different and quite selfish purposes, towards the same ideals. This is why Hohenzollerns and Magyars were equally opposed to the policy of the murdered Archduke, who worked not for a Dual Monarchy, but for a triune

kingdom, which meant that he favoured the comparative independence of the Slavs of Serbia. To both Magyars and Pan-Germans, on the other hand, Serbia lay straight across the paths from Nish to Sofia and Constantinople, and from Belgrade to Salonika.

The Magyar policy of domination over the Southern Slavs in the Balkans, whether these were separated or united, was described in 1897 by Count Julius Andrassy, who recognized "the Germanic idea" not in the Hapsburgs but in the Hohenzollerns. Consequently, the trialism of the Archduke was as unpalatable to Hungary's doctrines of ascendancy as to the Hohenzollern's military policy. Born of a mother of the stubborn race of the Neapolitan Bourbons, the Archduke was as strong and masterful a character as any in Europe, and he had been brought up under mediæval influences with anti-democratic views. He cleverly added the clerical flavour to this mixture, and became patron of the Catholic School Union, which was not only political but propagandist, and opposed both Lutheran Germany and the Triple Alliance. His marriage had alienated him bitterly from the Austrian Court, who would have almost felt humiliated if the husband of Sophie Chotek had ascended the Imperial throne. Yet his policy received wide support from those who saw no better remedy for the chaos of that "ramshackle Empire," which was rapidly being ground to bits between the upper and nether millstone of the Magyar and the Hohenzollern. Being neither Magyar nor German nor Slav, the Archduke skilfully concentrated his strength on a dynastic ideal which should make a combination of all three, strong enough to stand alone, a triple cord that should not be easily broken. This is why he brought representatives of Poland and Bohemia, as well as of Austria and Hungary, to the coronation of King Edward VII; and this is why the Kaiser first hated him, then tried to flatter him into friendship, and finally left him to his fate.

Within a month of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina the Kaiser was meeting him at Eckartsau. In the Appendix I have described the later and most crucial meeting at Konopisht. Each was an effort, and each was a failure, to secure the Archduke's sympathy for Pan-Germanism.

After the collapse of the Abdul Hamid régime and the formation of the first Balkan League, things looked black for the Pan-Germanic programme. Both difficulties were eventually smoothed over; but in 1913 Bethmann-Hollweg had to confess that "it is a disadvantage for us that the position in the balance of forces hitherto occupied by Turkey is now filled in part by Slav states"; and the Archduke's policy, had he lived, would have no doubt barred the road to Constantinople with a Serbia anything but Pan-Germanic. The seduction of Bulgaria and Turkey by the Kaiser was the inevitable answer to that policy after the Archduke himself had been removed. The whole question of Pan-Germanism and the "Drang nach Osten" was brilliantly summarized in a weighty little pamphlet by G. W. Prothero. Those who want more details than I can give here should consult *The German Road to the East*, by Evans Lewin (Heinemann). What I desire now to emphasize is the overwhelming importance not only of Roumania, but of Salonika to the Allied Cause. If we made a peace with Germany which left her the road clear from Hamburg to Bagdad, she would be willing to make concessions of anything we wanted west of the Rhine, for in less than twenty years she would be ready to spring at our throats again.

CHAPTER III

PAN-GERMANISM

IN 1912 broke out that long-foretold "trouble in the Balkans" which closed forty years of European security. It arose just after Germany's effort to get more colonies, her claim for "a place in the sun" (someone else's place) had been definitely exchanged, owing to the Agadir incident, for the theory of Pan-Germanism, or the claim that by means of a central federation Germany should rule the destinies of Europe, with outcrops through Turkey and Asia Minor into the enormous treasure-house of Hindustan. As we know now, Germany's estimate of Turkey's military power (backed by Prussian training) proved completely wrong. Turkey, in fact, was smashed, in spite of Italy having very kindly ceased troubling her in Tripoli when Bulgaria attacked her nearer home. It

SCIEBAS QUOD NASCITURUS ESSES ET NUMERUM DIERUM TUORUM NOVERAS . . .

must be remarked, in passing, that Italy's adventure had given the most serious preoccupation to Berlin, for it suggested a *rapprochement* with France that was quite contrary to the views of the Triple Alliance and to the mirage of Mediterranean sovereignty which Germany held out as bait to her Southern ally. However, Germany felt fairly certain that what her threats had done before they would again accomplish. Had not France been compelled to dismiss Delcassé on a notable occasion? Had not Russia been obliged to submit passively when Austria stole Bosnia and Herzegovina, and the Kaiser stood "in shining armour" beside his kind old friend Franz Josef? What more easy than to make the best of a bad job and help Austria to take Albania from Serbia? What were Sir Edward Grey's efforts to arrange a lasting peace but the confession of England's weakness? By the mere menace of force Germany had accomplished much; and since the Albania arrangement was a mere makeshift that by no means compensated for the perils to the cherished Bagdad Railway scheme involved by Turkey's defeat, why not prepare more force, in good earnest, and trample finally on a Europe which was evidently cowed into obedience?

It was by no mere hazard of circumstance that Serajevo was the scene of the Austrian Archduke's murder in the summer of 1914, for the Balkans were the real centre and origin of the storm which burst that August upon Belgium, France, and Russia, and spread to the farthest confines of the British Empire. There was once an English Minister who had to have our colonies pointed out to him by an intelligent Under-Secretary on the map. But our Cabinet soon learnt larger views, and those who had not realized the truth were forced to see it before the nineteenth century was over. It was not Benjamin Disraeli, but Paul Kruger, who taught us what an Empire meant and fixed for ever

the path on which we tread to-day. The greatest things in English history have never owed their birth to flashes of imagination. Their origin has been more practical, more enduring, and more silent; something after the nature of those elementary happenings which we call "accidental," because we are not able, or perhaps do not care, to ascribe them to any special or personal activities. The idea of colonies and kindred markets overseas must have been far more alien to the inland continental peoples, out of sight of both Mediterranean and Atlantic, than to ourselves. Even an expansion beyond certain well-defined natural land-borders of race and speech was not for a long time a familiar thought to Germans; and as late as 1888 Bismarck was saying that German interests in the Balkans were not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier. But Bismarck died; the good he did was buried with him. Wilhelm II lived afterwards; and from the Kaiser Germany soon began to hear about the *Drang nach Osten;* for in the very next year the German Emperor was shaking Abdul Hamid's bloodstained hand in Constantinople. He left his Imperial portrait, suitably inscribed, for Abdul the Damned, and he took away something even more tangible than the famous concessions in Mesopotamia. This was a trophy that had remained in Constantinople since the Empress Catherine had secured a free passage for Peter the Great's army when the Turks had surrounded them on the Pruth. Professor Vambéry relates the marked admiration expressed by the Kaiser when these jewels, at his urgent request, were somewhat reluctantly shown him. They were, of course, in the courteous phrases of Oriental hospitality, "laid at His Majesty's feet." But the Kaiser, impermeable as ever to the finer feelings, put them in his pocket, and they are still at Potsdam, waiting (let me hope) to be restored to Petrograd.

Before 1900 the project of the Bagdad Railway had

been framed. It marked the abandonment of Bismarck's plans, and the beginning of Germany's fatal dream of a world-empire, heralded by an adventurous and aggressive policy backed by constantly increasing military strength, and by the rise of a great navy based on our guileless cession of Heligoland, on vast accumulations of internal wealth, on the seizure of Kiaochau and on the bitter realization of what Sea-power really meant when the Boer War broke out. The dream involved a close union with Austria, a protectorate of the Balkans, and an alliance with Turkey, in all three cases the final aim being the complete annexation of strategical territory from Berlin to the Persian Gulf. In the middle of 1916 an eye-witness described the steps being taken to fulfil this aim during the war. He found Syria and Asia Minor full of Germans and of German factories for munitions and more peaceful goods, all evidently intended to be permanent. As far East as Bozanti, then the railhead of the Bagdad line, the railway was full of Belgian freight-cars carrying German produce.

One of the chief difficulties of the Prussian plot for Eastern dominions lay in the possible attitude and power of Russia—with whom it had been an invariable pivot of Bismarck's policy to be friendly. To the Prussian General Staff the Russo-Japanese War seemed as clear a proof that the Russian factor might be eliminated as the Boer War appeared a certain indication that England might be neglected. When Russia was beaten by Japan, the whole political system of Europe seemed so altered that the Kaiser felt his mailed fists free to strike. He hurried on the Kiel Canal in the West. His shining armour flashed beside Franz Josef in the East, when Austria took Bosnia and Herzegovina in flat infraction of the Treaty of Berlin, and when Ferdinand became Tsar of Bulgaria—at a price. Then came the wholly unexpected and extraordinary triumph of the Balkan Alliance

against Turkey. The downfall of the Crescent meant far more than the victory of Creusot over Krupp. It meant a victorious and hostile confederation straight across the line from Berlin to Bagdad. At once the Kaiser redoubled his military preparations at home, and, in the East, lured Ferdinand of Bulgaria into "fighting for the King of Prussia." No one with any knowledge of the inner causes could have imagined that to Ferdinand, to Austria, or to the Kaiser, would the Treaty of Bucharest mean more than any other inconvenient scrap of paper. It did not last a year. In May, 1916, the *Lokalanzeiger* published details about linking up the North Sea with the Black Sea by way of the Rhine, Elbe, Oder, Moldav, Vistula, and Danube with subsidiary waterways. Gallipoli and Kut-el-Amara seem to have convinced these ardent Teutons that by these inland paths the East is to be gratified with "Westphalian coal and steel, Berlin machines, Vienna furniture, Bavarian beer and leather, chemicals from Wurtemberg, boots from Leipzic, and sugar from Magdeburg." Branch lines to the Persian Gulf, and the main tracks of the Bagdad Railway are to do the rest. Russia, it seems, will have as little to say as England in the project of a "free road for Central Europe to the East." This form of "riverine Pan-Germanism" is as old as the middle of the nineteenth century, when Moltke proclaimed that all German rivers should be contained within the political boundaries of the Fatherland, and that an advance-guard of Germanism in the Near East should be settled at the mouth of the Danube.

It must now be clear that the original German battle-cry of "Down with Russia" had a very definite meaning. The German people had been carefully trained for years to believe that Russia might try to interfere with their expansion to the South-East, and that the immemorial feud between the Slav and Teuton must, for this very reason, finally be settled.

What the German people did not equally quickly grasp was that the Franco-Russian alliance had involved the German General Staff in the necessity of smashing France before she should have time to strike in aid of her ally. And what neither his General Staff nor his ministers nor his people realized was that the Kaiser's ruthless destruction of Belgium, on his way, would rouse the British Empire to take a hand in a game which he had meant to play without them. German diplomacy has always misinterpreted the vital facts of national sentiment. During the four days when England's decision hung in the balance, the crowd at Petrograd came into the street in front of His Majesty's Embassy, knelt down silently, and then sang the National Anthem. To the enduring significance of that simple and touching episode Prussia has ever since been blind. For its immediate sequel she produced a characteristic remedy; and the docile German population scarcely had a week of shouting "Down with Russia." Every loyal Teuton throat grew hoarse with hate of England, as soon as Bethmann-Hollweg saw to his horror that we were coming in, and as soon as the Kaiser made up his mind that the destruction he had planned for us a little later might just as well be dealt out to us soon. The Battle of the Marne and the First Battle of Ypres, between them, ended the possibility of smashing either France or England. Since then, they have only been kept out of the sacred soil of Germany by a line of fire and steel that has absorbed two million men with all the constant drainage of casualties and ammunition involved by so huge a total. In 1915, Russia, too, proved that she could bend but never break. And so the avalanche, held back on its two main fronts, burst (more than a year after the murders of Serajevo) upon little Serbia, swept it, for a time, out of existence, and only stopped short of Salonica because Nish was the junction for Sofia. The first

train-load of German soldiers that passed from Berlin through Bulgaria to Constantinople was the Kaiser's first realization of the true issues of his war. To that all else in the past had been preliminary. To that all else in the future will be subsidiary.

Only the full theory of Pan-Germanism—as it was developed by 1911—could explain the fact that, after more than two years of war, Germany would have been ready in 1916 to withdraw her frontier to the Rhine, provided no other questions were raised and no changes made from the conditions before August, 1914. This was because such a settlement would have secured her the possibility of Central-European Empire, from Hamburg to Bagdad, in her next war. She had already occupied Belgium and broad territories in France and Russia; she had destroyed Serbia, and secured the adhesion of Turkey and Bulgaria to the original union between the Austro-Hungarian Empire and herself; she felt certain that in her next attempt she could carry out the full Pan-Germanic Programme. This involves the absorption of all French and Belgian territory east of a line drawn from Belfort to the mouth of the Somme, including Calais; of Livonia and Courland; of Austria-Hungary, Serbia, Roumania, and the rest of the Balkans; of Turkey on both sides of the Dardanelles. It was with this aim, as André Chéradame has proved from contemporary evidence, that Germany began her war in 1914. It is with this aim that she would begin every other war inspired by the Hohenzollerns and the Prussian military party. In not one single free state on either side of the Atlantic would life be worth living if that aim succeeded. But the preparations for success were certainly amazingly complete.

The war-scheme of the General Staff was ready in 1914. The Kiel Canal and its surroundings were completed. Big guns were secretly manufactured. The numbers of the army were increased. The construc-

tion of battleships was accelerated. The real difficulty about the Agadir crisis had been domestic finance. Well, that could easily be settled. It was, most thoroughly. Gold was extracted in large quantities from England and everywhere else early in 1914; bills, called "fine paper," were showered on London, with the certain knowledge they never would be met. Bernhardi and his friends were turned on to rouse the jingoism of the German population; and the Kaiser, who had been openly called a "poltroon" by the War Party, determined he would show his pluck. Russia had been soundly beaten (it appeared) by Japan, and the improvement in her army, after that bitter education, might be neglected as openly as the improvement of the English forces after the Boer War. Besides, Russia was a hotbed of revolution, and England's hands were tied by civil war in Ireland, which would spread to every corner of her down-trodden Empire as soon as any European conflict should begin. France, on the confession of her own responsible ministers, was utterly unfit for war. Belgium was a negligible quantity. Why take into account any of these "contemptible little armies" in comparison with the War-Lord's shining and immaculate battalions? There remained, simply and solely, the question of an excuse: and that was found at Serajevo. The rest was easy; for the Prussian General Staff had carefully prepared their public opinion. Not only has all Germany believed in the doctrine of Domination by Force, but every German soldier has shown the most extraordinary courage and ferocity in fighting for that cause. They have been within an ace of that demoniac dominion of the earth which they proclaim as theirs, and they even still believe they can attain it. We are fighting not invaders only but ideas; we are fighting not merely for the victory of our troops but for the hope of our ideals. Unless we destroy Prussian methods of con-

tinuous menace in peace and brutal terrorism in war, the nations can never restore confidence in each other's goodwill. This is why we are fighting not only with armies or with navies, but with a state of mind which must slowly and inflexibly be altered, which can only be changed after long adversity and disillusion. Our quarrel is not with a civilization that is imperfect by accident, but with a nation that is the enemy of civilization by design, a nation that deliberately rejects the Promise and the Record, those two things upon which the whole machinery of modern life depends. For Germany has attempted to eliminate that belief in sane action and honest intention, by which alone it is possible to establish peaceful and stable relations between one nation and another.

It is this attack upon fortresses which are not made with hands that differentiates the German Emperor's attitude from that of either of his predecessors in his attempt at world-dominion: Napoleon or Louis XIV, the two absolutists who were destroyed before Wilhelm II. The Bourbon died in 1715, soon after the peace of Utrecht. The Buonaparte was banished after his defeat in 1815 at Waterloo. The true causes of the catastrophe that was befalling the Hohenzollern by 1915 lie behind his flimsy pretext for war, as heredity lies behind psychology and psychology behind action; and those causes were as observable in Louis XIV as they are in Wilhelm II. Mr. Laurie Magnus has brilliantly emphasized the parallel. The French King was ruling without Mazarin at the age of twenty-two, and was faced by his allied enemies in forty years. It took much less time for the Kaiser to rouse the world against himself after he had dismissed Bismarck. Each monarch could truly say "L'Etat c'est Moi." Each believed that he ruled by Right Divine. Each threatened the Mediterranean and fought in Belgium. Each aspired to lead the world

in culture after they had beaten it in war. Each was his own foreign minister. Each fell by his foreign policy. Each, like Napoleon, was lured by the phantom of the ancient Roman Empire and nourished the ambition to translate it into terms of supremacy over land and sea. Invariably we have fought against that ambition: yesterday against a Buonaparte; the day before against a Bourbon; to-day against a Hohenzollern; for we defend the future. The French Revolution, like the German Lutheran Reformation, was but an incident in the gradual revolt of humanity against mediævalism. The true Renaissance of the world only began in 1915; and even now it will not last unless we remember the lessons both of 1715 and of 1815.

The second of the three great wars began, like each of the other two, with an invasion of Belgium. The French General Dumouriez, who fought the Belgians in 1792, lies buried at Henley-on-Thames. His mighty master died in St. Helena. For twenty years from 1795 it was really Napoleon who dominated Europe. His imitators have talked about *Weltpolitik*; he was its living embodiment. Louis XIV was made by Richelieu; Wilhelm II by Bismarck; Napoleon was "his own ancestor" and made himself, and his power was backed by five or six millions of free citizens, because his nation made the army, and the army made him Emperor. Wilhelm II reversed the process; for he made the army, and his army made the nation. Napoleon entered Berlin, after Jena, and one of his chief regrets in later life was that he had not then destroyed the Hohenzollern dynasty. We may share in that regret, but we must never share the error; for after Jena the implacable obscurantist tyranny of the Junkers, and the poisonous absolutism of Metternich combined not only to model Prussia as she is to-day, but to forge the strength which was to impose Prussia on the rest of Germany and to make

her that stupendous Power of Evil which is the German Empire. After the fall of Napoleon, Prussian militarism at once saw its chance and took it. The Hohenzollern definitely settled with the Hapsburg in 1866 and became himself an Emperor in 1871, with Austria as his weaker partner and Turkey to be his good friend later on.

In his speech before the Reichstag on December 2nd, 1914, Bethmann-Hollweg gave a sketch of his policy previous to the August of that year, apparently with the object of showing how disgracefully we had invariably behaved. He quarrelled with our old principle of the "Balance of Power." We accept that, for we fought for it in 1914 as we fought in 1815 and in 1713. We shall never see one Power attempting to dominate Europe without trying to fight her. But his complaint is not only that we formed the Triple Entente to balance the Triple Alliance, but that when he tried to seduce each of the Allies, one after the other, he failed. We refused to suspect our friends, and he cannot understand that in the least. He did not understand it after even the declaration of the three nations signed in London on September 4th, 1914, and he is trying to undermine that declaration still. His speech, in fact, exposed nearly all the tricks he had in reserve for us before the war; but his reference to incriminating documents during that period of agitating diplomacy was particularly unfortunate at the moment when the French Yellow Book had published the full proof, not merely of the perfidy with which Germany masked her true purposes, first with fair words and then with obvious delays, but also of her deliberate preparations for years beforehand for compelling war at her own moment.

These documents (already referred to as F.B.) are an overwhelming exposure of the most unprincipled plot against the peace of Europe ever hatched even in the murky council chambers of Potsdam. The

whole appalling story will have a vital bearing not only on the eventual terms of peace, but on the methods by which we determine that they shall be carried out; for, terrible as is the indictment based on the Kaiser's atrocities in France and Belgium, this is but one part of the colossal crime for which he and his Empire will be brought to judgment. His plots began long before the Serajevo murder. In March, 1913, Germany was much annoyed to find that the increase in her army (the last on which she dared to venture) had been met (and more than countered) by the re-establishment of three years' service in France, and the Kaiser took pleasure in rousing the bellicose patriotism of his subjects by constant references to the memories of 1813. His real object had been to put France out of the race after the profound disappointment created by her diplomatic victory in November, 1911, when "this secondary nation held its own" against him after Agadir. He counted on a strength of 860,000 for his Imperial Army in October, 1914, which would be imperative if he was to succeed at the very outset of operations, as was essential. Not only this, but the new war-tax of a milliard marks on capital was to be paid entirely before July 1st, 1914, "a formidable hint" indeed, as the French Naval Attaché points out (F.B., p. 7) in his dispatch of March, 1913. "The German people," he very justifiably concludes, "is *at the present moment* a very dangerous neighbour." But the "official and secret report," by a German hand, sent "from a trustworthy source" to Paris in April, 1913, is even more illuminating.

"Opinion," it says, "is being prepared for a further strengthening of the active army . . . which is to strengthen and to extend Germanism [*Deutschtum*] throughout the habitable world," and "is but an extension of the military education of the German people. . . . *The idea that our armaments are a reply to the armaments and policy of the French must be*

instilled into the people. The people must be accustomed to think that an offensive war on our part is a necessity if we are to combat the adversary's provocations." How well, it will be observed, has Germany learnt that lesson, from Bethmann-Hollweg to the lowest gutter rag of her press. "Things must be so managed that . . . an outbreak shall be considered as a deliverance. . . . The war must be prepared for from a financial point of view . . . disturbances must be stirred up in Northern Africa and in Russia . . . through well-chosen agents we should get into contact with influential people in Egypt, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco. . . . *Risings in time of war, created by political agents,* require careful preparation by material means . . . the small States must be forced to follow us or must be cowed. In certain cases their armies and their fortresses could rapidly be conquered or neutralized. *This might probably be the case with Belgium and Holland.* . . . A vast field is therefore open for our diplomacy to work." And what is to be the result? Even this is carefully mapped out. "We shall then remember that the provinces of the old German Empire, the county of Burgundy, and a large portion of Lorraine are still in the hands of the Franks, that thousands of our German brothers of the Baltic provinces groan under the yoke of the Slav. It is a national matter to give back to Germany what she formerly possessed" (F.B., pp. 8-11).

All this shows how correctly the egregious General von Bernhardi had interpreted the wishes of his leaders, and it must be remembered that this self-satisfied author not merely described Germany's plans in several books, but went round the world lecturing on Pan-Germanism. Though we read him with amazement to-day, he really is not an original writer; he only dished up the doctrines of Bismarck, the policy of Frederick the Great, and the teachings of Machiavelli

with modern sauces and with all the *furia* of a one-sided fanatic. But his methods were sometimes too outspoken, both for the Kaiser and for his military plotters. Their conspiracy was far more subtle and widespread than we have ever believed. It was only discovered at the end of 1914 that all the trouble in Canada with the alleged "Indian immigrants" of the famous Komogata Maru was really engineered by German agents who used a cargo of vagrom cut-throats to try and poison popular opinion in India and Canada as well. No wonder there was still more trouble when the vessel reached Calcutta. And no wonder that the plotters of Potsdam were seriously annoyed to find Canada, India, and the rest of the Empire even more firmly on our side after war had broken out than they had been before. We hear of definite attempts to get a foothold at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. No doubt there have been similar attempts elsewhere. Some have partially succeeded, as in the case of the Sinn Fein in Dublin. In the White Paper issued by our Foreign Office on December 12th, 1914, we have a vivid description by Sir Louis Mallet, our late ambassador at Constantinople, of the base intrigue over the "sick man of Europe" which resulted in the German military *coup* that led Turkey blindly into her ruinous alliance with Berlin. Documents published by St. Petersburg confirm the sordid story. And that is only one example of the world-wide web of evil which these venomous Prussian spiders have been spinning for so long, with the sinister approval of "Bethmann-Hollweg, *plus double que son nom*," as Edmond Rostand calls him.

The Chancellor's dastardly attempt (in his speech of December, 1914) to inflame still more bitterly the hatred of Germany by repeating the thrice-refuted statement that Germans abroad have been inhumanely treated by the Allies might be enough to remind us that the sickening tale of treachery just unfolded was

but a prelude to the far more barbarous atrocity on the part of German soldiers that was to follow the immediate outbreak of war. But his whole speech, revealing, as it did, the spectacle of a nation being drugged by falsehood that it may be dragged in thousands to the shambles was, perhaps, the blackest masterpiece of brutal cynicism that the records of even German history have ever shown.

Another little instance from the "vast field for diplomacy" is given in M. Jules Cambon's letter of November 22nd, 1913, from Berlin to Paris (F.B., pp. 18-19). The Kaiser (with him von Moltke) was entertaining the King of the Belgians with an exhibition of the usual German tact. Von Moltke considered war to be "necessary and inevitable," and added: "This time we must put an end to it, and Your Majesty can hardly doubt the irresistible enthusiasm which on that day will carry away the whole German people." No wonder M. Cambon observed that "the Emperor has ceased to be a partisan of peace." And it is, perhaps, just as well that the legend of the Kaiser being swept away early in August, 1914, by the insistence of the military party should be finally destroyed. The Kaiser wanted war as much as anyone. He agreed with his General Staff that they would have "to act by surprise" (F.B., p. 12). As M. Cambon had reported, in his letter of May 6th, from Berlin: "The commonplaces as to the responsibility of the aggressor," said General von Moltke, "must be disregarded . . . we must begin war without waiting in order brutally to crush all resistance." Anyone who would not believe the case against Germany after this would not believe though Ananias himself rose up from the dead to stand by the Arch-Plotter of this war in his apocalypse of evil.

Other examples from the vast Pan-Germanic "field of diplomacy" are countless, apart from the dream of the Bagdad Railway, which was perhaps the most

fascinating of all. As Prince von Bülow wrote: "If one can speak of boundless prospects anywhere, it is in Mesopotamia." The Prussian General Staff found the pivot of their world-strategy in Asia Minor and Egypt. They thought of a vast German Empire in Africa, where they intrigued with Mohammedans in the North as with Maritz or de Wet in the South; they fomented unrest of every sort in Russia; they aided and abetted rebellion in Ireland; they worked for racial domination (and eventual absorption) as hard in Brazil or the Argentine as they did in Austria-Hungary; but their keenest toil was concentrated on the route from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf, on that land-route from Central Europe towards India which had four main arteries; from Trieste and Alexandretta to Syria; from Serajevo and the Sanjak to Salonika; from Belgrade and Serbia to Salonika; and from Belgrade through Nish and Sofia to Constantinople.

This territorial ambition was perfectly natural, especially before 1900. For the British Empire, being bound together not by great highroads but by the sea, was naturally compelled to be the strongest naval power in its own self-defence. As early as 1896 the Kaiser had described to his faithful Germans the ideal of "a world power, the inhabitants of which dwell in all quarters of the globe, bearing with them everywhere German knowledge and German culture. The time has arrived to link this greater German Empire close to the home country . . . our German nation shall be the rock of granite on which the Almighty shall finish His work of civilizing the world." And the process, in the Kaiser's mind, was evidently the evolution of a German Empire of slave-drivers all over the world, far more efficient than the old Roman Empire. Unfortunately, he forgot that the British Empire had been won and held not by the sword and spear that gave the Cæsars territory, but by the plough and spade that gave our colonists both permanence and

wealth, and added unto these a loyalty which no German has ever been able to appreciate or understand. If the Bagdad Railway seemed a sure promise of this Empire by one means, the swift creation of a German fleet seemed an equally certain presage of it in another. And so "Our future lies on the sea" became a potent watchword for the Pan-Germanists of the last fifteen years, and wholly suited those developments of the mercantile marine which provided yet more resources for the coming Armageddon.

If it be thought that the literature of Pan-Germanism was too fantastic to provide any of us with a serious warning of the impending catastrophe, we can point to many other omens. In 1898 Admiral von Goëtzen (an intimate friend of the Kaiser's) told Vice-Admiral Dewey at Manila that "in about fifteen years my country will have commenced a great war. In two months we shall be at Paris. But this will only be the first step towards our real end—the overthrow of England. Everything will happen at the chosen hour, for which we shall be ready and our enemies will not be prepared." Only seven years later Sir Harry Johnston (writing in the *Fortnightly Review*) gave his countrymen a vivid forecast of "William II or Frederick IV crowned in Saint Sophia Emperor of the nearer East," with territories stretching "from Hamburg and Holstein . . . to the Euphrates and the frontiers of Persia."* But perhaps the most extra-

* When so many of us were completely wrong in all forecasts, it may not be fair to pick out Sir Harry Johnston's opinion (as late as August 1914) in the *Nineteenth Century* (p. 301, etc.) that Germany would bankrupt herself before war began if she fought for a "Western future" in a "struggle with France, Britain, Belgium and Holland." He considered that Germany was far more jealous of Russia than of ourselves, for a war between us and Germany would be "fratricidal and mutually destructive," whereas victory against Russia would involve "German control over Constantinople, Asia Minor, and Mesopotamia to the frontiers of Persia"; one condition of which would be "a firm alliance between Germany, Austria, Hungary and Rumania on the one hand, and the western and southern Slav nations." Sir Harry's article was drafted in April, 1914, and

ordinary prophecy of all was written by Sir Robert Morier to the present Kaiser's father, Frederick. This is quoted in Mr. Lewin's book from Sir Robert's own memoirs, and no better conclusion could be imagined to my present argument.

"An individual may," wrote Sir Robert, "under the dæmonic impulse of superhuman cynicism, laugh to scorn the opinion and conscience of contemporary mankind, and still more of posterity. I can conceive an Attila chuckling, even on the brink of the grave, at the thought of living in the memory of future generations as *Gottes Geisel* [Scourge of God]; but a nation cannot afford to enjoy the luxury of cynicism, cannot risk to place itself outside the opinion of mankind, because a nation never dies and the conscience of mankind never dies, and when the orgies of successful force have spent their strength the day comes when it has to live not only with its own recollections, but with those which mankind has preserved of it. . . . The action of Germany, therefore, in the case supposed [the possibility of a second attack on France soon after 1871] would be stamped with a pedantic ferocity, a scientific cynicism, an academic cruelty which history would never forget and mankind would never forgive."

The Emperor Frederick is dead. Upon his son has fallen the very fate Sir Robert Morier foretold.

based on his journeys during 1913. His proofs were corrected during "the present acute situation between Austria-Hungary and Servia"; and he expressed a hope that "Britain and France may remain neutral so long as their acknowledged rights and interests are untouched." We have all learnt a good deal since 1913. But we learnt even more about neutrality between July 20th and August 20th, 1914.

CHAPTER IV

THE EVIDENCE OF THE FACTS

THE "original sources," as the French say, of the diplomacy of July and August, 1914, can all be consulted in the British Government's Blue Book (Miscellaneous, No. 10, 1915), called *Collected Diplomatic Documents relating to the Outbreak of the European War*, and containing the British Diplomatic correspondence and similar publications issued by France, Russia, Belgium, Serbia, Germany and Austria-Hungary, together with various telegrams and letters officially published by the Allied Governments at different dates. No historian has ever had so much evidence on which to give a verdict on any contemporary war; and the value of that evidence is not merely direct in its recording of essential facts; it is still more convincing from the indirect

DISPERDAM JUDICEM DE MEDIO EJUS . . .

way in which tendencies and intentions are corroborated by the agreement of documents simultaneously produced in perfectly different places. The book, in fact, may be rightly compared with the body of testimony produced by countless independent witnesses before a court of law and sifted by accurate processes of cross-examination and comparison. There is scarcely any "summing up," for each Government (with a notable exception) is content to leave the proofs to speak for themselves. But Germany's treatment of the case is thoroughly characteristic. She publishes only twenty-seven documents, and even these are not complete, and she prefaces them with a statement which is full of untruths and contains many vitally serious omissions. Even if Bethmann-Hollweg had not made it clear in all his speeches since the war began, this damning official publication of the German case would have alone convinced the world that it is impossible to rely on anything the German Government says with regard to their own motives and intentions, or even in regard to the simplest facts, unless their statements are amply corroborated from other independent sources. I am almost inclined to say that all of Bethmann-Hollweg's stale arguments are sufficiently answered by Signor Giolitti's revelations on December 5th, 1914, in the National Chamber of Deputies, which are printed at length on page 401 of the *Diplomatic Documents* above mentioned. Here it is shown that the plot of invading Serbia was broached to Italy's representative on August 9th, 1913, and that Italy rightly refused to consider for a moment that she was bound, as a member of the Triple Alliance, to take a hand in that "most perilous adventure." To this it is only necessary to add that Italy, once Austria's and Germany's ally and friend, was soon fighting against them for the same reasons as those which animated the British Empire, France, and Russia. If a single one of Bethmann-Hollweg's

statements, in his speech of August 19th, 1915, had been correct, Italy would have been on his side, and would have never dreamed of leaving it. As things turned out, it was possible, in October 1916, for Signor Bissolati, Civil Commissioner of War in the Italian Cabinet, to say :—" We must create in Europe such a condition of things as to render it impossible for Germany to resume her criminal designs . . . the whole germ of war can only be killed by destroying Austria as a State and by depriving Germany of every illusion of predominance."

But let me take the Chancellor's constant plea that Germany did all she could to preserve peace. On July 31st, 1914, M. Viviani was able to express the opinion " that English mediation will complete in London what is being attempted by direct negotiations at Vienna and St. Petersburg." On the evening of that day, for the first time since the issue of the Austrian Note, the definite statement was made by Count Berchtold that Austria was " quite prepared to entertain the proposal of Sir Edward Grey to negotiate between us and Serbia." This message was sent from Vienna on July 31st to the Austrian Ambassadors in London and Petersburg, and it began: " I am telegraphing as follows to Berlin. . . ." It was published in the Austro-Hungarian Red Book, and is printed on page 526 of *Diplomatic Documents*. When it was sent, Sir Edward Grey had already received the assurance of Russia's willingness to negotiate. Nothing was wanted to secure peace save a similar consent to mediation on the part of Austria. That consent was given in Count Berchtold's telegram just quoted, and *that telegram was suppressed in Berlin*. Nothing more was heard of it until Austria published it *six months after war had started*. Instead of forwarding it, Germany stopped the possibility of all further negotiations by declaring war against Russia. Let me take another instance two days before July 31st. The German

contention was (and is) that Russia had no claim to be considered in the Serbian question, and that Germany was justified in going to war to support that contention, a position made perfectly clear up to July 29th, 1914, and accepted (no doubt also directed) by Bethmann-Hollweg. In fact, war was threatened if Russia made any "military preparations," a menace which practically ensured Russia's mobilization being complete and not merely partial against Austria, and a menace which involved the knowledge, on the part of Germany, that the war she desired was to be made inevitable; for no retreat from the German position was possible when once it had been made clear. Since Austria had declared war, and Russia had announced her impending mobilization, it would have seemed logical that early on July 30th, 1914, Germany would have begun official mobilization as well. If she had done so, the game was practically in her hands, for no one else was ready; and the bitter complaints of the military party, that this invaluable opportunity was lost, were very audible in 1916. The Chancellor himself has told us that the military party were straining at the leash to start when the Council was held in Potsdam on July 29th. How and why did he stop them?

The uncertainty about England may have been one reason in the minds of the diplomatists, though the soldiers were ready to neglect it; for it was on that afternoon that the "infamous proposals" were made to the British Ambassador in Berlin. But in his speech of August, 1916, the Chancellor disclosed the other reason, which was that Vienna had just refused the request for direct conversations made by Russia, a request welcomed by England, France, and Italy, and a request to which Germany herself had ascribed her reason for refusing any English mediation. The refusal of Austria, coupled with her attack on Serbia, would have provided full justification for com-

plete Russian mobilization, and would have irrevocably and indubitably fixed on Germany "the guilt of mobilizing in the midst of negotiations," as Bethmann-Hollweg puts it. The proof of aggression would, in fact, have been clear even to the German nation itself, and certainly to the Socialists, who had to be deceived. This would never do. The military party had to be curbed. Conversations between Petersburg and Vienna had to be restored. This was the more necessary when it became clear that the "infamous proposals" for England's neutrality would be refused.

Bethmann-Hollweg evidently began to realize that he had miscalculated the factors and that it was now too late to rearrange them. But the very moderation of Russia, who might have completely mobilized at once, but, from her keen desire for peace, only began by mobilizing against Austria, gave him his chance. He sent to Vienna, on the morning of July 30th, 1914, the telegram which appeared that day in the *Westminster Gazette* and nowhere else, saying:—"The refusal to exchange views with Petersburg would be a grave mistake. As an ally, we must refuse to be drawn into a world-conflagration through Austria-Hungary not respecting our advice." The rejection of the "infamous proposals" by England had in actual fact turned a war with Russia and France into a "world-war," and the incident was most cunningly used to ensure that re-opening of negotiations which was essential to the German diplomatic position; for it was only "complete mobilization by Russia during negotiations" which would give Bethmann-Hollweg the material for deceiving the Socialists and the whole German nation (as he did, and has continued to do) that the war was one of "self-defence" on the part of Germany.

The truth, however, is bound to come out. If peace had been his object, he could have stopped Austria's attack on Serbia. What are the proofs that

he ever tried to do so? Or he could have stopped Austria's complete mobilization on July 31st, which inevitably involved Russia's complete mobilization too. What are the proofs that he ever tried to do so? Or he could have accepted Russia's offer, on July 30th, to stop her mobilization under certain conditions. What are the proofs that he ever talked over those conditions with Austria? We know, on the contrary, that the offer was never forwarded to Austria at all. Why? Because the refusal of that offer involved Russia's complete mobilization on the 31st, and Bethmann-Hollweg had at last the situation he had wanted all the time; and Germany was able to declare war on Russia on August 1st on the pretext that she was defending herself against Russian mobilization.

Let me recapitulate the position on the day of July 31st, 1914. Austria had begun her attack on Serbia. Austria and Russia were both passing from partial to complete mobilization. Each asserted they had no hostile designs against the other. Each was ready to discuss the demands made on Serbia. They were each exhibiting a friendly attitude of willingness to state a case. They were each willing to submit the difficulty to arbitration after settling the question of the respective mobilizations. At two o'clock the Tsar telegraphed to the Kaiser that "as long as the negotiations between Austria and Serbia continue, my troops will undertake no provocative action." The Kaiser replied, "No one threatens the honour and peace of Russia." But who was he to pronounce on such a question? Who but Russia could possibly pronounce on it? His message began, "I have engaged in mediation between your Government and the Government of Austria-Hungary." With what result? Belgrade had been bombarded. His message ends: "The peace of Europe can still be preserved *by you* if Russia decides to discontinue those military preparations which menace Germany and Austria-

Hungary." Why drag in Austria-Hungary? Could she not protest for herself? Was she not showing that she felt no such menace? Why is Austria, treated with such punctilious and dilatory courtesy when peace negotiations were in question, to be brushed aside like a child when the possibility of war is mentioned? Germany, who had hitherto emphasized the fact that no other Power should intervene, and whose interests had never for an instant hitherto been called in question, had proclaimed the preliminary measures for mobilization (Kriegsgefahr) that very day. In addition, Bethmann-Hollweg cabled to the German Ambassador in Petersburg that Germany would completely mobilize "if Russia does not stop every measure of war, not only against Germany *but also against Austria-Hungary* within twelve hours." When Sir Edward Goschen asked the Secretary of State why the demand was made even more difficult for Russia to accept by asking her to demobilize in the south as well as the north, Herr von Jagow replied that "it was in order to prevent Russia from saying all her mobilization was only directed against Austria." He must have known that Russia could never consent. He must have realized that such a message would be the immediate cause of war. And both he and Bethmann-Hollweg were very well aware that, by their suppression of Count Berchtold's telegram of acceptance of discussions with Russia, it would be possible to represent the Russian mobilization as the sole cause of war.

But this is by no means the only instance of that tampering with telegrams for which Bismarck had set so brilliant a precedent at Ems in 1870; and it will be remembered that the same great exemplar had written (*Reflections and Reminiscences*), "Success essentially depends upon the impression which the genesis of the war makes on ourselves and others. It is important that we should be the party attacked."

Remembering this, the Wilhelmstrasse in 1914 produced an even more subtle plot, which should be put on record. In June, 1916, M. Sazonoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, commenting on one of the Imperial Chancellor's more recent lies, said:

"Not satisfied with declarations of bad faith on the part of Russia, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg accuses her of having burdened her conscience with the terrible crime of the European war by a hasty mobilization. Now the Chancellor carefully avoids mentioning that the Russian mobilization took place after the Austrian, and after the mobilization of a considerable part of the German Army. Moreover, the whole world remembers the premature announcement of this mobilization to the people of Germany by the *Lokalanzeiger*—an undeniable and actual fact."

In his very valuable book *Ourselves and Germany* (1916) Dr. E. J. Dillon fully explains this reference. The *Lokalanzeiger* had been sold by Herr Scherl, in February, 1914, to four prominent supporters (among whom were Herr Schorlmeyer and Count T. Winckler) of the progressive military party led by the German Crown Prince, and it was at once given the privilege of publishing official military news before all other papers. As the crisis of that summer arrived, it became necessary to confront Russia with the dilemma that she must either completely withdraw from the Balkans or be forced into a hostile attitude that might be expected to embarrass France, if France were not ready for immediate war. So from the very outset Germany and the Kaiser shouted to everybody else that upon Russia's decision hung the whole question of peace or war. It would only be peace (Germany had decided) if Russia consented to fresh humiliation in the Balkans, and it would inevitably be war if Russia mobilized at all, as Dr. Dillon telegraphed from Vienna on July 24th. In accordance with this plan, Baron von Schön, Germany's Ambassador in

Paris, kept pressing on the Quai D'Orsay (in the President's absence from France) the view that France must at all costs prevent Russia from plunging Europe into war for the sake of a pack of Serbian assassins. Fortunately M. Berthelot saw through the attempt to drive a wedge between France and Russia and held his own course unswervingly.

And now for Dr. Dillon's revelations about the German Telegraph Officials. The official order for mobilization posted up in Berlin had the date *July 31st* printed on it, because it was expected that Russia would have made her decision by July 30th. This was crossed out and *August 1st* was substituted in handwriting. When no news came from Russia by the morning of Thursday, July 30th, Germany became anxious, and at 2.25 that afternoon the newspaper boys near the Unter den Linden began selling copies of the *Lokalanzeiger* and shouting lustily: "Grave News. Mobilization ordered throughout the Empire." The correspondent of the Russian Telegraphic Agency at once telephoned the news to his Ambassador, M. Zverbeieff, and was asked by the telephone officials to speak in German instead of Russian. There could be no doubt about the accuracy of the news published by the Crown Prince's special military organ, and the Ambassador immediately telegraphed it in cypher to his Minister of Foreign Affairs in Petersburg. His message went through accurately and without the least delay.

In half an hour the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs summoned the *Lokalanzeiger* to contradict its announcement, and *by three o'clock* a Second Supplement was issued explaining that the staff had got ready the news of the mobilization which they were expecting, that the newsvendors had got hold of copies before they should have done, and had sold them before the Paper had authorized it. As soon as this flimsy excuse came out, the Russian Ambassador,

realizing that at any rate the news of mobilization had been premature, sent an urgent telegram *en clair* to his home Government contradicting his previous message. *This telegram was held back* long enough to ensure that the mischief done by the original statement would be irremediable, and that Germany might be able to proclaim to the world that she had only mobilized in reply to Russia's threat. This may be a small incident—and it is only one incident—in a network of intrigue and mendacity; but it would be alone sufficient to indicate the methods by which Germany can launch a war, and to prove that no Peace Treaty, however ingeniously worded, could prevent her repeating the same shabby tricks again. Dr. Dillon has done well to pillory a detail which might have seemed insignificant, and he has proved the facts I have related from his pages.

As a matter of fact, and truth, the Russian mobilization had by no means necessitated the stoppage of all negotiations; for Austria at any rate did not think so, and Austria was the principal with whom Russia was negotiating. We note that whereas Austria had seemed to accept a secondary *rôle* all through the diplomatic exchanges hitherto, on that critical Friday afternoon (July 31st) she suddenly came out into the open with repeated assurances (in Paris and London as well as Petersburg) of her readiness to negotiate, to accept mediation, and to respect the sovereign rights and territorial integrity of Serbia. This good news was conveyed indirectly to Sir Edward Grey both on the morning and the afternoon of Saturday, August 1st; and Count Mensdorff only confirmed, in our own Foreign Office, the very striking declaration of Count Berchtold to the Russian Ambassador in Vienna, that "the door had not been banged." It is, in fact, clear that after the Russian mobilization, and even after the German ultimatum to Petersburg, Austria was anxious to prove both in London and Paris that the responsi-

bility for breaking off negotiations did not belong to her. Six months afterwards the publication of the Austrian Red Book (which was no doubt delayed by Germany's request) gave yet more proofs to the same effect. For Austria continued in the most marked manner to dissociate herself from her boisterous ally. We might have expected her to follow Germany's ultimatum instantly with another of her own. She did nothing of the kind. She only considered herself "at war with Russia," by August 5th, and then under evident pressure from Berlin; only by August 13th were the Austrian Ambassadors recalled from France and England. Actually the last message sent round on July 31st to Austrian representatives by Count Berchtold from Vienna closed with the phrase: "*Pourparlers* between the Cabinets at Vienna and St. Petersburg appropriate to the situation are being continued, and from these we hope that *things will quieten down all round.*"

That this optimistic view was not limited to Vienna is deducible from Sir E. Goschen's report of his conversation with Herr von Jagow on August 1st. Our Ambassador cogently pointed out that "if Austria and Russia were, as was evident, ready to discuss matters, and Germany did not desire war on her own account, it seemed to me only logical that Germany should hold her hand and continue to work for a peaceful settlement." Germany refused to do anything of the kind. And why could not Russia possibly stop mobilization at the demand of the Kaiser? The answer is simple. Austria's demands on Serbia were obviously not intended to be accepted. As soon as they were made, Russia let it be known that she could not remain disinterested. But she never began to mobilize till all her suggestions for negotiation had been rejected by Austria and by Germany alike. They were rejected because it was at first believed that Russia would submit to a humiliation similar to that inflicted on her

when Bosnia and Herzegovina had been annexed. In order to make it clear that a second rebuff of that kind was out of the question, Russia emphasized her protests by showing she was in earnest this time. As her Ambassador in Vienna told Sir M. de Bunsen, she hoped her mobilization would be "regarded by Austria as what it was: viz., a clear intimation that Russia must be consulted regarding the fate of Serbia"; for, as M. Sazonof told Sir George Buchanan in Petersburg, "there would be a revolution in Russia" if she passively permitted Serbia to be made Austria's vassal. Russia mobilized not to make war but to prevent a war upon a small and friendly ally which would have crushed a kindred race and religion. She mobilized not to menace Germany but to secure a hearing for the moderating counsels of the whole of Europe in the case between Serbia and Austria; and in that attempt she, at any rate, secured the acquiescence of Austria to proposals for mediation. For what, on the contrary, did Germany declare war against Russia? Germany did so in order to prove her right to make war when she pleased, and to prevent all counsels of reason, conciliation, and moderation being heard, even when her own ally had expressed her readiness to hear them. Germany, in fact, came out squarely as the champion of force and violence against law and arbitration, and such she has remained ever since.

Her subterfuge was clear. She instigated an Austrian demand which obviously injured vitally a neighbouring State. She persisted in backing that demand until the State affected was forced to mobilize in order to make its protests heard. She then declared she had been driven to war by the unprovoked threat of an opponent. Precisely the same course was chosen in the West. Germany carefully let Europe believe that an attack on France through Belgium was one of the projects considered by the General Staff. France, it is known, had expected the attack to come from the

south-east, by Verdun. But as soon as Germany indicated the possibility of her intentions by refusing an answer to the vital question about the neutrality of Belgium, France was compelled to move certain forces as a hasty precautionary measure to her northern frontiers; and immediately Germany proclaimed that France was visibly preparing to advance through Belgium upon herself. The trick is as obvious as it is dishonest; and in the case neither of France nor of Russia has it ever deceived the rest of Europe. It is almost exactly paralleled by the plea that the *Lusitania* was really destroyed by the Power which was conducting a naval blockade of the German coasts. It was even surpassed by the later German "Wireless," which told the world, concerning the sinking of the *Arabic*, that "The distribution of lifebelts admits of the conclusion being drawn that the captain, obeying Admiralty orders and seduced by high money reward, intended to ram submarines as soon as sighted."

In his speech of August, 1915, Bethmann-Hollweg admitted his own knowledge that "the Vienna Government *was* prepared to agree to a direct exchange of opinion with Petersburg." And that admission made the case against Germany even blacker than it was before; for it proved out of her own mouth that she sent her ultimatum to Russia before she knew the issue of the conversations between Petersburg and Vienna. No mobilization hitherto made by Russia need have obliged Germany to put an abrupt end to those conversations and shut the door for ever upon any possibility of peace. If Germany thought herself so much endangered, did she ever consult her Austrian ally as to the fatal step she proposed, a step which not only closed Austria's own negotiations but involved warfare between two different Powers upon a wholly different question? It is impossible to believe that Austria was consulted; for, as I have said, she never declared war on Russia for some days afterwards, and continued her

negotiations in the face both of the Russian mobilization and of the German ultimatum. So much for Bethmann-Hollweg's "explanation" on behalf of the history he would like to see written for the German of the future. It was as futile, though it could not be so insolent, as his repeated misquotations of Sir Edward Grey, to which I need not direct my readers' attention any further, for they must be tired enough already of the Imperial Chancellor's lies. It is necessary, however, to contradict the worst of them; for if they are left unnoticed they are proclaimed by Germany as the sacred truth and published as such in all the neutral countries.

Germany's flimsy pretences were (and are) quite useless. And the outcry that England "came in" without warning is as baseless as the rest. On July 27th Sir Edward Grey (F.B., p. 65) "told the German Ambassador [in London] that if Austria invaded Serbia after the Serbian reply she would prove . . . that she wished to crush a small State. Then a European question would be raised and a war would ensue in which *all the Powers* would take part." That war was precisely Germany's object, with the proviso that we were to be frightened out of it and Russia to be held back. It may also be noted that even by July 21st Germany had sent out the warning that precedes her actual mobilization; and by the next day the French Ambassador in Berlin (F.B., p. 25) noted "that the slump on the Berlin Bourse continues, and that pessimistic news is in circulation." Germany knew very well (F.B., p. 37) that her own military party would prevent any peace, and would proceed forthwith from mobilization into war. Sir Edward Grey, however, made one suggestion after another. German diplomacy in Berlin kept on delaying with sterile questions of form. As M. Jules Cambon exclaimed (F.B., p. 69), "the great object which Sir Edward Grey had in view was above a question of

form. . . . I asked the [German] Secretary of State if he had pledged himself to follow Austria everywhere blindfold. . . . As Herr von Jagow did not answer clearly, I asked him if Germany wanted war. . . . I beg you, in the name of humanity, do not personally assume a portion of the responsibility for the catastrophe whose preparation you are allowing." But Germany resolutely steered for the rock of that catastrophe throughout the whole course of the negotiations. Her efforts to keep England out of it were as clumsy as the rest. On July 30th Sir Edward Grey went so far as to say (P.B.B., p. 55): "If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement, to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately." Germany returned no answer. On the same day M. Jules Cambon reminded Herr von Jagow (F.B., p. 102) of his promise that Germany would not mobilize unless Russia mobilized on the German frontier. But Herr von Jagow replied that "the words I recalled did not constitute a firm engagement on his side." In fact they were not even a scrap of paper. On July 31st Sir Edward Grey told the German Ambassador in London (P.B.B., p. 61) "that if Germany could get *any reasonable proposal* put forward. . . . I would support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go the length of saying that *if Russia and France could not accept it His Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences.*" It would be impossible to offer more. It is also impossible to conceive a more resolute refusal of peace than Germany's.

Let us be clear, finally, as to her attitude about Belgium. It soon became evident that Belgium would be the most important question for England,

and in the course of the "infamous proposal" made by Bethmann-Hollweg, and described in Sir E. Goschen's dispatch of July 29th (P.B.B., pp. 45-6), the German Chancellor actually suggested that his troops should pass through Belgium, "but when the war was over Belgian integrity would be respected if she had not sided against Germany." Germany was no doubt sincerely afraid that if she did not occupy Belgium, France might do so. In face of that suspicion only one course was open to us. The neutrality of Belgium had been devised not as a pretext for war, but as a safeguard against war. Evidently the Powers must re-affirm that neutrality in face of the particular war now threatened. Both France and Belgium immediately re-affirmed it. Germany refused. There could no longer be any doubt as to her designs. She proposed to invade Belgium because it was the easiest way of invading France. On August 4th, a telegram (P.B.B., p. 77) was sent to Prince Lichnowsky by the German Foreign Secretary, and communicated to Sir Edward Grey by the German Embassy in London. It is dated from Berlin on August 4th, 1914. It runs as follows: "Please dispel any mistrust that may subsist on the part of the British Government with regard to our intentions by *repeating most positively formal assurance* that even in the case of armed conflict with Belgium, Germany will, under no pretence whatever, annex Belgian territory.. *Sincerity of this declaration is borne out* by the fact that we solemnly pledged our word to Holland strictly to respect her neutrality. It is obvious that we could not profitably annex Belgian territory without making at the same time territorial acquisitions at expense of Holland. Please impress upon Sir E. Grey that German army could not be exposed to French attack across Belgium, which was planned according to absolutely unimpeachable information. *Germany had consequently to disregard Belgian neu-*

trality, it being for her a question of life or death to prevent French advance." When we consider this in connection with what has happened since, and with Germany's obvious intentions to-day, it becomes only natural to read in the latest American protest against the German Professors' "Manifestoes" that almost the whole German case might be answered by the one word "Belgium"; and Belgium herself answered the same Manifestoes by the simple and convincing process of publishing the brutal proclamations of the German Generals in the devastated country they had promised to protect, and promised not merely by the treaty Germany, France, and England and other Powers had signed long ago, but by the pledge signed by the same Powers at the Hague Conference of 1907. Germany's surprise that we should be affected by her neglect of both these undertakings implies that she had also forgotten that in 1870 England had assumed the special duty of guarding Belgian neutrality when our Ministers were, perhaps, more averse to war than any Government before or since. There had been several occasions, since then, when the same principle had been re-affirmed; so though the "scrap of paper" doctrine may be mediæval culture, there was really no excuse for Bethmann-Hollweg's horror at finding that we still observed it.

On August 2nd German troops had invaded Luxemburg, another guaranteed neutral State. And on August 4th the German Government informed Belgium that it must "carry out, if necessary by force of arms, the measures considered indispensable in view of the French menaces." The pretence that Belgian neutrality had been already broken by French officers, acting with the connivance of the Belgian Government, is best answered by Bethmann-Hollweg's own statement in the Reichstag, on that same fatal 4th of August, 1914. He then said: "We are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. . . .

The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached." Not a word of protest was raised by his hearers, and in November the Kaiser telegraphed to him, on his birthday, "Among these men [the true patriots] your Excellency occupies the first place. The German nation knows it; I know it; God bless your labours." A little later his Imperial master conferred the Iron Cross on his compliant Minister. He could hardly assume full responsibility in more evident terms.

After this Bethmann-Hollweg's assertion on December 2nd, 1914, and the Kaiser's repetition of it in August, 1916, that Germany fought a defensive war because she was attacked may give the measure of the intellect or the sincerity of the Reichstag, or of Germany, but it will convince no one else save his own countrymen, who have never been allowed to know the truth. Who declared war against her? By whom was she attacked? By Belgium? By France? By Russia? By England? Let me take these hypotheses separately. (1) The German Minister in Brussels assured the Belgian Government that their territory would not be violated three hours before the Uhlans were over the frontier. Throughout 1913 the Germans had been ingeminating their alarm as to the violation of Belgian neutrality by England and France, to such an extent that Sir Edward Grey, in the Foreign Office, had to assure the Belgian Minister, in April, 1913, that the idea was utterly baseless. We know now that it is the course invariably pursued by the Germans to accuse others, beforehand, of a wrong they propose eventually to commit themselves. They did the same in this case. The Kaiser had pledged his word, both to the King of the Belgians and M. de Brocqueville, Prime Minister of Belgium, that their neutrality would never be violated. He broke his word with every circumstance of violence and dis-

honour. (2) Without a declaration of war, without any diplomatic rupture between France and Germany, and without any hostile action by France, who had even withdrawn her troops from the frontier, German troops invaded French territory at three points, and a German patrol killed a French soldier. (3) Obviously Austria did not at first believe that Russia would or could fight. On July 24th the German Ambassador at Vienna told our own Ambassador there that this was also Germany's opinion (P.B.B., p. 82). Though the documents show that Austria tried to keep everybody in the dark except Germany, it might be even more correct to say that Germany kept everyone in the dark including Austria. For at the very last moment of the negotiations, Austria, possibly realizing the abyss opening at her feet, had agreed to discuss matters with Russia. In that quarter, too, Germany stopped the last hope of peace and, fearing that Serbia might after all be rescued, deliberately took the offensive by flinging her declaration of war in Russia's face. It is as certain that Russia did not want war (and was not ready for war), as it is obvious that she was compelled to mobilize as soon as Austria's resolve to crush Serbia was evident. Germany, on the other hand, though not a principal in the immediate dispute, abruptly rushed in as soon as there seemed any prospect of a real settlement. That action involves the complete abandonment of her pretence of fighting in support of Austria. She did something entirely different; for she now dragged Austria into her own aggressive quarrel against France and Russia.

If it be thought that the verdict against Germany, hitherto, rests only on evidence given by her enemies, let us consider the attitude of two Powers on whom she once had some right to count as friends. (1) I will take Roumania first. The note of final explanation recently handed by the Roumanian Government

to the Austro-Hungarian Minister in Bucharest was published in all the English newspapers in October, 1916. It revealed that Roumania had originally joined the alliance concluded between Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, "to guarantee the Allied countries against any attack from outside and to consolidate the state of things created by previous treaties," a perfectly pacific object apparently. With that object Roumania had intervened in the last Balkan War, for she then not only "repaired the injustice committed to her detriment at the Congress of Berlin" by rectifying her frontier at the Dobrudja (which was certainly a somewhat perilous imitation of Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina), but she also imposed peace on the warring Balkan nationalities. She was not notified (any more than Italy was) of Austria's warlike intentions against Serbia in 1914, and she considered that Italy's action in 1915 had broken up the original "Triple Alliance." Moreover, she realized that the ambition of Germany and Austria was really "transforming, from top to bottom, the old arrangements which had served as a basis for their Treaty of Alliance," and actually threatened Roumania's essential interests. The promises given her on the outbreak of war in 1914 (that Austria had no "territorial acquisitions" in view) had been broken; and, as a consequence, "the work of Roumania was thus rendered barren by those very Powers who were called upon to support and defend it." For a long period before the war, too, the reforms promised for the benefit of Roumanians living within the borders of the Austro-Hungarian Empire had been entirely neglected, and these Roumanians had been even more unjustly treated than before. After two years of war that injustice had continued; and therefore Roumania, in August, 1916, saw herself "forced to enter into line by the side of those who are able to assure her the realization of her national unity." No clearer

proof of Germany's aggressive policy, at all costs, could be conceived.

(2) Then take the declarations of Italy, originally Germany's third partner in the famous Triple Alliance. By the middle of 1916 proofs began to come out that immediately after the assassination of Serajevo, Germany and Austria had decided on war, and that on three different occasions during the first week of July, 1914, Italy's ambassadors had called the serious attention of the Central Powers to the terrible dangers of a world-war which their mistaken policy was provoking. Italy warned them that Russia would not brook a repetition of her humiliations over Bosnia and Herzegovina, that Europe was in no mood to tolerate further arbitrary acts of absolutism, and that since Italy's alliance with Germany and Austria was " for the maintenance of peace," she could not countenance their deliberate aggression. No attention was paid to her remonstrance, and the progress of the plot was evidently concealed from her; for on July 25th, 1914, M. Cambon had already written (F. B., p. 43), " It would appear that Italy is much surprised, to say nothing stronger, at having been kept out of the whole affair by her two Allies." Obviously they dared not tell Italy the truth, and by July 26th M. Bienvenu-Martin (F.B., p. 54) pointed out that " Italy is only bound by the engagements of the Triple Alliance in matters in which she has been previously consulted." But Italy knew very well that her " Allies' " opinions of the attitude to be taken up by Russia and England were hopelessly mistaken. She soon made that clear. On August 1st the French Ambassador in Rome telegraphed (F.B., p. 111) to Paris that the German Ambassador there had asked the intentions of the Italian Government, and " the Marquis di San Giuliano replied that as the war undertaken by Austria, especially in view of the consequences which, according to the words of the German Ambassador, might result

from it, had *an aggressive character*, and was *not in accordance with the purely defensive* character of the Triple Alliance, Italy could not take part in the war." I will describe in a moment the attitude of Italy in 1913. On August 3rd, 1914, Italy declared her intention of remaining neutral. In 1915 she declared war upon Austria. In 1916 she was at war with Germany.

But the Kaiser's personal responsibility for the whole war is fixed for ever by yet another revelation, the moment of which was no doubt inspired by the tactless lies of Bethmann-Hollweg to the Reichstag on December 2nd, 1914; for not only were the Chancellor's statements open to immediate disproof by all who had seen the official correspondence; his insistence that Germany fought a war of self-defence was, in the ears of every German and Austrian, a direct accusation of bad faith on the part of Italy, who would have been bound to assist the Triple Alliance if it had been true. So it was practically essential that the crucial disclosure should be made by Signor Giolitti (the ex-Premier) to the Italian Chamber of Deputies on December 5th, 1914. He announced that on August 9th, 1913 (the day before the treaty of Bucharest was signed), Austria confided to Italy that, "in common accord with Germany," she was about to deliver an ultimatum to Serbia, and that this ultimatum was of substantially the same tenor as that sent in July, 1914. This gives a complete explanation of the Kaiser's change of attitude as observed by M. Cambon, and as shown to the King of the Belgians in November, 1913. But the most damning evidence of German duplicity during the close of July, 1914, is afforded by the fact disclosed in the dispatches exchanged between the Italian Premier and the Italian Foreign Secretary in August, 1913. Both agreed that the proposed ultimatum could not be considered as "defensive"; both urged Germany to dissuade Austria from "so perilous an adventure."

Their representations were recognized as just, for Germany and Austria continued to be quite friendly; they were also evidently so effective that not only was the plot postponed in 1913, but when it was forced on again by the Kaiser in 1914, he knew better than to consult Italy; and, as a matter of fact, Italy was never guilty of any breach of faith to the Triple Alliance.

Italiam læto Socii clamore salutant. Both England and our allies warmly welcomed this courageous testimony, which is worth all the inference and constructive arguments of third parties.

From the moment Germany authorized Austria's ultimatum, and refused discussion about it, war was inevitable, if only because Germany knew already that she might lose the support of Italy, and realized that she would forfeit the confidence of Austria as well if Russia were not once more faced (as she had so often been before) by German menaces. And the Kaiser considered the risk well worth while, not only because Germanic predominance in the Balkans was definitely at stake, but because he thought "The Day" had dawned at last for realizing his long-nursed projects of dominating the world from the Euphrates to the Eddystone. Instead of Italy, he has taken Turkey and Bulgaria to his heart, and the change is significant of the recklessness of his ambitions. After taunting Russia with her "semi-oriental barbarism," he has allied himself to the last remnant of decaying Orientalism in Europe. The flood of angry lies which has been poured out over the world by Germans for more than two years must now be intelligible. The man who is hopelessly in the wrong is always angry. It is invariably the liar who doth protest too much. Bethmann-Hollweg began upon that slippery course, and he has not yet ended his abasement. The Germans will lose this war not as combatants but as criminals.

It is scarcely necessary to analyse any further Bethmann-Hollweg's speech of December 2nd, 1914, in the Reichstag; for it is tarnished with so much deliberate falsehood. But it is worth while noticing not only the Imperial Chancellor's change from "the wrong that we are committing," on August 4th, but his reasons for that change, which (in December, 1914) were: "Now that the Belgian war plans are unveiled in their smallest details, the policy of British statesmen is branded before the tribunal of history for all time." And what are the plans which are to have this momentous result, as well as to justify all "the wrong we are committing" on August 4th? They are documents, as their German possessors say, which refer to such Belgian and British joint action as would be possible "*in case Germany should violate the neutrality of Belgium,*" to whom England had given, as recently as 1913, the firm assurance that by us at any rate her neutrality would always be respected. The guilt, then, both of Belgium and of "British statesmen" comes to this: that each foresaw the possibility of "the wrong we are committing" on August 4th; and Bethmann-Hollweg is very naturally furious with both, almost as furious as he was amazed to learn from our Ambassador in Berlin (P.B.B., p. 79) that "fear of consequences could hardly be regarded as an excuse for breaking solemn engagements." The Belgian Grey Book had already published official documents which alone give the lie to the German Chancellor's insinuations. They reveal that when the Dutch projects for fortifying Flushing came up in 1911, Bethmann-Hollweg refused to make in the Reichstag a declaration which both he and his hearers might have had in mind when he spoke on the 4th of August, 1914, on the same subject. The alternative he chose is very significant; for he assured the Belgian Foreign Office "that Germany had no intention of violating our neutrality, but he considered that by

making a public declaration on the subject Germany would weaken her military situation in regard to France, which, being reassured as regards the northern region, would concentrate all its forces on the East." It is true that at a sitting of the Budget Commission, Herr von Jagow did say that "the neutrality of Belgium has been determined upon by international conventions, and Germany is determined to respect those conventions." But we know (from M. Cambon's experience in Berlin) how much faith to put in Herr von Jagow's word. The Belgian Grey Book also shows that, within two days of the pacific assurances given by the German Minister at Brussels, the German Government had sent its famous ultimatum, announcing, *in German,* that it intended to violate Belgian soil, "if necessary by force." It is a curious example of the complete lack of humour in German diplomacy that the German Minister should have chosen the day after this ultimatum (or rather the middle of the night) to complain to the Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs (of all places in the world) of the alleged breaches of international law by France in Germany.

CHAPTER V

A SCRAP OF PAPER

Επίσκοπος. ἐπίσκοπος ἥκω δεῦρο τῷ κυάμῳ λαχὼν
ἐς τὰς Νεφελοκοκκυγίας.
Πεισθέταιρος. ἐπίσκοπος ;
ἔπεμψε δὲ τίς σε δεῦρο ;
Επ : φαῦλον βιβλίον
τελέου τι.

COM : I come appointed as Commissioner
To Nephelococcugia.
PEI : A Commissioner !
What brings you here ?
COM : A paltry scrap of paper,
A trifling silly decree.

[Hookham Frere's Translation (1840) of Aristophanes' *Birds*, v. 1022.]

A FORTITUDINE MANUS TUÆ EGO DEFECI IN INCREPATIONIBUS . . .

IN that delightful comedy by Aristophanes in which the Birds are instructed in the political and military ways of men, the pompous entry of the Commissioner from Athens will be remembered as one of the many good points in the play. "Nobody here?" he cries, "None of the Proxeni to receive and attend me, no brass bands, no cheering crowds?" And Peisthetairus replies, "What's all

this fuss? Sardanapalus in person?" The Commissioner then explains that he has brought a treaty —"*a scrap of paper*"—and after a few minutes is ignominiously kicked out. I do not accuse Bethmann-Hollweg of quoting from Aristophanes when he used his famous phrase, for he was far too agitated and angry in his conversation with Sir Edward Goschen in August, 1914, to be anything but his natural self. But I recognize the poetical justice that has kicked him out of court ever since, and he only makes a bad position very much worse by such extraordinarily foolish explanations as that which in 1915 he gave out for the consumption of the German portion of the unhappy American public—I say "unhappy" because the United States is the only country cursed with so many Germans just now who can neither get back to their old country nor behave decently in their new one.

Bethmann-Hollweg was excellently answered in the suave and polished language of the Foreign Office. I propose to say something further about him in language which suffers from no official restraints. He has told so many lies, and made so gorgeously complete a fool of himself, that apart from his admiring and sympathetic countrymen, no one will pay much more attention to his denials than to his statements. He naturally pointed out that the interpretation placed by Sir Edward Goschen (and every other man of sense and honour, we may add) on his furious phrase about "a scrap of paper" was incorrect. Bless your innocent heart! He did not mean that Article VII of the Treaty of 1839 was valueless. He was well aware of the definition of a neutral State given in *The Usages of War on Land*, issued by the Great Central Staff of the German Army, and published by Mr. John Murray as *The German War Book*, a definition which lays down that "the belligerent States have to respect the inviolability of the neutral and the undisturbed exercise of

its sovereignty in its home affairs; and to abstain from any attack upon the same, *even if the necessity of war should make such an attack desirable.*" When he talked about "the wrong we are committing," and the rights of Belgium and Luxemburg which he was infringing, in his speech *on the afternoon* of August 4th, 1914, he was obviously under the impression that Article VII of the Treaty of 1839 still held good and that the neutrality of these countries could be described as his own General Staff described it. "When I spoke," he told the Associated Press (in January, 1915), "I already had certain indications but no absolute proof on which to base a public accusation that Belgium had long before abandoned her neutrality in her relations with England." So he was quixotically generous, nobly self-sacrificing; he admitted that Germany was doing wrong in violating the neutrality.

Since August, 1914, Bethmann-Hollweg has understood (1) that France had made up her mind to attack Germany through Belgium; whereas we know that all the French forces were round the Alsace-Lorraine frontier; (2) that French airmen had flown across Belgium to drop bombs on Germany; which we know to be untrue; (3) that Belgium had violated her own neutrality; and finally and triumphantly (4) that incriminating documents had been discovered by the Germans in Brussels proving that England proposed to attack Germany through Belgium. We now await his further discoveries: (5) that Japan was about to attack Germany through Luxemburg; (6) that Montenegro was about to attack Germany through Holland; (7) that Serbia was about to attack Austria through Finland—and so forth. However, let us admit his state of mind *on the afternoon* of August 4th, 1914, which was the best we have yet seen of him—a frank and brutal admission of Germany's wrongdoing for her own purposes, which would never have been with-

drawn if von Kluck had got to Paris, or if the Germans (to their evident surprise) had not horrified public opinion by their cynical and open aggression. But what was his state of mind *on the evening* of August 4th, when he met Sir Edward Goschen "in that last interview when we sat down to talk the matter over privately man to man"? And observe the word "privately." He hates our Blue Books just as much as Bismarck did, and he tries, even now, to throw a slur both on the publication and on the accuracy of that historic conversation.

Let us recall Sir Edward Goschen's version of the meeting: "I found the Chancellor very agitated. His Excellency at once began a harangue which lasted for about twenty minutes. He said that the step taken by His Majesty's Government was terrible to a degree; just for a word—'neutrality,' a word which in war time had so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her. . . He held Great Britain responsible for all the terrible events that might happen. I protested strongly against that statement, and said that in the same way as he and Herr von Jagow *wished me to understand that for strategical reasons* it was a matter of life and death to Germany to advance through Belgium and violate the latter's neutrality, so I would wish him to understand that it was, so to speak, a matter of 'life and death' for the honour of Great Britain that she should keep her solemn engagement to do her utmost to defend Belgium's neutrality if attacked. That solemn compact simply had to be kept, or what confidence could anyone have in engagements given by Great Britain in the future? The Chancellor said, '*But at what price will that compact have been kept?* Has the British Government thought of that?' I hinted to His Excellency as plainly as I could that fear of consequences could hardly be

regarded as an excuse for breaking solemn engagements, but His Excellency was so excited, so evidently overcome by the news of our action, and so little disposed to hear reason that I refrained from adding fuel to the flame by further argument."

No further argument has ever been necessary; and when once Bethmann-Hollweg had stated the facts in his speech that afternoon, he would have done well to leave the matter. His disgraceful oration at the beginning of December, 1914, only deepened the black impression left by his conversation with our Ambassador in August, 1914, a conversation which debased the legal and moral currency of civilization. And his subsequent contributions to the controversy have confirmed the opinion that there is no dishonourable falsehood, no disgraceful trick, to which he and his master and his fellow-countrymen will not stoop. He now says that he meant Sir Edward Goschen to understand that the neutrality of Belgium was not the real reason for England's going to war, "that among the reasons which had impelled England into war, the Belgian neutrality treaty had for her only the value of a scrap of paper." This is a lie, and Bethmann-Hollweg knows it, and the Kaiser knows it, and the General Staff know it, and the world knows it. The Chancellor asks the American public to believe that he meant the exact opposite of what he said, that he meant it was Great Britain who really regarded the neutrality of Belgium as a trifle, while Germany "took her responsibility towards neutral states seriously." The arguments he uses to support this are in flat contradiction with the facts. We fought to protect the neutrality which he had violated, and nothing can alter that. And this rubbish about "responsibilities toward neutral States" comes with peculiarly bad grace from the man who, on July 29th, 1914, actually asked Great Britain to enter into a bargain with him to condone his violation of the neutrality

of Belgium! But Bethmann-Hollweg went on to tell the Americans more lies. He calmly announced that, "As you know, we found in the archives of the Belgian Foreign Office papers which showed that England, in 1911, *was determined to throw troops into Belgium without the assent of the Belgian Government* if war had then broken out." Now we cannot accept a German's word for anything; but the first version of these marvellous documents given to the world was the version given by Herr Dernburg to the United States newspapers. The interpretation placed on those papers by Bethmann-Hollweg was promptly denied—by England? No; by the Belgian Minister at Washington, M. E. Havenith. He, without pronouncing any opinion on their authenticity, declared that they provided the strongest proof of Belgian innocence. The first document recorded a conversation between Major-General Ducarme and Lieut.-Colonel Barnardiston, the British Military Attaché, who explained that if the Germans violated Belgian neutrality, about 100,000 British troops would be landed in France, who would only enter Belgium *after Germany had entered Belgian territory;* "and," added the Attaché, "*this is not binding on the Government.*" The two soldiers further discussed measures suitable to parry a German advance through Antwerp towards the French Ardennes. The second document only provided further proof that the Governments came to no agreement. The third document gave the personal views of the Belgian Minister in Berlin and showed yet again that no official agreement had been made.

This astonishing evidence of England's guilt, then, turns out to be a conversation between various soldiers as to the possibility of the very thing happening which Germany actually did; and what seems to enrage the liar who so appropriately fills the office of Imperial Chancellor is that so many people foresaw the crime of which Germany was in fact guilty. We now learn from

Sir Edward Grey as well that " no military agreement of any sort was at either time made between the two Governments " ; and the military conversations were only concerned with *the defence of Belgian neutrality.* In fact Sir Edward gave Belgium the assurance in 1913, that " so long as the neutrality of Belgium was not violated by any other Power, we should certainly not send troops ourselves into their territory." Sir Edward also pointed out that the Chancellor had again deliberately falsified the meaning of official documents. Who did, after all, violate the neutrality ? France ? England ? Russia ? Japan ? Serbia ? Not one. Germany did, and Herr von Jagow explained that it was " the quickest and easiest way so as to be able to get well ahead." What is the use of all these " afterthoughts," of all this mendacious buffoonery ? And how does it help the case of the man who (when he spoke to the Reichstag last August) *did not know the facts he now alleges ?* When the neutrality was violated by German troops, Bethmann-Hollweg called it " wrong." It was wrong ; it remains wrong ; and it always will be wrong. The only reason for the conversations between Belgian and English soldiers was that Germany had built railways which could only be used for the military purposes of an attack on France through Belgium, and they were so used. On August 4th, 1914, Germany deliberately broke her word, and the alleged discovery of a non-existent plot at a later date makes no difference whatever to a situation in which the honour of Belgium has never suffered the slightest stain of any kind. But Bethmann-Hollweg seems to think that a wrong becomes a right if the party which is to become the subject of the wrong foresees the possibility and makes preparations to resist it. The burglar, in fact, claims pardon (if not praise) for his crime, because the householder had got a pistol underneath his pillow.

By October, 1916, even members of the Reichstag

had begun violently to criticize Bethmann-Hollweg. In a "confidential" communication sent to a number of Conservatives and National Liberals in Germany, it was stated that

"Before and during the war he proved himself completely incapable of maintaining the political credit of the German Empire . . . he even declared to the British Ambassador on the day of the English declaration of war that his policy of an understanding with England had failed . . . he ought to have seen at that time what should be the consequences to himself of the failure of that policy. He ought to have resigned. . . . He spoke the immeasurably disastrous word, the '*wrong*' we had committed as regards the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, a word so untrue and so damaging to Germany that it only ought to have come from the mouth of a lying enemy . . . etc. . . ."

From all of which we may gather that neither the original confession nor his subsequent lie about it have commended themselves to the wretched Chancellor's countrymen; and that he has ruined himself with them as much as with the rest of the world. *Facilis descensus Averni!*

The question of Belgium (and therefore of her neutrality) has always been vital to this country. It was far more than an "excuse" at the end of July, 1914. It has been the pivot of European policy since the days of the Armada, and the keystone of the Balance of Power since Louis XIV. No one with a glimmering of English history can imagine we could allow Belgium to be in hostile hands; and the sole reason why its neutrality was guaranteed by Prussia as well as France, by France as well as England, was that while it was neutral an aggressive attack by any one of the three upon the other would be extremely difficult. But Bethmann-Hollweg objects to the whole doctrine of the Balance of Power, the doctrine which brought England into the field against Louis XIV and against Napoleon, as it has roused her to arms against the Kaiser. Every time she fought in the cause of freedom

as she is fighting now. Every time she fought for the only plan which has guaranteed our Empire the sovereignty of the seas, a sovereignty without which our Empire would never last a decade. A German attempt to conquer and annex Belgium meant a deliberate attempt to ruin the United Kingdom. We had to fight not merely to keep our word to Belgium, but for our own existence too.

The question of the "incriminating documents" found in Brussels must be considered in greater detail; and it will be well worth while.

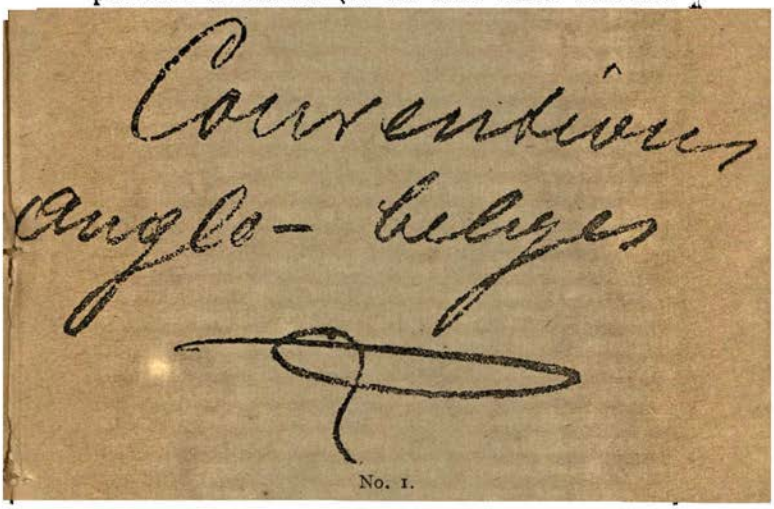
CHAPTER VI

SOME GERMAN FORGERIES

By the courtesy of M. Augustin Hamon, Professor of the New University at Brussels, and lately lecturing for the University of London at Birkbeck College, I am enabled to give my readers some idea of the original documents "discovered" in Brussels so opportunely by the German Army of Invasion, and denounced with such portentous malignity by the Imperial Chancellor, Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg, in his famous speech of December 2nd, 1914, before the Reichstag. The Chancellor, in the official version, said: "Now that every detail of the English-Belgian plan of war has been discovered, the policy followed by English statesmen in this affair has been noted for all time by the history of the world!" The telegraphic summary of December, 1914, translated the last words of the

IPSE CLAMABIT ET NON EXAUDIETUR . . .

German original better by the phrase " branded before the tribunal of history for all time," which is what the Chancellor meant. It is worth considering this terrific indictment a little more carefully than I had already done before the photographs of the originals had been reproduced. I may add that though the complete English translation of the Chancellor's speech was published in Bremen (in the same series with Mr.



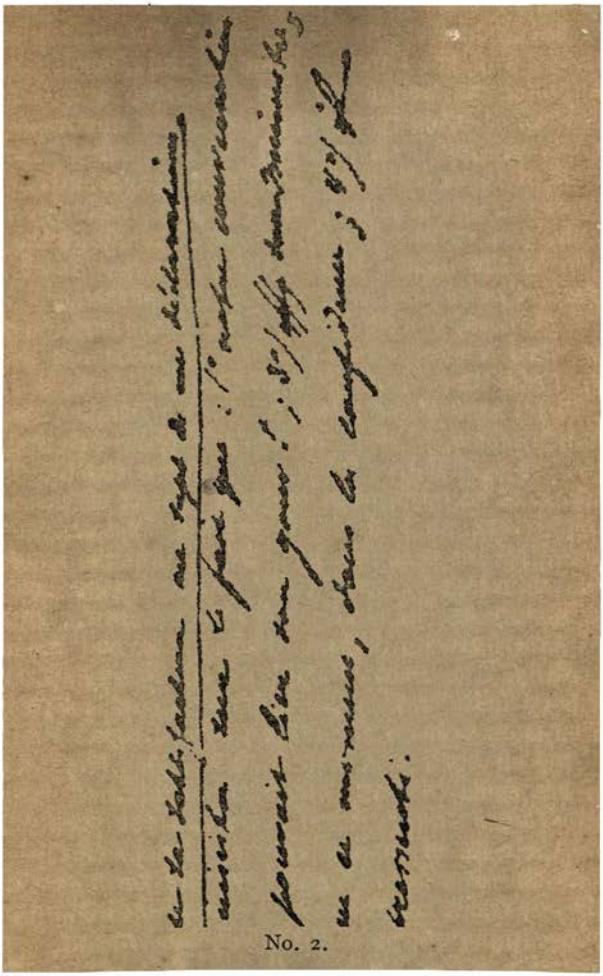
No. 1.

Ramsay MacDonald's pamphlet, which quite deserved that questionable honour), I have every confidence that the Bremen edition is correct. The case, however, is quite different with the official German version of the documents stolen from the Belgian archives. This version they have naturally spread as widely as possible in different countries. The Dutch edition happens to be the one before me; but all editions are vitiated by the same unfortunate disregard for textual accuracy,

which is even more marked on this occasion owing to the reputation for textual criticism hitherto enjoyed by German publicists. The German General Staff must have lost their pet Professor when this version was "edited" for the world. Even the yellow cover, with a scrawling "title" apparently reproduced in facsimile, is an obvious forgery. Here it is. (No. 1.) Apart from the first word, which we shall consider later, look at the second and third. The *a* in *anglo* is as German as sauerkraut. No French or Belgian or English hand would for a moment have penned it. The *g* in the same word is fairly right, though only with an effort. But the forger could not quite keep up his deception at the pace of his enthusiasm, for look at the *g* in *belges*. The curious German script stands openly confessed. Yet the real venom of this bland inscription lies in the word *convention*. I must recall a few of the pertinent details in order to explain it.

On August 4th, 1914 the Imperial German Chancellor, in a moment of rare candour, admitted the *wrong* committed by his country in violating the neutrality of Belgium. The uncompromising attitude of England, evidently a surprise to him, was followed, to his growing chagrin, by the universal reprobation of mankind at large outside the Germanic peoples. So the lie about French violations was invented, which was repeated by Hugo Münsterberg, Professor of Psychology but no master of his own soul, in his book *War and America*, published in Leipzig and openly derided elsewhere. Then the mystification of the Belgian documents was begun, concerning which I hold my own opinions, though until further light is thrown upon the whole affair it would be profitless to suggest more. In any case an official translation of the famous documents was triumphantly given out by the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* on October 13th, 1914, and all Germany dutifully rang with denunciations of perfidious Albion. The Belgian Government, however, noticing certain dis-

crepancies, called for a photographic reproduction of the originals, and the Germans, who had been knaves

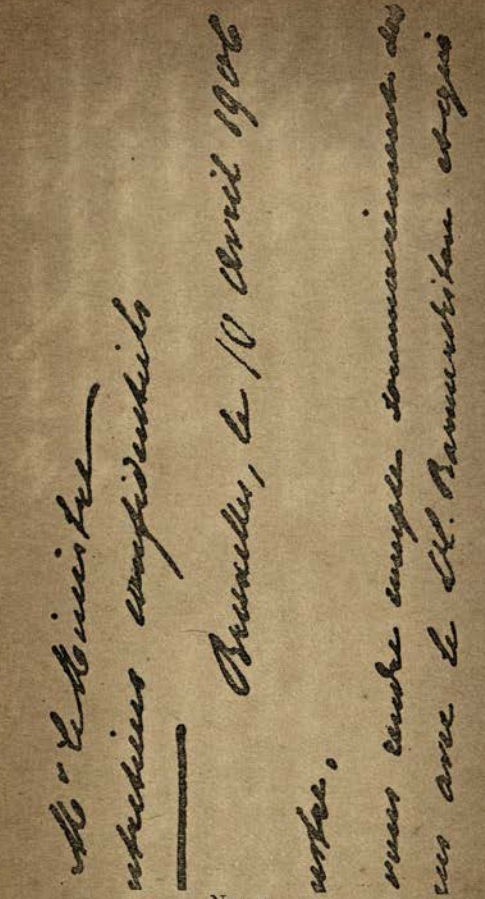


No. 2.

enough to falsify them, were actually fools enough to publish them; and I give a few extracts in facsimile,

having no space for the whole. I have selected more than enough from the photographs published by the guileless *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of November 24th and December 1st, 1914. The facsimile was reprinted in the Dutch edition of the official German pamphlet, as well as in the American and German editions. Curiously enough the same mistranslation of the original French word "conversation" occurs in all of these editions. I reproduce the lines at the top of the second page of the letter in which this word occurs (see extract No. 2). Look carefully at the last word in the second line of the facsimile. Is it *conversation* or *convention?* Obviously the former. And now, perhaps, you begin to see the subtle suggestion of the word *conventions* in my first reproduction of the forgery on the cover. A "conversation" of an entirely unofficial nature took place between a Belgian and an English officer. But as Bethmann-Hollweg desired to belabour perfidious Albion and inflame the insensate crusade of hatred against England among his deceived compatriots, he had the innocuous "conversation" altered by his nearest official forger into the startling and damnatory "convention." That alteration occurs not merely on the cover, but in the German, Dutch, and American translations of the phrase as "made in Germany." I need hardly recall to my readers' memory that the document photographed is a private letter from General Ducarme to the Belgian Minister of War on April 10th, 1906 (see No. 3). The General reports some private conversations between himself and Colonel Barnardiston regarding the possibilities and methods of English intervention in case of the violation of Belgian neutrality. Rather more than half-way down his first page the General carefully adds a most important note on the left-hand margin, which I reproduce (see extract No. 4). This note runs as follows in the original: "L'entrée des Anglais en Belgique ne se ferait qu'après la violation de neutralité

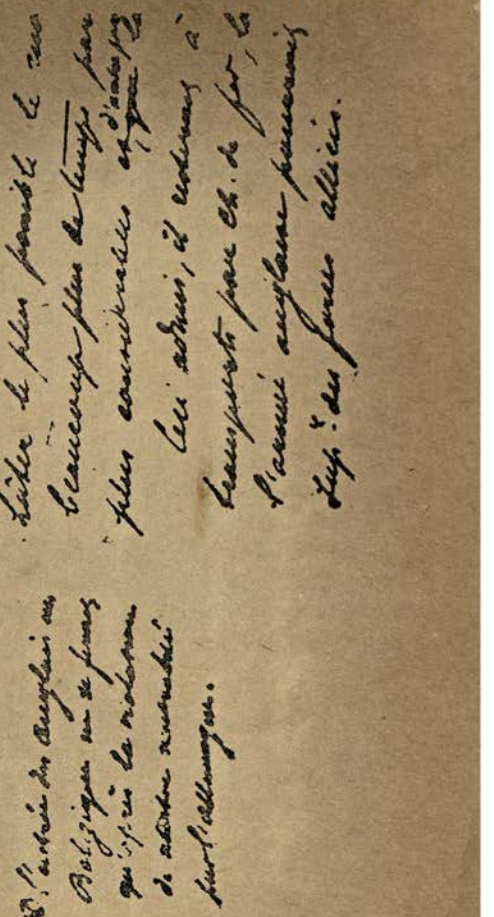
par l'Allemagne," which is, being translated: "*English troops would only enter Belgium after Germany had*



No. 3.

violated her neutrality." The gravity of this note will be at once recognized. It appears nowhere in the Dutch version now before me. And this is not the only error

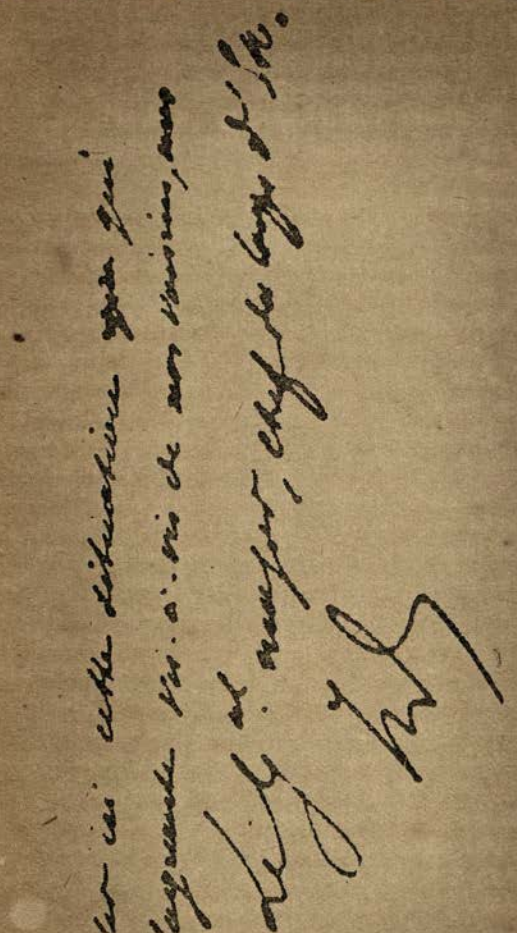
in General Ducarme's *textus* which has been "corrected" by the Higher Criticism of the Teuton editor.



No. 4.

In the passage to which I have already drawn attention at the top of the second page of the letter (No. 2), the

full phrase runs in the original, "notre conversation était absolument confidentielle" (lines 2 and 3), which



No. 5.

means: "Our conversation was entirely confidential," or private, or unofficial. Again we get the triumphant

emendation, "Our *convention* must be kept entirely secret." So I find it in the Dutch text before me: "Onze overeenkomst absoluut vertrouwelijk moest zijn." The simple interchange of views between a pair of officers discussing matters of interest to each of them becomes a "Convention Anglo-Belge," a "secret treaty between England and Belgium," a result of English treachery to be "branded before the tribunal of history for all time"!

Professor Bovet, a Swiss, examining the original conclusion of General Ducarme's report, found that, after his signature (see extract No. 5) there was a note terminating with the words "*Fin Septembre*, 1906." The German translator, mindful of his brilliant alteration of "private conversations" into "secret treaties," improves "*Fin Septembre*, 1906" into "*Concluded in September*, 1906," or "*abgeschlossen*" in the Teutonic tongue. Similarly in his Dutch edition, our German diplomatist is careful to give "*beeindigd*," which is the same as "abgeschlossen," and suggests that the *treaty* or "Convention" was concluded in September, 1906, instead of simply saying what General Ducarme said, which was that he had written his *report* at the end of September, 1906. The second edition of the German version is said to have omitted this unwarrantable and disgraceful perversion of the truth. But numberless copies exist of the translation in German just as it is given in the Dutch. A performance of this kind is well worthy of the nation which has not only used the diplomatic attachés to the German Embassy in the United States to forge scores of passports for bogus German citizens, but has actually forged the signature of Major Langhorne, the American military attaché at Berlin, at the end of one of its usual lies.

We have not forgotten that the United States asked for the recall of a British Ambassador because he was alleged to have made an indiscreet observation in a speech at dinner. It is true that this was during a

period when the "twisting of the lion's tail" was a popular American amusement, and when Olney's Message would have embroiled Cleveland's last administration with anyone except Lord Salisbury. But still, we begin to wonder why one Embassy had to be so punctilious about its words while another can apparently forge passports without any notice being taken. Were our friends across the Atlantic so hypnotized with the spectacle of Bernhardi swallowing swords "between the acts," that they can believe no evil of his compatriots? It was hardly necessary to proffer to the world any further assurance; but the Belgian Government has no doubt done well to give all the formality of its official denial to the clumsy German accusations based on the stolen "conversations." The German campaign "to distort historical truth before the eyes of the nations" has failed here as finally as it will fail on the other side of the water. But it is well to use every possible means to nail one lie after another to the counter. The Belgian official communication, describing the outbreak of war, points out that "at that moment things went so far that money was offered in compensation for lost honour to the nation that Germany was trying to fascinate! As if honour could be bought back by gold!" Germany, however, found that her brutal violation of neutrality was liked as little by the rest of the world as it was by her chief victim. So she started the hare of the Belgian "conventions." "In order to transform these reports into documents which would justify Germany's conduct it was necessary to garble them and to lie. . . . It was not enough that the Belgians were sacrificed—they were to be dishonoured also. . . . The Belgian Government gives to the allegations of the German Chancery the only answer that they deserve—they are a tissue of lies, all the more shameless because they are set forth by persons who claim to have studied the original documents."

Since this official Belgian *communiqué* was published, we have all read the first instalments of the very frank and able historical review, " emanating from the most competent French official sources," as to the progress of the fighting from the start. That narrative, which states the facts in the most uncompromising way, also entirely disposes of the German fiction that the French and British were conspiring together to invade Germany through Belgium; for it is clear that the French Higher Command considered an attack on them through Belgium to be highly improbable until it had actually taken place; and a little further consideration will show that any recognition of its certainty or probability would have necessarily been a combined recognition involving a joint and agreed policy on the part of Belgium, France, and England, and such a policy might have been extremely dangerous to European peace. Apart from all questions of its practicability, we know that no joint action was ever contemplated; and we know it not merely from this French review of events, not merely from the Belgian official denial, not merely from the latest French official contradiction (a lucid statement of facts infinitely stronger than any argument), but from the actual course of events in the campaign. Belgium remained uncommitted to the last moment; it was then too late either to defend herself or to avert a German invasion, through her territory, of France. To say that Germany did not foresee, and did not count upon this very difficulty, when she violated Belgian territory, is to be blind and deaf to all she has said or done since the end of July, 1914. Germany realized fully that the very correctness of the attitude of Belgium before the war, and the careful neutralify she observed to all her neighbours, would be the cause of her ruin when the war came, because Germany, being prepared beforehand, could mass her troops on unexpected routes in such overwhelming numbers that nothing France or England could do would deprive the

invaders of their dishonest advantage at the start. It is true that such dishonesty has turned out the worst policy in the end and made certain the crucial defeat of Germany at the Battle of the Marne; but it was preposterous, when we were still so near to the beginning, to continue the threadbare pretence of German innocence and of the guilt of the Allies which Bernhardi was "put up" to explain to the United States in direct contradiction of everything he had ever said before. He was unfortunate in finding his literary prophecies so falsified by the facts of 1914. But he merits merely scathing contempt for the betrayal of every principle of his faith which he exhibited in 1915; and he only got what he deserved when both the Belgian and the French Governments administered the Lie Direct to his assertions in a way which no author and no soldier has ever had to suffer in the whole history of war or letters.

Sir Edward Grey, on March 22nd, 1915, put the whole matter with his accustomed simplicity and directness. He urged us not to "lose sight even for a moment of the character and origin of this war and of the main principle for which we are fighting." I make no excuses, therefore, for returning to a question which has already been considered from many points of view in other pages; for we must never forget that the whole loss of blood and treasure in which Europe has been involved could have been avoided if Germany had accepted any of the numerous proposals for a conference which were offered her by ourselves and others. She deliberately refused them because she was deliberately determined upon war, and for no other reason. She knew (and her diplomatists had openly recognized) the unselfish and public-spirited efforts by which we had been guided in bringing the Balkan Conference to what seemed a successful termination. What we had achieved then we could have repeated in July 1914. "We had given Germany," says Sir Edward, "every assurance that no

aggression upon her would receive any support from us. We had withheld from her but one thing. We had withheld an unconditional promise to stand aside, however aggressive Germany herself might be to her neighbours." But Germany chose her own course; she made her preparations; and she must bear the full responsibility. As Prussia had made the Schleswig-Holstein war, the Austrian war, and the French war, so she planned and carried out, with all the unlimited resources of her evil genius, the mightiest war of all in August, 1914. "We are determined," said our Foreign Secretary, "it shall be the last time that war shall be made in this way." And he continued, with even graver emphasis: "Is there anyone who now believes that when Germany attacked the Belgians, when she shot down combatants and non-combatants, and ravaged the country in a way that violated all the rules of war of recent times, and all the rules of humanity of all times, is there anyone who thinks it possible now that we could have stood still and looked on without eternal disgrace?" Neither Bethmann-Hollweg, nor Bernhardi, neither the Kaiser nor the German nation, have ever taken this feeling into consideration. It would not have moved them from their course. They seem naïvely surprised to find it has moved any of their critics. It is too late now for Bernhardi, or any other German, to claim the least share in it.

I have often described the fate that would befall those whom Prussia conquered. The blood-stained ruins of Belgium are but a faint imagery of the savage despotism that would blot out our liberties, dry up our hopes, destroy our very souls within the cancerous blight of a subservience to Germany. "I would rather perish," said Sir Edward Grey, "or leave this Continent altogether than live in it under such conditions." And so say all of us. Our Foreign Secretary is, however, abused by ignorant mischief-makers for "making this war inevitable," by not announcing at an earlier

stage that we should have to fight on the side of France and Russia. But Sir Edward Grey always maintained that if we had too early committed ourselves definitely to that course (which was urged upon him by the French and Russian Ambassadors) we should only have hardened feeling in Germany; and the official German reply to the speech by Sir Edward I have just quoted is a very convincing proof of this. "Sir Edward Grey took," says the *North German Gazette*, "the fatal step of giving the French Ambassador to understand that in the event of a European war England would be on the side of the Entente Powers. In doing this *he added fuel to the fire.*" The fact that this step is just what he did not take (as may be seen from Dispatch No. 87 in the famous "correspondence") makes no difference to the argument; for the German Government uses its own lie to prove that the corollary of such action was *fatal* to peace. Sir Edward was, in fact, correct in the view he stated in Dispatch No. 110: "I believe it to be quite untrue that our attitude has been a decisive factor in the situation. *The German Government do not expect our neutrality.*" They "expected" nothing except the war on which they had determined at any cost. We were compelled, indeed, to fight, as they knew would be the case, though they hoped to make us fight alone when Belgium, France, and Russia had been crushed; but we chose our own moment and delayed the dread decision for so long that Bethmann-Hollweg evidently thought he had frightened us out of this war altogether, until Sir Edward Goschen dissipated his illusions as to the nature of a promise.

Bethmann-Hollweg will no doubt repeat, and not in vain, his appeals to "the tribunal of history." I feel that history will be quite ready for her task. But I will take his complaisant newspapers in the interval. The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* says that these facsimiles of Belgian documents have been (owing to

its own enterprise, apparently) "brought to general knowledge in a way excluding any doubt as to their authenticity." The points in their version now brought forward by the Belgian Government are airily dismissed as "pin-pricking the translators"; and then follows a most ingratiating explanation, which can only compare with the famous excuses made to the United States for Germany's deliberate attempt to torpedo the hospital ship *Asturias*: the tender-hearted Teuton submarine did not notice the distinguishing marks upon the vessel, and when it did realize what they meant, it was positively relieved to find its torpedo had not exploded. The Germans may tell that yarn to the Horse-Marines and see if they believe it. No one else will. Nor will their latest excuse for a completed forgery be any better received than their lame apology for attempted murder. This is what the editor says about the alteration of *conversation* into *convention*. "As is now established, the fact was that, owing to the very indistinct handwriting of the original text of General Ducarme's report, the word *conversation* was read as *convention*, and translated accordingly." It is, in fact, another case of the wish being father to the thought of crime. Our readers will be able to distinguish the word *conversation* as clearly as they could have distinguished the green band and huge red cross on the side of the *Asturias* at a quarter past five on a clear afternoon. The German editor goes on to gloat over the "crushing evidence" of Anglo-Belgian duplicity which his forgeries have elicited, and actually clinches his argument with the words: "The degree of legal significance to be attached to the documents from the Belgian standpoint is undoubtedly proved by the facsimile of the cover, bearing very clearly and distinctly the title *Conventions Anglo-Belges!*"

But we can hardly wonder at an unlucky editor doing his best, in these directions, when we read the

stuff provided by his General Staff not only for the consumption of their own compatriots, but for the edification of the world at large. I have never paid much attention to these "official reports" of continuous German victories ever since the war began. Even Turkey takes a bad second in the Ananias Stakes. Berlin picture-papers, I am reminded, have published harrowing presentments of Generals Joffre, Castelnau, and Pau in prison; of German troops upon the quay of captured Dunkirk; of kindly Prussians dandling happy Belgian babies on their knee while smiling Flemish mothers welcome their gentle conquerors; and in the amazing columns of their text these same papers have described how the gallant German Army, having captured Paris, was obliged to leave that infected capital to its moribund inhabitants owing to an outbreak of cholera.

As I have shown in previous pages, the taint of lying, like the stain of murder, has not been limited to the dregs of the unhappy German population. It has spread downwards from the highest levels. And so it is in this case. The forgery of the Belgian documents was useful to Bethmann-Hollweg and his master, and so it was done for them. As I had occasion to point out when commenting on Bethmann-Hollweg, the real guilt both of Belgian and of British comes to this: that each foresaw the possibility of what, on the fatal August 4th last, the Imperial Chancellor called "the wrong we are committing"; and therefore Bethmann-Hollweg is as dramatically furious with both before the sympathetic Reichstag of December 2nd as he was pathetically nonplussed four months previously when he learnt from our Ambassador in Berlin that "fear of consequences could hardly be regarded as an excuse for breaking solemn engagements." He quoted, in December, the German newspaper to which I have referred, and he added: "Although there were then (August 4th) many signs

of Belgium's guilt, written proofs were wanting. But the English statesmen well knew of those proofs. Documents which were found at Brussels, and which have already been published, have proved to all the world how and to what degree Belgium had given up her neutrality towards England." I quote the Bremen translation of his speech; but the meaning is clear; and I trust there will be no longer any doubt as to the value of the "proofs" on which the Imperial Chancellor so prided himself.

One other quotation from that same infamous oration of December, 1914, may be recalled. The speaker was once more suggesting the causes of the war: "The outward responsibility must be borne by those men in Russia who planned and carried through the general mobilization of the Russian army. The inward responsibility rests with the British Government. This war would have been impossible had the London Cabinet declared in an unmistakable way to St. Petersburg (*sic*) that England was not willing to let the Austro-Servian conflict develop into a continental war of the Great Powers." It is almost inconceivable that the representative of a great nation could permit himself such an expression in face of the documents reproduced in the *Correspondence respecting the European Crisis* which had for months been in his possession. In the first letter, dated July 20th, Sir Edward Grey writes to Sir E. Goschen: "I hated the idea of a war between any of the Great Powers, and that any of them should be dragged into a war by Serbia would be detestable." But a week later we have the fact, recorded by M. de Fleuriau of the French Embassy, and equally well known to Bethmann-Hollweg (*French Yellow Book*, No. 66), of Sir Edward Grey's observation to the German Ambassador in London on July 27th, that "if Austria invaded Serbia after the Serbian reply, she would prove that she wished to crush a small State. Then a European

question would be raised and a war would ensue *in which all the Powers would take part.*" Again, on July 29th, Sir Edward Grey wrote to Sir E. Goschen (*Correspondence,* No. 89) as follows: "After speaking to the German Ambassador this afternoon about the European situation, I said that I wished to say to him in a quite private and friendly way, something that was on my mind. The situation was very grave; while it was restricted to the issues actually involved we had no thought of interfering in it. *But if Germany became involved in it, and then France,* the issue might be so great that it would involve all European interests; and I did not wish him to be misled by the friendly tone of our conversation—which I hoped would continue—into thinking that we should stand aside. *He said that he quite understood this.* . . . I did not wish to be open to any reproach from him that the friendly tone of all our conversations had misled him."

As if this were not enough, Sir Edward Grey sent a message (which I have already quoted) direct to the Chancellor himself, saying, "If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, or ourselves, jointly or separately" (*Correspondence,* No. 101). And Sir Edward went further still upon the morrow (July 31st). He then told the German Ambassador (*Correspondence,* No. 111) that "if Germany could get *any reasonable proposal* put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I would support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go the length of saying that *if Russia and France would not accept it His Majesty's*

Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences." I repeat these messages from previous pages because they are vital to the whole case and because what Bethmann-Hollweg wants us to believe is that though Germany refused peace on terms of this kind, she would not have gone to war if we had plainly said that we should fight her. Once more he cannot "have it both ways." The Kaiser had paid no attention to the mobilization of our Fleet, except to consider it as an unwarrantable provocation. He would never have checked his calculated ultimatums if we had added the threat of our "contemptible little army."

CHAPTER VII

THE NIGHTMARE

FOR many months after the outbreak of war German apologists kept up the fiction of innocent unpreparedness with the most brazen effrontery, mingled only with their outburst of revealing hatred against England. But an appropriate commentary on Bethmann-Hollweg's speech of December, 1914, was made a few days afterwards by Herr Bassermann, leader of the National Liberal Party, to his fellow-members of the Reichstag. "We shall hold fast," he said, "for all time the countries which have been fertilized by German blood. . . . By bloody war to splendid victory." Maximilian Harden spoke out soon afterwards too, with equal clearness and brutality, both in his own *Zukunft* and in the New York *Times*. He was sick of the apologists,

ME ET TE SOLA MORS SEPARABIT . . .

and I do not wonder; but he certainly gives away the German case completely: "Not as weak-willed blunderers," he writes, "have we undertaken the fearful risk of this war. *We wanted it* because we had to wish it and did wish it. May the Teuton devil throttle those whiners whose excuses make us ludicrous in these hours of arduous daring. . . . Now we know what the war is for [no doubt this was written during the Ypres campaign]: it is to hoist the storm flag of the Empire on the narrow Channel that opens and locks the road into the Ocean. . . . Here, too, is that which every German heart yearns for, victory over England. . . . We shall remain in the Belgian Netherlands, to which we shall add the thin strip of coast up to the rear of Calais, and then we shall terminate, of our own accord, this war which, now that we have safeguarded our honour, can bring us no other gains. . . . Of a solemn peace-conference, with haggling over terms, parchments and seals, we have no need. . . . Never again a withered German Empire! From Calais to Antwerp, Flanders, Limburg, Brabant, to behind the line of the Meuse forts, *Prussian!* . . . the southern triangle with Alsace, Lorraine, and Luxemburg. We need land for our industries, a road into Ocean. . . . And never was there a war more just, never one the result of which could bring such happiness as must this, even for the conquered. . . . It shall, it must, it will conquer new provinces for the majesty of the noble German spirit."

To similar instances of what I may call the Minatory Future Tense we have been accustomed by other writers during this war. Nor shall I make the obvious answer of the plain and simple Present. What I would emphasize is that no writer but a German of 1914 could be guilty of just this kind of boastful folly about the "majesty of his noble spirit," just this complacent lack of every honourable scruple, just this amazing barrenness of humour. These are the very

qualities that have been displayed by German Professors, Theologians, and Diplomatists ever since the war began. Implicitly they all claim that the rest of the world has no rights and shall have no choice when Germany issues her decrees. Neither Maximilian Harden nor his compatriots seem to realize that when Germany stepped into Belgium she not only stepped out of all her colonies overseas, but out of every possibility of a claim to civilized or honourable citizenship; and she roused even more loathing for the system of murder and pillage she calls war than for the system of vulgar and methodical menace she called peace. The full extent of Germany's ruthless ambition and of her hysterical hatred against our Empire has become more and more evident since even the slight restraint which disavowed the hasty platitudes of a Bernhardi had fallen off at the foul touch of war. The hatred he suggested as political has now been proclaimed as instinctive, inevitable, and unalterable. The contempt he showed for "small nations" has developed into a conspiracy to blot Serbia and Belgium (and the rest) out of existence, without any realization of the strength these same small nations might develop in resistance. The gospel he preached of the super-excellence of German culture and the duty of spreading it abroad has become the greed of a nation, once widely honoured, wealthy, and secure, to dominate the world, to challenge fate, to affront a greater "necessity" than ever the puny Bethmann-Hollwegs have imagined—the *ἀνάγκη* of Greek Tragedy.

The cause for which we are fighting, with the material assistance of our Allies and the spiritual encouragement of nearly all the rest of the world, was tersely stated in our own Prime Minister's speeches during August and September, 1914. We are at war, said Mr. Asquith, "to vindicate the sanctity of treaty obligations and of what is properly

called the public law of Europe . . . to assert and enforce the independence of Free States, relatively small and weak, against the encroachments and violence of the strong . . . to withstand, as we believe in the best interests not only of our own Empire, but of civilization at large, the arrogant claim of a single Power to dominate the development of the destinies of Europe." And the same voice, speaking, this time, not for England only, not for the British Empire only, but for the civilized world, has given the sacred pledge that "we shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, *until the military domination of Prussia is fully and finally destroyed.*" This was confirmed by the striking utterance of the French Prime Minister in the Chamber of Deputies on December 23rd, 1914. M. Viviani spoke in the Paris which his Government had had to leave (for military reasons) four months before. "France," he said, "will not lay down her arms until she has avenged outraged right, regained for ever the provinces torn from her by force, restored to heroic Belgium the fullness of her material prosperity and her political independence, and *broken Prussian militarism* so that on the basis of justice we may rebuild a regenerated Europe." No one desires to ruin the German people. But it is they who will pay the reckoning in exact proportion as they make common cause with the arrogant militarists of Prussia who have savagely sacrificed them to an insensate lust for power.

The possibility of such acts as Prussia has committed, in Silesia in 1740 or in Belgium in 1914, must be for ever ended. Never again must such a peace be allowed as that of 1713 or of 1815, each a mere

truce to bankrupt diplomatists, a mere change of scene for wearied despots, a mere re-shuffling of territories, boundaries, dynasties, which retained in its unnatural chaos all the seeds of future strife. This time, at any rate, we can appreciate from bitter experience the errors both of the peace of Utrecht and of the Congress of Vienna. In this twentieth century we have to make a lasting settlement. It is the people's blood that has been shed, the people's treasure that has been spilt, the people's hopes that were arrested; and at last the people's rights must govern a new age of freedom, of responsibility, of honour. Let us banish for ever those shadows of dominion, splendour, and catastrophe that have been cast so long from out the dusty tombs of mediæval Emperors. The mediæval power of the Prussian military caste, which represents them, must be annihilated. Unless that is one result of their mad adventure of 1914 we shall not only ruin our own lives, we shall destroy the heritage of our children, we shall be false to all our fathers' trust, and a far worse fate than Belgium's will be ours. We must settle not with the Hohenzollerns but with the German people. Prussia must be cut down to what she was when Frederick the Great first ruled her. There is no other way. The German Confederation, if it still persists, must go on without her; for only when stripped of the resources of the rest of Germany will Prussia be powerless for evil.

CHAPTER VIII

MISUNDERSTOOD

"In Germany," wailed the Wireless from Berlin in December, 1915, nobody understands why our enemies, after their diplomatic defeats in the Balkans and their military failures, have not yet begun peace negotiations." I will give a few reasons. Nothing has occurred to modify the attitude taken up by ourselves and our Allies at the close of 1914. Until the pledge then mutually given is fulfilled, nothing will change the determination of us all. If the Berlin Wireless does not understand this, it is no great matter. What is of interest to me is that the German People themselves are beginning to ask questions about it. Let me be quite clear concerning the Peace Palaver in the Reichstag. The Prussians have allowed it because, if it were to succeed,

IPSE MORIETUR . . .

they would get peace on their own terms; while if it fails, they can throw the odium of continuing the war upon ungrateful foes who do not appreciate the blessings of Kultur. What chiefly damns any peace proposals allowed to-day by the Kaiser is that they would admirably suit his plan of getting the best he can out of the present situation, a situation which cannot improve and is certain to deteriorate, from his point of view. The proposals really mean as little as the older lie about starvation; and how black a lie that was may be seen at once from the same Wireless source, which laughs at the "blind rulers" "who believe in the starvation of Germany and her economic prostration."

Yet if I remember aright, one of the most loudly-asseverated excuses, issued by our logically-minded "Wireless," for the sinking of the *Lusitania's* women and children was that England was starving out the women and children of Germany with her blockade. It is true other excuses were offered, such as: (1) that the English captain sank the ship (which he had packed for the purpose with Americans) in order to cause friction between the Kaiser and President Wilson; (2) that the wicked English officers were just going to fire their guns when they were torpedoed by the justly indignant and inoffensive German submarine; (3) that the ship was carrying troops from Canada to make widows of innocent German wives; (4) that she was carrying shells to blow the noble troops of Germany to pieces; (5) that she was warned not to go by advertisements in the public press, and therefore Germany had every right to blow her sky-high if she started. Several considerations arise from these arguments, which have all been gravely urged by the German officials. The first is that they cannot all be right. The second is that it has now become impossible to believe a word a German says. The third is that Germans evidently consider they may

do what they like, and justify it by saying it was necessary. In exactly the same way they made war when they pleased, explained it with five equally self-contradictory reasons, and now demand to make peace when it suits them. It is precisely this arrogant and lying spirit which we are fighting to destroy. Their theatrical screams of Hate, we may neglect, for they have torn their passion into tatters that will barely hide their fear. But even if it suited us to settle terms, we should not accept either Prussia or the Kaiser among the guarantors. His word is worthless. His kingdom is disgraced. The Allies, at their own good time, will impose terms upon the German people with their duly-elected representatives as guarantors, and with every possibility of breaking those terms forcibly removed. It would save a great deal of useless verbiage if the Reichstag would understand, once and for all, that terms of peace, as they envisage them to-day, are not only as ridiculous as Mr. Ford and his shipload of Pro-German foolery, but are just as bad an advertisement both of their wares and their intelligence.

A ruler who has broken his pledged word, who has authorized and rewarded numberless atrocities; who has been as unmoved when his Ally massacred the Armenian population as when his Generals and Admirals murdered the women and children of Belgium, France, America, Serbia, and Poland; who has turned his peaceful people into cannon fodder and driven them to the shambles for his own ambition; who has debased the international currency of truth and honour and humanity; who is loathed by his enemies and detested by the rest of the world—the incarnation of ruthless Evil who has done all this may perhaps hold up for a time the glittering façade of Imperial militarism that hides the Hell beneath; but not for ever, not even for much longer. It is true that his preparation for this war has been as cold-blooded and savage

as his execution of it. It is true that by the dawn of 1914 it was not Germany which had an Army, but the Army which possessed Germany. It is true that by the worship of the Moloch-fetish he had changed his people from seventy million souls who formed a State into seventy million soulless serfs who worshipped Machinery at the State's bidding; who turned their backs, when the first cannon spoke, on every ideal which man's labour in the past had conquered for the future; who gave themselves up to a hate-inspired slavery that belongs to the twilit ignorance of the prehistoric savage. But in spite of all this there is a strength in truth and justice that will in the end prevail. Some glimmerings of the light have been vouchsafed already. Even Prussia had begun to recognize that Bismarck was right in thinking she could never colonize a scrap of land. In the end she will be forced to realize that she has not absorbed even those German States whom she has pitilessly ground down with the stolid squalor of her morose officialism. Time has not stood still, though the Prussians have stayed rooted in the bloodstained tents of Attila, among the morasses of their chosen prototypes, the Huns. And Time has roused here and there a spark of progress among the gloomy bogs they call "Kultur"; that spark has lit a tiny flame of protest too, a candle that shall not be put out. I have from time to time called attention to the danger of an internal friction that will one day burst into a conflagration. The smoke has already risen even to the portals of the Reichstag—that mockery of free institutions, that strangled ghost of constitutional government, which gibbers now and then at Bethmann-Hollweg's incantations above the witches' cauldron bubbling with the venomous scum of lies. Even the throttled Press has gasped out a few words now and then. Let me recall them.

"For twelve months," wrote the *Vorwärts* in 1915,

" we have been listening to what is not true. Surely we cannot be taken amiss if we express a desire to hear once what is true and what the German Government really considers as the object of this war!" The *Vorwärts* was very much "taken amiss" for such unpardonable curiosity; and it was forthwith suppressed for some time. Once more, however, it returned to the charge. "What is the use," it wrote, "of any interpellations if the Chancellor answers only with evasions or perhaps interprets 'defensive war' in a sense like that of Count Reventlow and his friends? That certainly would not bring us nearer to peace, but it would at any rate help to get us out of the fog in which we are at present groping, and would create the clearness which is doubly necessary at a moment when, in spite of the calculation issued in August, new milliards are being demanded for the continuation of the war." No wonder both the *Vorwärts* and its readers were beginning to resent a "fog" through which the mounting thousands of their casualties were well-nigh the only facts they knew.

More than the Socialists have realized that apparently the "shining armour" of their glorious world-conquering military machine has indeed for the moment wiped out little Belgium and the even weaker Serbia, off the map of Europe; but they have also seen that neither in Russia nor in France can the God-given troops of the Fatherland secure anything approaching a decision; and that, in evident despair of getting one either against these foes or against Italy, they plunged in yet a fourth direction towards Constantinople and the fatal mirages of the East. With all this, the Germans at home are beginning to understand what it means to have their commerce wholly stopped and the Seven Seas of the world held in the unchecked power of their adversaries. There may not be starvation in Germany. Let us take them at their word for once, and never believe

them again when they whine about scarcity of food. But there are very serious internal troubles. Of that we may at least be sure. And from the way the Germans treat their conquered enemies we have an excellent indication of the things they most dislike themselves. Many of those things they are beginning to suffer. Each of them alone may not be serious yet. But they are producing a cumulative effect. It is to change the opinions of the whole German people (outside Prussia) that we and our Allies are fighting. The mere fact that Germany's enemies have never yet changed their opinions, however much of their territory she has conquered, ought to show us that the reverse process was bound to be difficult and long. But there are discontented souls in the German camp who are working for the same end as the Allies, who have at last made their voices heard, who have begun to speak those truths to which their compatriots would never dream of listening from ourselves.

The voting at Merthyr Tydvil showed, on this side, that the mass of our working population will never stand for that inconclusive peace which is the last hope of the Prussian General Staff, and apparently the first recommendation of the discredited "Union of Democratic Control," which neither unites Democracy nor controls anything else. The French Loan was another symptom of equal significance; for it meant not only that the working population of France possess far more real wealth and "new money" than her best friends suspected, but that every Frenchman from the highest to the lowest is willing to bet his last farthing on the victory of France and of her friends. Russia has already begun that counter-offensive of which the inevitable end is the destruction of the Hohenzollerns with their Hindenburg tenpenny-nail idol. The Government of the United States, reluctant to take action upon the murder of its women and children, upon the flagrant contempt for all its

signed conventions, upon the wholesale massacres in Armenia, or upon the continuous destruction of shipping under its flag, was at last roused to drive out the diplomatists of Austria and Germany after they had cynically and deliberately abused the hospitality and conspired against the safety of the Sovereign State to which they were accredited. It was to face this situation that at the end of 1915, and again in the autumn of 1916, the Prussian General Staff tried to placate internal opposition by allowing a peace palaver which they can always use to throw responsibility on others' shoulders.

In the meantime we need not underrate the Prussian effort merely because we wholeheartedly abhor its aims and methods. "At this hour, when a hurricane is blowing on the world, we look to England as to a lighthouse built on a rock, which no tempest can overthrow. We look to England, the supreme guarantee of the world's liberty." So spoke, for many another neutral, Professor Paul Seippel, of Zurich. For every British citizen the issue is simple. Here stand we—in arms—because we can no other. Europe, it is becoming more and more manifest, will be almost entirely involved before the end is seen. But if the great task of peaceful reconstruction is to be successful, it will be impossible for other nations to consider the higher ethics from the merely geographical point of view of an American Presidential Message. "The Romans," wrote Machiavelli, "foreseeing their troubles afar off, opposed themselves in time, and never swallowed any injury to avoid a war." When Civilization is fighting Barbarism in one hemisphere, it seems impossible to "stand apart" in another, and still to claim the championship of all the virtues. Official American condemnation of Prussian methods will doubtless be more vigorously expressed by the Government of the United States before the issue of this war has been decided by others;

but where there was no intervention to save Belgium, there shall certainly be none to screen Germany.

"If the nations in the world after the war," said Viscount Grey in 1916, "are able to do something more effective than they have been able to do before, to bind themselves together for the common object of peace, they must be prepared not to undertake more than they are prepared to uphold by force, and to see when the time of crisis comes that it is upheld by force. . . . It is not merely a sign-manual of Sovereigns or Presidents that is required to make a thing like that worth while; it must also have behind it Parliaments and national sentiment."

There is a tremendous force in the concentrated opprobrium of universal abhorrence which Germany has yet to learn; for it constitutes an appeal to the considered judgment of civilized Mankind, to that verdict of History which Bethmann-Hollweg has so frequently and dishonestly invoked. And History, as Froude so finely said, "is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of Right and Wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall; but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity." It is the fundamental principle that will stand unshaken amid all the shifting currents of the good or adverse fortune of a war. It is not the special property of any single man or any single nation. It is enshrined in the traditions, the literature, and the religion of the race. Falsehood and injustice may flourish for a time; but their punishment is as inevitable as was the French Revolution. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price is paid at last. Their doom is as certain as the doom of Prussia, because all life, here and hereafter, is founded upon truth and justice.

PART III

GERMAN ATROCITIES

"Germany has let loose on the world a greater and more terrible anarchy than any individual anarchist ever dreamed of. In future, war, unless there is some means of restraining it, will, by the development of science, be made even more terrible and horrible than this war has been, because Germany has thrown down all the barriers which civilization previously built up so as to keep the horrors of war within bounds."

VISCOUNT GREY,
October 23rd, 1916.

CHAPTER I

THE OUTLAWS

NERISSA. How like you the young German . . . ?
PORTIA. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.—*Merchant of Venice*, I. ii.

So much has happened since August, 1914, that it is almost an effort to recall the thrill of horror with which we all read in the *Times* of September 12th, in that year, the terrible letter sent to the son of "a London Vicar" by an officer serving with our Expeditionary Force in France—one of those "Old Contemptibles" whose memory will never die while courage and first-rate military skill are cherished in the British Empire. "I never realized," he wrote, "what an awful thing war is. You cannot imagine at home the

QUIESCERE FACIAM SUPERBIAM POTENTIUM . . .

horror of it. I am in a small village on the extreme left, and can see the horrible cruelty of the Germans to the inhabitants. We have got three girls in the trenches with us, who came to us for protection. One had no clothes on, having been outraged by the Germans. I have given her my shirt and divided my rations among them. . . . Another poor girl has just come in, having had both her breasts cut off. Luckily I caught the Uhlan officer in the act, and with a rifle at 300 yards killed him. And now she is with us, but, poor girl, I am afraid she will die. She is very pretty, and only about nineteen, and only has her skirt on."

Lord Selborne and others wrote to the *Times* asking for convincing proof of an incident which then seemed unbelievable. In the *Field* I called on the Government to find out the truth concerning the horrible rumours that soon began to pour across the Channel, and to publish the facts in a form which would at once put an end to scepticism. A Committee of Investigation was appointed by the Prime Minister. Very shortly afterwards the Belgian and French Governments began to produce official statements of the most hideous crimes perpetrated upon their innocent and unarmed populations by the German soldiery. In the middle of February, 1915, the *Field* issued its first Special Supplement, with exclusive information from Belgium and a *résumé* of such facts as had been already authoritatively guaranteed. It created a widespread and most painful impression from one end of the world to the other, and was called for in thousands of reprints, until on January 29th, 1916, the *Field* published a second Supplement giving a more complete and comprehensive illustrated account of these crimes than had yet appeared anywhere, and including a large amount of that detailed evidence of eye-witnesses which the general public had largely overlooked in the appendix of that most valuable

judicial inquiry, the Blue Book, called the Bryce Report, printed in the early summer of 1915. Some of my earlier comments on these terrible facts, and more particularly some of the conclusions I drew from them (as to the nature of this war and of its results), had been very naturally considered to be somewhat exaggerated by chivalrous souls who refused to believe that those who wore our common humanity could be so blind to every instinct of honour, of mercy, of civilization. Other critics, pardonably slow to condemn their fellow-creatures, for long remained sceptical as to the proofs brought forward; or, when these latter became overwhelming (since the Belgian tragedies of 1914 were soon imitated by the same soldiers, even by German sailors, elsewhere), the more humane continued to urge that the atrocities may have been the result of sudden frenzy and of alcoholism, and that in any case it was unfair to lay the blame of such bestial ferocity upon the German High Command, still less upon the German nation as a whole. But overwhelming evidence has driven home the terrible truth that all these sceptics—however honourable their motive—have been wrong.

It is but a melancholy satisfaction to be able to point to the first war-numbers of the *Field* as having contained the earliest, and perhaps the fiercest, condemnation of the German nation on these counts. It was no special pleasure to have to confess that in well-nigh every estimate of that once splendid Empire we had been woefully mistaken; to recognize that the venomous creed of Prussia had indeed poisoned a great community of abounding wealth, of astonishing scientific progress, of apparently high civilization. We knew we had the strongest army in the world to face when war began. What we only began to realize some two months later was that our enemy was also the most dishonourable liar, the most brutal murderer, the most blasphemous scoundrel that his-

tory has ever seen. From the violation of the neutrality of Belgium to the rejection of every principle of international law and every convention of civilization was but a natural sequence in the path of treachery. From the lies of the Kaiser to President Wilson, or of Bethmann-Hollweg to the universe at large, to the bombastic untruths of the last "Berlin wireless" from France, the nauseous stream of mendacity grew more turbid with every passing week. And Mr. J. H. Morgan's book (*German Atrocities: An Official Investigation*), containing a large amount of unpublished documentary evidence, largely provided by German witnesses themselves, brought the final, blasting proof that the horrors committed in Belgium in August and September, 1914, incredible as they seemed, were but a foretaste of the future, were but a portion of the unspeakable crimes committed upon British soldiers as well as upon subjects of all the rest of the Allies. The time has come not merely to believe these things, not merely to burn with indignation that such things have been done against our own flesh and blood (and would be done on English soil if once the foe could land), but to translate our just resentment into such practical form as the conditions of the complicated problem may permit. The first preliminary is to clear our minds of cant and sternly consider the main issues before us.[1]

First, then, it is impossible any longer to acquit the German people as a whole of direct complicity in these matters. We know that they have been told the truth about these atrocities by their own fellow-countrymen at the front; that they have

[1] Those who desire to see the actual evidence should read *The Crimes of Germany*, a reprint from the *Field* Supplement for January 1916, brought up to date with added illustrations. It can be bought at any bookstall or bookseller's. On the cover is a red reproduction of "*Resistance*," by Itex from the Arc de Triomphe. On the back is the German medal of the March to Paris.

frequently been given the opportunity—in the case of prisoners and others—at least to remain passive, and they have deliberately chosen to be brutal; that the editors of the newspapers they buy, publishing what their experience tells them will be popular, have printed and circulated broadcast the most revolting stories of cruelty to the wounded, the most vulgarly sensational pictures of the terror created among English women and children by bombardment. And finally, whether there have been protests or not, the whole German nation, knowing at the very least the contents of letters from the front containing what the writers thought the recipients would like to hear, has been deliberately prepared to profit by such abominable practices.

I will take first a letter written on March 16th, 1915, by Johann Wenger, of the 1st Bavarian Army Corps. It was found on a prisoner of the 86th Regiment, and is headed with an iron cross, with ribbon and wreath, and a travesty of a famous hymn. It was meant to please a certain "Greti Mayer," who had sent the man a parcel of comforts from Hamburg. It has been reproduced in full elsewhere, so I need only quote a few of the sentences with which he desired to ingratiate himself, promising to send her a ring from a shell to wear on her arm—"then you have a nice souvenir from a German warrior who has been through everything from the start. . . . Dear Greti Mayer, I have bayoneted seven women and four girls in five minutes. . . . I bayoneted them and did not shoot them, this herd of sows; they are worse than the men."

It may be thought unfair to quote (in this connection) a letter which never reached the recipient it tries to please with stories of bayoneting women and girls. But thousands of such letters did reach their destination; and it is idle to say that the German people are unaware of what is happening, or are displeased by such records written for their satisfac-

tion. When the German people at home had a chance of imitating their heroes at the front, they took it. Read (Morgan, p. 108) the way they treated the Russian prisoners in 1914. Remember what our own returned prisoners (several of them officers) have told us. See the description (*ib.*, p. 26) of the way they set dogs on the starving Russian captives, or (on the same page) the brutality of their "Sisters of Mercy" to miserable men in cattle trucks. These facts, taken together with the abundant evidence in the abominable diaries of German soldiers, show that it is useless to attempt to discriminate between the people and their rulers as it is between the people and their soldiers. And if atrocities committed on French, Belgians, Russians, or Serbians still leave the humanitarian cold, let him read (Morgan, p. 12) how the helpless wounded of the 8th Battalion—Highlanders—were bombed to death in a traverse by German soldiers at Haisnes on September 25th, 1915.

These people, with this army, are the nation which claims the Hegemony of Europe, which asks to rule the lands they have not ruined. It is no longer possible to imagine either that their soldiers burst suddenly into paths of unknown crime, or that the most highly educated nation in Europe is at once the most ignorant and the most credulous. What is proved by the records is a general ingrained turpitude which it is the business not of the lawyer, still less of the diplomatist, but of the anthropologist, to explain. They are smitten with the infection of some hideous moral distemper forced on Germany by the sinister reversion of Prussia to the Tartar savage, by a Prussian "terrorism," derived from morbid insensibility to others' sufferings combined with extreme sensitiveness to his own—a temperament which impels the trooper to dip a baby's head in scalding water to make its mother get the coffee quickly, or induces the officer to drive old women and children at the bayonet's

point between him and his enemy in the field. The stain runs through from top to bottom; just as their official "War-Book" lays it down that on occasion it will be profitable to massacre prisoners, so their Navy shoots helpless sailors (its own as well as ours) when they are struggling in the sea. Every tender feeling which the foe possesses becomes a mere hostage for his tractability, because it can be violated if he proves contumacious. If his army beats you, torture his women. If his patriotism defies you, burn his churches and defile his home. If you cannot beat him in fair fight, crush him with sheer horror. If you cannot bring him to his knees by fear, stun him with anguish for his loved ones. When you take him prisoner, starve him slowly and leave him to die of typhus. This is the creed published to the world by the bestial and servile people who have become the enemy of the whole race; and this is why the destruction of Prussian power is one of the inevitable objects of the war.

Prussia is only European in name; she harbours ideals more alien to the rest of us than those of Afghans or Pathans; she is of that hybrid stock which can be intellectual yet not refined, which can discipline its mind (and even enslave its soul) yet not control its lusts and appetites, which can acquire the veneer of modern society yet retain the instincts of the prehistoric savage, which can employ the shibboleths of high diplomacy yet mean something very different —something far darker—all the time. Prussia has broken at least one famous treaty which she signed, and she is ready to sign as many more as may be necessary that she may break them at her own time and for her own ends. For to her the text of any treaty is but a mass of bloody sophistries, a specious plausibility for unimaginable barbarism; so that what to the rest of us might be a safeguard, with another signature, would, with the name of Prussia

at the bottom, prove only a new peril. Her numberless attempts to get our Allies to break their word, and to make a separate peace for their own advantage, are a deadly indication of her views as to the sanctity of promises and treaties. Over and over again has she invoked the "law of nations" to justify her wholesale massacres in Belgium and elsewhere; over and over again, when verbal argument seemed tedious, has she produced a false charge or a forged document to justify her breakage of that law. She first denied the existence of Stenger's infamous Order to kill the wounded; and then, when it was produced before the light of day, she justified it with the lie that others had killed her wounded first.

This reckless policy of lying whenever it appeared to give a momentary advantage has characterized Prussia from the middle of July 1914 to the present day, and so many instances have been nailed to the counter already that I need add no more to-day. The result, however, has been cumulative and indubitable. No sober and impartial critic can now believe a single word the German Government says. One of our own Ambassadors has described the official Press service of Berlin as "a vast system of international blackmail." And the people take the colour from their Government. Its merchants forge manifests and falsify bills of lading (Morgan, p. 23) in order to secure the immunity of their property from capture at sea during the war; and in all the years of peace beforehand they have striven to capture the markets of the world by every dishonourable artifice that their innate maliciousness and trickery could suggest. Their chief characteristic throughout this war, after their incorrigible falsehood and brutality, has been their outrageous claim to break any law or system that may be inconvenient, but to shout aloud that everybody else must follow the utmost rigour of the statute. They assume a monstrous prerogative of

virtue which allows them to violate the very rules they rigidly lay down for others. Having broken every law divine and human in her treatment of Belgium and the invaded provinces of France, Prussia proclaimed that, while the thousands of her own ravishers and spoilers might go free, she had invoked the whole solemn machinery of justice to condemn Edith Cavell, who spent her life (and gave it) in ministering to the sick and the afflicted.

With that bloodguiltiness the whole nation has been stained; and the rest of Europe finds itself face to face with a pathological condition which makes diplomacy impossible. You may extirpate a dogma; but it will be a very different task to root out the national temperament revealed in the hideous pages of these German diaries which Mr. Morgan quotes with so fatal an effect. And it is clear that their evidence applies to Germany alone, for if a single incriminating letter had been taken on the body of an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Russian, the heavens would have been filled with the insolently pietistic objurgations of the Wilhelmstrasse. What little evidence they have produced was forged. It serves their purpose, and it is a lesson to us all. Yet these are the men who demand belief for their own unsupported word in inquiries affecting the life and honour of men in other countries! Of all the "Blue Books" issued to record the negotiations of July, 1914, the blackest condemnation of Germany appears in her own disgraceful volume, which contains fewer documents and more "gloss" than any other, with almost as many lies as that infamous pamphlet *The Truth about Germany*, or the still more notorious manifesto of the Professors. No more convincing proof of Germany's atrocious actions in Belgium has been forthcoming than her own official report on the subject and its damning admissions of criminal intent.

In just the same way Germany refuses all considera-

tion by neutral courts of naval disputes, and asserts her own (palpably untrue) version to be the only one that can be accepted. In just the same way Germany refuses any joint arbitration of the accusations made in the most formal and serious manner by the Belgian ecclesiastics, and soon afterwards Baron von Bissing had the crowning insolence to complain that the subscribers to that indictment had "identified themselves with Cardinal Mercier," and to threaten that unless the Holy See took the side of Germany in this matter he would "take measures personally" against the Belgian clergymen. For sheer disgraceful injustice I think this unequalled even in the history of Prussia. It completes the evidence that Germany by her own words and actions has proved the necessity for her elimination from the councils of Europe. Her own and her Allies' ambassadors, taking advantage of their immunities and their sovereign character, have not scrupled to suborn seditious conspiracies in a State to which they were accredited. Their respective Governments have approved that course. How can it be possible again to enter into diplomatic relations with authorities or with representatives so indelibly soiled with the most dishonourable malpractices? A convention of any sort, signed by such men, would be the merest delusion of an agreement which had no actual existence, of a promise they would have no intention to keep. Just as their loathsome method of waging war is the direct outcome of their personal characters, so their despicable foreign policy is but the reflection of their inner life. The one is as sordid and disgusting as the other, but more dangerous.

We had better face the fact once and for all that, since Germany has proclaimed war to be her natural existence, International Law has ceased to operate. If it is ever brought into being again, Germany must be ruthlessly excluded from the nations whose agree-

ment—and whose united strength—must be its sanction; for such laws inevitably rest not merely upon the record and the promise, which she has for ever flung aside, but also upon the reciprocity of obligation she has so arrogantly denied. Treaties there may be in the future, for the civilized communities; but for Germany there can be only silence, outlawry, or the sword. Critics who consider this too drastic and sweeping a conclusion have evidently forgotten the French Revolution. Let them recall something of the occurrences of the last decade of the eighteenth century, or even of the first half of the nineteenth, which has been so complaisantly forgotten; and then let them consider the historic fact that to the world-wide cataclysm provoked by Germany the French Revolution is but a tempest in a teacup. The Prussian General Staff seem astonished that none of us want to make peace. They do not understand that they have broken those very rules of war which were framed to make peace possible between the combatants. Still less does the German nation understand the universal loathing which Prussia has aroused throughout the world for everything which bears the German name. Fortunately, alone among all the emergency legislation, the drastic Aliens Act now in force is not limited in its preamble, as are the other Acts, to the duration of the war. It must remain in force. For many years before the war the disabilities of the alien in England had practically vanished. British citizenship was to be picked up for the asking. We have now done with such easy-going habits. France, Russia, and Italy will bar their gates to Germans, and we must do the same. The commercial problems of the future (of which rather too much has been heard) will solve themselves when the "tradesman's entrance" is as firmly bolted as the front door. Are these lying, spying murderers from Prussia to be called Englishmen again? Shall they ever again be

admitted to the friendship and the intimacy of English men and women now living? To ask the question is to answer it. Let the outcasts stay in their own place. The real regeneration of Germany is not a task for other people, but for themselves. When they are cleansed and purified they can re-enter the civilized community, and that purification can only take place when they have realized the universal condemnation brought on them by Prussia, and when they have themselves destroyed the domination which this war must mortally and permanently weaken. There are signs already of this coming process. I have several times drawn attention in the *Field* to the few and bitterly repressed but most significant protests of such Socialists as the author of *J'Accuse*, or as Herr Liebknecht. The latter, in the Prussian Landtag, pointed to the horrible result of this war upon youthful morality in Germany and upon the fundamental machinery of liberty, and cried aloud that "militarism grins behind the bandage of justice," adding the very remarkable warning that "to-day there is a systematic school for breeding revolutionaries." He made an even more important remark upon the subject of Mr. Morgan's book: "I will not say that the majority of the excesses which have been committed against the unarmed civil population in the occupied territories, *the cruelties which bear a particularly individual stamp and go far beyond the horror that is peculiar to war*, have been indeed committed by released criminals, but this question deserves our special attention." It does indeed. But the arch-criminals who ordered and organized these atrocities are not likely to have made distinctions in the instruments they chose. They had an army ready to obey the foulest orders. They had a population ready to accept the most disgraceful methods. They had no need to call for specialists in crime when all were ready either to commit or to approve it.

O triumph for the fiends of lust and wrath,
Ne'er to be told yet ne'er to be forgot;
What wanton horrors marked their wreckful path,
The peasant butchered in his ruined cot,
The hoary priest even at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
Women to infamy—no crime forgot
By which inventive demons might proclaim
Immortal hate to man and scorn of God's High Name.

The history of the Germans' war has indeed given a new and vivid meaning to that Vision of Don Roderick which Sir Walter Scott imagined long ago. But it is no good being horrified to-day at such atrocities as the *Field* Supplements, the Bryce Report, or Mr. Morgan's book have put on record, and then doing nothing to prevent their repetition, for by such laxity we shall lay ourselves open to suffer these horrors in our very midst. For the present our soldiers and sailors alone can do justice in our name. But when the fighting is over, we have to remodel the existence which Germany has so brutally torn asunder for her own bestial purposes; we have to remember what it is from which our Navy has saved England, and from which our less fortunate Allies have suffered so bitterly on their own soil. For such infamy no human punishment is adequate, no honourable soldiers can soil their hands with meet reprisals. There is a Black List (kept in France) that is growing every week; and after the war no doubt a number of the more flagrant criminals will be executed. The punishment of a whole nation, however, is a different matter. But we can at least cut off the culprits from every form of intercourse. We can at least make Prussia, and the German dupes who still believe in her, the pariahs and outlaws of the world.

In this war we have not been pitting our military strength against fair fighting only; we have been opposed by men who disregard or misuse flags of truce and the Red Cross, who masquerade in bor-

rowed uniforms, and employ, in actual battle, every dishonourable stratagem derivable from an abuse of that confidence which every civilized nation has hitherto reposed in certain emblems and conventions of military conduct. The Prussian officer who skulks to his carnage behind the shield of helpless children, who outrages and mutilates the women, who burns defenceless hamlets as readily as he destroys the historic treasures of a university—the officer who does all this, and instigates his men to do the same in every pause between his battles, is not likely to be scrupulous in his methods when murder on a larger scale is in his reach. We know that some of our soldiers have been mutilated after they were wounded. How long will the neutral nations look idly on, unmoved, while torture such as this is being inflicted upon Britons, whose voluntary levies are fighting to free the world for ever from the slavery of the Potsdam slaughterhouse? The hideous facts have, of course, been denied in Germany, but Prussia's mere statements during the war have taken away any value from her denials, and it has been necessary to convict her before the World's Tribunal by irrefragable testimony of a barbarity to women and to the wounded which would disgrace either the modern Chinese pirate or the merciless Indian savage of a hundred years ago. By her official disregard of International law Prussia has forfeited all right to truce or treaty, and by her military violation of the civilized code she has cut off every avenue of pity or forbearance. The arm of the avenger has been trebly steeled against her by public and private atrocities of this appalling kind, and I can only imagine that they will react most terribly upon the spirit not only of her soldiers (whose servile discipline burst its bonds in these nameless excesses), but of her whole population. Britain expects all her foes to fight bravely and fight hard; she did not expect

them to outvie the barbarity of Attila upon the battlefields of modern Europe. For England to-day the moral is evident. We can accept no kindly offers of "intervention" from friendly nations who have not seen or suffered what our soldiers see and suffer every hour. Our relentless task is to press back the Prussian into his own country, to crush him slowly against the relentless pressure from the East, and never to leave him while the remotest possibility for future evil remains in the dishonoured and dismembered carcase of his Empire. And if it is ever possible to touch pitch without being defiled, we must do this with clean hands. No thought of reprisals in kind can sully the clear flame of our vengeance. But we shall demand justice, and exact it to the uttermost farthing and the last drop of blood.

If ever there was a case for that indictment of a nation which one of our greatest statesman-orators thought impossible, it would seem to have arisen now. Compare this conflict with almost any other of which history holds a record—with the Crimean War, with Marlborough's campaigns in Flanders, with the days of Agincourt or Cressy—to go no further. Not only do such gallant echoes as "Gentlemen of the Guard fire first," come down to us from frays fought out as sternly as any modern battlefield; but we find a general atmosphere of mind in both the conquered and the conquering nation which is as wide as the poles asunder from the bitter lies, the universally nauseating protestations, the cynically barbarous doctrines of the Prussia of to-day. It is, above all, the deliberate calculation of the weakening effects of pity and humanity upon their more generous foes which has disgusted the world with all that Prussia stands for. To most of us, it may be hoped, even the ills apparently most devastating can bring, in the long run, some consolatory thought of benefits redeemed out of the wrack, or perhaps some sudden

glimpse of virtue, molten and annealed in the purging fires of a disastrous cataclysm. Some such effects, without the least Puritanical religiosity or over-confidence, we can undoubtedly claim in this our country and in our Empire, as the consolation for the scourge of unexpected and unchallenged war. The White Papers presented to Parliament in 1914, concerning the naval and military assistance and the supplies afforded by the Overseas Dominions, are there to prove it. We owe this to the sportsmanlike instinct of fair play which has dominated all our dealings as a ruling nation. Out of the Franco-German War emerged the perfected organization of that Red Cross Society with which the name of the late Lord Wantage was so long and honourably connected. The only recognition Prussia's soldiers seem to give to that beneficent and merciful institution is to trade on their enemies' respect for it, to use ambulance waggons as ambuscades, and to shell hospitals full of the defenceless wounded. So embittered has Prussia become by the gall engendered in her career of spoliation that the poisonous filaments of her intrigue and slander are crawling through all the council chambers of the world. The very methods that were invented for the dissemination of fruitful knowledge and the distribution of good tidings to the weary and the distressed, have been tarnished at their source and fount by a shameless mendacity unparalleled in history, and certainly unprecedented in the annals of honourable warfare.

The wanton destruction of Rheims Cathedral will never be forgotten while Christendom endures, for it is the worst outrage ever inflicted either upon the fabric or the faith of Christianity. For years the blackened remnants of its splendid walls will stand as an indelible stain upon the ravaged soil of France, and nothing that either the Kaiser or his lying friends can urge will ever furnish an excuse for the barbarity

of his soldiers. This famous cathedral was rightly called the Parthenon of France. Not only did its memories extend to those days in the fifth century when the barbarian invader with his own hand slew one of his sacrilegious soldiers for injuring the sacred shrine, but it was the hallowed repository of one of the most cherished incidents in the whole history of France, when the Maid of Orleans led the French King Charles VII to its altar for his coronation. Apart from any such thoughts as these, apart from that sanctity of religious faith which the Kaiser has so shamelessly trampled underfoot, there was in the actual structure of Rheims Cathedral a store of unequalled treasure of thirteenth-century art which can never be replaced. It is still impossible to calculate how grievous has been the loss inflicted by this godless emperor not upon France alone, but on the whole civilized world outside his own barbarous and disgraced dominions.

If it had been possible to exasperate the feeling not of the combatant countries merely, but of all the neutral nations also, it would have been by some such unbelievable outrage as the Kaiser has now perpetrated. Mr. Asquith, in one of his speeches, said that upon the brow of German culture would in future be branded the name of Louvain. To it, in even deeper characters, must be added another and an even greater name. The evidence of the deliberate destructiveness which shelled Rheims Cathedral when it was full of their own wounded, even the most able and mendacious of the German apologists cannot destroy, but it is too sadly true that in many cases the living evidence of their other atrocities cannot always be produced. As has been finely said during these days in the Press of our own country, it has been bad enough to shatter the temple built by the pious hands of generations to the worship of God, but it has been even worse to see the temple of the human

body, builded not with hands, builded, as we are taught, in the similitude of God, defaced and mutilated by the ferocity of the Kaiser's blood-maddened legions. The cry of the women and children will mingle with the smoke of the desolated altar of Rheims and ascend before the throne of that just God who has said "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

It has become clear that we have to destroy the Kaiser, his dynasty, and his kingdom as if he were a mad dog. He has produced so vast and powerful a war-machine that the concentrated efforts of the Allies will evidently take some time in accomplishing their task. If the world asks to be rid of the curse of war, here is the one motive which should unite every neutral country under the banner of the Allies to join in stamping out a race which does not deserve to exist in any world we can call civilized.

Instead of altering their barbarous methods as time went on, the German soldiers seem to have actually increased the ferocity of their fighting in the field and of their general methods as the war continued. This does not merely produce the immediate effect upon the cooler critic's mind that they are driven to desperation, but it is also gradually hardening a feeling of resentment throughout the whole of the rest of the world which will, I fear, have far more permanent results, and results that will punish the innocent with the guilty, for innocent subjects of a guilty nation must inevitably be involved in the universal condemnation which that nation's methods have aroused. This is one of the most terrible penalties which the misguided rulers of any country have inflicted on those who trusted in them, and while the German Empire remains what it is to-day, the birthright of its citizens, once well-nigh as splendid as any in the world, is stained and shattered by a shame that cannot be escaped.

In its immediate effects upon the warfare now in

progress the barbarism of the German private soldier is even more to be deplored than the appalling slaughter which the tactics of their officers necessitate. What that slaughter is may be imagined from authentic letters from the front. Writing on November 5th, 1914, an Englishman says that "after one night attack two nights ago, that was repulsed, the French, when advancing over the ground, counted 3,500 dead in front of the trenches of the London Scottish and the Carabineers only." But when to the sheer strain of killing is added the unnecessary horrors of superfluous cruelty, then one can well understand the pressing need for fresh troops to give our regiments some rest from their work. The constant use of our uniforms, our bugle-calls, our battle-cries, is bad enough. But the hideous treatment of our wounded and our non-combatants is far worse. The enemy have now made a practice of shelling every Red Cross hospital they see. Their regard for churches may be surmised from the significant order that wounded are never to be left inside a church. The helpless on the battlefield have an even worse fate. "The behaviour of the Germans," says another letter-writer on November 3rd, "was awful . . . all our wounded at hand were bayoneted, and they actually bayoneted a medical officer (who was already wounded) while he was bandaging a wounded man. He was found afterwards quite dead." More details of this same atrocious crime are given in another letter describing the fighting of the London Scottish: "They were driven back," says the writer, "into the trenches by force of numbers, and a desperate fight took place. Their medical officer, a Harley Street specialist called MacNab, was actually bayoneted in front of their eyes whilst bending down attending to two wounded men. It was bright moonlight, and he had a white badge and a red cross on his arm, and even a blue tunic on so as to be absolutely unmistakable, and was of course without arms of any

sort. . . ." If recruiting had needed any stimulus I should think this would have provided it. But I believe that our people have begun to realize something of what our soldiers are bearing across the Channel. Those soldiers have individually got little public praise. They ask for none. They ask us to send more Englishmen to stand by their side in this fight against the Powers of Evil which is assuming more and more sinister proportions as the final climax of the desperate German effort is approaching. That call will not be made in vain. Bitterness is a bad bedfellow, and it has done Berlin very little good. We need not imitate that miserable capital. But if anything could steel our resolution it would be such dastardly occurrences as this; the Prime Minister may rest assured that, until those who perpetrate them are destroyed, our sword will never be laid down.

In Mr. Alexander Powell's vivid and impartial narrative called *Fighting in Flanders* (Heinemann), an episode that occurred on the road between Aerschot and Brussels is described, and it would be difficult to select a detail more significant of what the German occupation really meant in August and September, 1914. "We passed," says the author, "a little girl of nine or ten, and I stopped the car to ask the way. *Instantly she held both hands above her head and began to scream for mercy.*"

A little later on, General von Boehn was pointing out to Mr. Powell that the German treatment of Aerschot and Louvain was "unfortunate, but it is war," and said that women and children had not been killed. The American replied: "But how about a woman's body I saw with the hands and feet cut off? How about the white-haired man and his son whom I helped to bury outside of Sempst, who had been killed merely because a retreating Belgian soldier had shot a German soldier outside their house? There were twenty-two bayonet wounds in the old man's face. I counted them. How

about the little girl, two years old, who was shot while in her mother's arms by a Uhlan, and whose funeral I attended at Heyst-opden-Berg? How about the old man near Vilvorde who was hung by his hands from the rafters of his house, and roasted to death by a bonfire being built under him?" General von Boehn and the German nation will have to answer these ghastly questions before the war is over. Mr. Powell's writing first appeared in the New York *World*, and his statements are corroborated not only by Professor Sarolea of Liége, but by the recent official report of the French Government, by all the Belgian official reports, and by the Russian official documents. There is no room for further doubt. We may take the tragedy of Aerschot from the pages of the same unbiassed chronicler. "We know," writes Mr. Powell (p. 91), "that scores of the townspeople were shot down in cold blood, and that, when the firing squads could not do the work of slaughter fast enough, the victims were lined up, and a machine-gun was turned upon them. We know that young girls were dragged from their homes and stripped naked. . . . We know that both men and women were unspeakably mutilated, that children were bayoneted, that dwellings were ransacked and looted, and that finally, as though to destroy the evidences of their handiwork, soldiers went from house to house with torches, methodically setting fire to them." From Aerschot Mr. Powell passed on to Louvain, where "the splendid avenues and boulevards were lined on either side by the charred skeletons of what once had been handsome buildings. The fronts of many of the houses were smeared with crimson stains. . . . The looting had evidently been unrestrained. The roads for miles in either direction were littered with furniture and bedding and clothing. Such articles as the soldiers could not carry away they wantonly destroyed. . . . This is not from hearsay, remember—I saw it with my own eyes. And the amazing feature of it all was that

among the Germans there seemed to be no feeling of regret, no sense of shame. Officers in immaculate uniforms strolled about among the ruins, chatting, laughing, and smoking. . . . No Belgian will ever forget—or forgive—that lesson. The orgy of blood and lust and destruction lasted for two days."

Facts like these have swept aside all the academic arguments of the diplomatist or the historian as to the technical origin of the war. Everyone except those who are blinded by the prejudice of birth knows that Germany broke the peace. Every nation, except apparently the United States, not only knows but resents the brutality with which Germany has also broken every syllable of those Hague Conventions with which American foreign policy has chiefly identified itself for the last few decades.

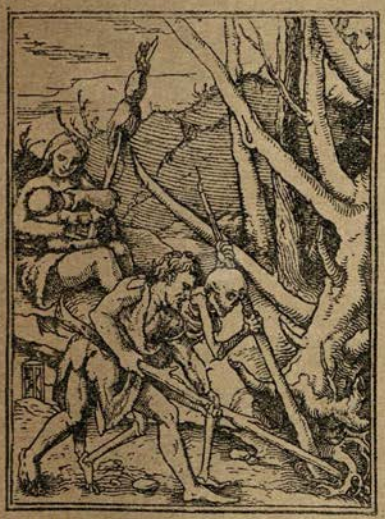
We are faced by a very definite and very terrible problem, which is recognized as a practical problem, with a practical solution by every neutral country except the United States; and we shall be very much surprised if the Allies now bearing the brunt of the fighting by themselves are not enabled to hasten that solution, in the course of time, by every country which has got an army or a conscience left. The honour and reputation of other nations may be involved in the catastrophe of Prussia. "Strict neutrality" was all very well at the beginning. It was intelligible for some time afterwards in the case of small nations whose proximity to the arena of conflict might suggest the fate deliberately inflicted upon Belgium. But it is certainly inexplicable in the case of that wealthy and powerful community on the other side of the Atlantic which has had less pecuniary losses in this war than any other country, and risks neither a drop of its citizens' blood nor an inch of its territory to protect the principles on which its constitution was founded, the principles for which England and our Allies are at death-grips with Germany.

CHAPTER II

THE GREAT CHANGE

οὐ γάρ ἐστιν ἔπαλξις
πλούτου πρὸς κόρον ἀνδρὶ
λακτίσαντι μέγαν δίκας
βωμόν, εἰς ἀφάνειαν.—*Agamemnon*, v. 381.

"GREATNESS," wrote Æschylus, "is no defence from utter destruction when a man insolently spurns the mighty altar of Justice." The solemn lesson that was enforced in the most majestic Tragedy of Ancient Hellas has still, it seems, to be learnt by the War Lord of the German Empire. There is no greatness and no power to-day within his hands which will protect him from the reckoning that is on its way. He has "spurned the mighty altar of Justice," and his doom is on his own head and on the nation he has led into disaster. The state of mind in which he so wrongfully invaded Belgium is



MALEDICTA TERRA IN OPERE TUO . . .

persisting throughout his mad adventure. It will persist until the dread catastrophe.

In Professor Morgan's brilliant edition of *The Usages of War on Land*, originally issued by the Great General Staff of the German Army, and lately published, in the English version, by Mr. John Murray, the definite policy actually inspiring the German atrocities in Belgium and France, which might otherwise have been considered to be the accidental results of momentary passion, is definitely laid down. "A war conducted with energy," says this gruesome volume, "cannot be directed merely against the combatants of the Enemy State and the positions they occupy, but it will and must in like manner seek to *destroy the total intellectual and material resources* of the latter. Humanitarian claims, such as the protection of men and their goods, can only be taken into consideration in so far as the nature and object of the war permit. Consequently, the 'argument of war' permits every belligerent State to have recourse to *all means which enable it to attain the object* of the war; still, practice has taught the advisability of allowing in one's own interest the introduction of a limitation in the use of certain methods of war and a total renunciation of others. Chivalrous feelings, Christian thought, higher civilization, and, *by no means least of all, the recognition of one's own advantage*, have led to a voluntary and self-imposed limitation." I have quoted the passage in full, only italicizing the salient thoughts in it; but I would direct especial attention to the phrase about "one's own advantage." It is explained by a perfectly frank sentence a little later on: "If, therefore, in the following work the expression 'the law of war' is used, it must be understood that by it is meant not a *lex scripta*" [or scrap of paper] "introduced by international agreements, but only a reciprocity of mutual agreement, a limitation of arbitrary behaviour which custom and conventionality, human friendliness and

a calculating egotism have erected, but for the observance of which *there exists no express sanction, but only the fear of reprisals decides.*" I might analyse the whole of this astounding book, and give many concrete instances of the working of this appalling doctrine, without in any way deepening the impression created by these few damning sentences. They sound the death knell of Prussian militarism and of the modern German Empire. For they are not only the instructions given, with the direct sanction of the Kaiser, by his General Staff; but they are the orders faithfully carried out by his soldiers in the field, and enthusiastically applauded by the German nation. It may be difficult to punish a whole nation. It may be difficult to bring home responsibility to its Kaiser as he deserves. But it should not be impossible (and it has not been impossible in other wars) openly and publicly to punish those officers who can be proved to have given orders which the public conscience of mankind abhors as it has always abhorred the assassin, whatever shape he wears. I can give a few names which should be held up to universal and everlasting execration. They are:

MANTEUFFEL, at Louvain.
BUELOW and SCHOENMANN, at Andenne.
BAYER, at Dinant.
BOEHN and SOMMERFELD, at Termonde.
STENGER, who signed the General Order to kill the wounded.

Other names may be added of lesser criminals, such as Nieher, at Wavre; Wittenstein, at Clermont-en-Argonne; Fosbender, at Lunéville; Tanner and Clauss, at Gerbéviller and Frambois; Schroeder, at Compiègne. All these authorized the most barbarous atrocities, though not all were able to work on the gorgeous scale of the first seven; and though all deserve to be shot, it is the first seven who should be hanged as high as Haman in Berlin before the assembled armies of the

Allies; for these ruffians have disgraced the civilization and humanity we profess, and no nation which pretends to those honourable ideals can suffer them to live. One punishment of all Germans will be that they have produced such men and have applauded them. The German army has shown that it contains soldiers who are among the bravest of the brave; no troops of any Western Power have ever advanced more gallantly and resolutely into the face of certain death. Whatever their ideals may have been they almost silence criticism by their readiness to die for them. I shall never believe that unless "the policy of frightfulness" had been instilled into them vigorously by all the superior command, from the Supreme War Lord downwards, they would have perpetrated the full horrors of Louvain, Andenne, Dinant, Termonde and the rest. I am no less ready to accord the fullest recognition to the various German Staffs for a legitimate science of perfected warfare which they have exhibited at its highest point of technical ability and skill. I have no slightest wish to "despise" our enemy. But I am firmly determined to make it clear to every Englishman and woman who reads these lines that this country is engaged in a war not merely against soldiers who have shown extraordinary courage in the field, not merely against officers and generals who have magnificently mastered the whole technical side of war, but against an Emperor and a nation of seventy million people who are animated with one hate-begotten aim—the destruction of England and the British Empire root and branch; and who are determined to use any and every means, from the blackest treachery to the foulest murder, to attain that object. It makes no difference, therefore, that they are prepared to die in the attempt. We must be misled by no such generosity as would be natural towards other foes. It is stark crime that we are fighting, and we must show no more mercy than is shown to criminals.

Their " methods of frightfulness " have failed of their confessed object. They have not " frightened " us or anybody else. They have but shown us that " The Great Change " has come upon the German nation in the night, and that we must meet it with relentless determination, with unswerving resolution.

To realize what " The Great Change " really is, we have but to recall the character of what was called Germany in 1850, for instance, and for a few decades afterwards. That was a Germany in which the memories of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine had not died; in which the kindly simplicity of a strong race continued and prospered; in which we experienced the vaguely pleasant appeal composed of music, sentimentalism, blonde hair and blue eyes, excellent beer, large quantities of wholesome food, simple and genuine hospitality. The test of sudden prosperity has changed all this, and given the nation all those unpleasant positive characteristics which are observable in the worst type of " self-made man," of *nouveau riche*, together with that fatal defect, for nations as for individuals—the utter loss of all philosophic humour and all power of self-criticism. As John Galsworthy wrote to André Chevrillon, " there is in the blood of the French and British a salt which inclines our peoples to individual liberty and to those democratic forms of government which alone permit of enough philosophic humour and self-criticism to keep patriotism sober." In modern Germany we see patriotism run mad; and the process by which the whole nation has been changed is only now observable. The psychological problem involved is of profound interest. It baffled some of our best men until the outburst of last August made it clear to all of us. No member of the Privy Council or the Cabinet, no responsible editor of a newspaper, no man who loves his own country without blinding himself to the truth about other countries, can now fail to recognize the position. We are united, without politics,

without personalities, without weakness, in a common task which is one of the noblest in which England and the British Empire have ever been engaged. But what of Germany herself? What of some of her most distinguished and intellectual citizens? They have not changed their minds at any rate, whatever may be the case on our own side of the North Sea. Let us consider some of the names involved.

Almost immediately after the war began a very curious pamphlet was prepared for the benefit of the United States, called *Truth about Germany*. I have mentioned it in earlier pages, and it contained what, in those early days, seemed to be an astonishing number of untrue statements. The cry about Hate Against England had not yet arisen. The cause of the war was found in Russia. It was definitely stated that Germany did not want war, that she had been wantonly attacked, and that none of the persons who signed the pamphlet had the slightest expectation of war. Among the signatures of those who thus issued a series of deliberate lies by which they hoped to profit were those of Albert Ballin, of the Hamburg-America Steamship Company; Prince von Bülow, Germany's special Envoy to Rome; Dr. Dryander, Chief Court Preacher; Field-Marshal von der Goltz, of Belgium and Turkey; von Gwinner, of the Deutsche Bank; Prince von Hatzfeldt; Dr. Heineken, of the North German Lloyd; Dr. Kaempf, President of the Reichstag; Professor Kühnemann, of Breslau, where they had just tortured a Russian lady to death; Franz von Mendelssohn, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Prince Münster-Derneburg; Professor von Schmoller, of Berlin; Count von Schwerin Löwitz, President of the House of Deputies; Max Warburg of Hamburg, no doubt a relation of Paul Warburg in the United States; Professor Francke, of Berlin; Count zu Reventlow, of Charlottenburg; and Dr. Schacht, Director of the Bank of Dresden in Berlin. A year

or two previously a statement signed by these names alone (and there were many more) would have secured credence and respect in every portion of the habitable globe. To-day we take a different view. If a similar number of equally respected and authoritative Englishmen had signed as many lies for the benefit of their business and their country, we should be in no doubt as to our opinion of them, and we should give that opinion a very practical form. It is regrettable but necessary that we should remember the Black List just recited, when the war is over. Men who will tell lies of this kind in August, 1914, are not to be trusted in 1915, 1916, or any subsequent period; they are unfit to do business with, or to be received in any decent society; as far as this country is concerned their careers are finished.

Germany's "diplomacy" (if her bullying threats deserve the word) came from three main sources: (*a*) the Kaiser, (*b*) the Imperial Chancellor and the Ambassadors in various countries, (*c*) the Great General Staff. If we had ever known which we were dealing with, we might perhaps have postponed what was inevitable, but no more. The Kaiser played the confidence-trick in high places with admirable skill; and whenever an Ambassador said anything disapproved of by the authorities temporarily in power at Potsdam he was ruthlessly disowned. Not the faintest consideration has ever been shown by Berlin to its representatives either in London or New York. Nothing a German Ambassador ever said anywhere in 1914 could be taken as binding his Government or even representing it. The General Staff fought both (*a*) and (*b*) whenever they showed signs of weakening, and repudiated all promises as gaily as Bismarck falsified the telegram at Ems.

And the result is much the same when we pass to another section of Germany's thought and action—her Professors. A number of these learned gentlemen

signed a Manifesto in which the following sentences occur: "It is not true that we are waging war contrary to the law of nations. Our soldiers are guilty neither of indiscipline nor of cruelty. . . . Believe us! Believe that in this struggle we will go to the end as a civilized people, as a people to whom the inheritance of a Goethe, a Beethoven, and a Kant is as sacred as its own land and its home. We answer for it on our names and our honour." Now the gentlemen who signed this and other statements have been accustomed all their lives to weigh their words, to consider the value of evidence, to keep in touch with all facts bearing on the conclusions which they publish. Two of them, Professor von Harnack, the Royal Librarian, and Professor Lamprecht, the historian, had already signed the extraordinary *Truth about Germany.* Among their colleagues in the equally misleading manifesto are Dr. von Bode, Professors Brentano (Political Economy), von Defregger, Eucken, and Wundt (Philosophy), Spahn (History), Haeckel (Zoology), Labau (Law), Nernst and Roentgen (Physics), von Weingartner and Ostwald (Chemistry). The answer to their protestations is not words but facts; it is to be found in the official documents of various Governments; in the letters of German soldiers; in the ruins of Belgian and French villages and towns. No appeals to honour, no flourish of great names, can alter these. It is not sufficient refutation to say that "since the world knows our system of Professorial education, the world must admit that our pupils could never commit such crimes." Unfortunately the world realized as little of what that instruction was producing as it did of the real aims and ambitions of the Kaiser.

We know now not only that German "kultur" has lost its unique claim to guide the whole world to higher things, but also that its effects upon the mass of the German people alone have been disastrous in the highest degree. We are beginning, too, to realize why,

The Professors have, in the last twenty years, been largely appointed by the direct influence of the Great General Staff; and, like the Diplomatic Corps and Secret Service, they have suffered accordingly. Just as German Diplomatists led their country into one of the worst muddles ever seen, and just as they continue to guide its destinies with persistent and malignant folly, so German Professors have educated the nation's youth to obey slavishly the dictates of the State, to carry out orders repugnant to every principle of honour and humanity, and either to sacrifice their lives on the battlefield for their mistaken tenets, or to condone, encourage, instigate at home the continuous perpetration of the atrocious policy of the dominant Militarism. It is these Professors who have attributed degrading motives to their enemy only in order to conceive yet more disgraceful plans themselves. They have revived the brutal cruelty of the Stone Age, and added to it the deadly precision of their modern science. Germany's whining protestations of innocence to-day are as futile as her pretence of "culture" in the past. She is ruined spiritually and materially.

> "Her star has foundered in eclipse,
> The shriek of madness on her lips,
> Shreds of her, and no more, we see."

It has been noted that the German Professors hotly deny both what is published in the War Book issued by their own General Staff and what is revealed in the evidence officially published by France and Belgium. We have seen, too, that the only restraint on "frightfulness" suggested by the War Book of the General Staff is the fear of reprisals. It is clear that this restraint was wholly absent at Louvain, Andenne, Dinant, Termonde, and the rest. It is equally clear that it has been present since. And we are frankly unable to surmise what may happen to Germany when she is invaded by those Belgians and Frenchmen

whose women and children have been treated with systematic and bestial ferocity. But with such questions the British Army can have no concern. Our task is to see that the war is fought out with all our might and that justice is done when it is over. When Admiral Lord Fisher of Kilverstone was asked to contribute a few lines to the magnificent volume called *King Albert's Book*, which the *Daily Telegraph* published as a record of Belgian heroism, he sent the following quotations :

" The Lord God of recompenses shall surely requite."
[Jeremiah li. 56.]
" One poor girl of nineteen was found stripped, outraged, and dead."
[*The Times*, October 25th, 1914.]

The reticence of this contribution to a book almost overflowing with verbiage is one of its most striking features. Only when we remember the strength behind the arm that held the pen do we begin to realize the nature of the vengeance that is implied. Germany has never realized it. The German people, drugged by their rulers' lies or blinded by their leaders' ruthless despotism, have quite possibly never wholly understood the nature of the terrible indictment rapidly accumulating against them. But it is unfortunately true that whenever anything in the nature of an " atrocity " has been permitted to appear in their newspapers, they have never expressed the slightest regret; and they are most certainly prepared to benefit in every sense, by every detail of " frightfulness " which the deliberate policy of their Higher Military Command implies. That policy, in a more enlightened country, would have been swept away by the sheer force of public opinion. Even in Germany it could be stopped to-morrow by the slightest expression of the Kaiser's disapproval. Though it is difficult, therefore, to frame an indictment against a whole nation, it is impossible to avoid concentrating the

responsibility for these horrors upon that nation's representative.

In just the same way I am naturally averse from accusing a whole army of the worst excesses; and I am even aware of instances in which isolated German officers have expressed, both directly and indirectly, disapproval of the barbarous actions they have seen; nor do I forget that the "discipline" which is unable to check excesses that are in accordance with high policy can easily blast the career of any misguided soldier who may venture to criticize what his superiors condone. But no army in the world can be compelled continuously to carry out orders which it abhors. I am ready, therefore, to make every allowance for those individual outbursts of ferocity which sporadically arise in all campaigns, but I can no longer shut my eyes to the terrible fact that the atrocities committed by German soldiers in Belgium and France have been systematic, have been officially condoned, nay, officially recommended, and must eventually be laid directly at the door of that supreme War Lord who could instantly stop them if he wished.

> "The sin that practice burns into the blood,
> And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
> Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be."

Germany's barbarous methods have already recoiled on her own head. In his reply to the American Note on Neutral Shipping, Sir Edward Grey very properly points out that the British Government cannot give an unconditional promise to adhere to certain understandings hitherto universally observed, in view of the departure by Germany from previously accepted rules of civilization and humanity, and in view of the whole world's uncertainty as to the extent to which she may violate such rules in the future. The deliberate attempts to torpedo one of our hospital ships gave a sinister confirmation to this mild expression

of "uncertainty." In the last paragraph of his reply to Bethmann-Hollweg's interview of January 25th, 1915, with an American correspondent, Sir Edward Grey further remarked: "The things which Germany has done in Belgium and France have been placed on record before the world by those who have suffered from them and who know them at first hand. After this it does not lie with the German Chancellor to read to other belligerents a lecture on the conduct of war." Germany, in fact, has by her own actions put herself outside the comity of nations. She cannot claim the benefit of those merciful generalizations which have so far guided even the bellicose conduct of the citizens of one country at war with the citizens of another. She has not only stirred up, among all the soldiers fighting against her, an unconquerable resolve to persist at any cost to their victorious end, but she has forfeited even that consideration which many a conquered nation may so nobly win, the kindly pity of the watching world of non-combatants. The bully will begin to whine as soon as he is beaten to his knees. We must be deaf to his excuses. He felt so sure of victory that he cared nothing for the methods by which he should attain it. We need not now consider that Germany would have become the Pariah of the World, even if she had won, after what she has done in Belgium. We need only remain inflexibly determined that, whatever maimed and chastened future may be hers, she shall never have the power to torture women and children, to starve a population she has robbed, to wade through blood and rapine to her evil ends. She must be caged as a man-eating tiger is imprisoned. She must be crushed like a venomous reptile with a broken spine.

Not only are reprisals in kind unnecessary. They are unthinkable to all of us. Such actions bring their own worst punishment: "The Lord God of recompenses shall surely requite." But one thing they do

involve: they steel our resolution to hold out against all difficulties, all dangers, all delays, for they reveal the fate of those who fall beneath that hideous dominion; and they make it utterly impossible that such terms can be granted to Germany, after the war is over, as would be granted to a great nation which had honourably struggled in a righteous cause.

There has been a very natural reluctance to believe the worst of the German Army; and I am glad to say that our own soldiers have been the last to believe it, for their business is to fight to a finish by fair means and leave the verbal arguments to those who cannot carry a rifle in the trenches. In a sense, the lot of the soldier in the Allied Armies, at the present time, is considerably easier than that of the man or woman who is physically unfit to be serving at the front. To be condemned to stay at home, to limit our activities to such writing, talking, or organizing as we can best perform—these things make a call upon patience and resolution which sometimes becomes well-nigh insupportable. The soldier (and I use the term in its widest significance) has a clear duty before him: to obey his leaders and to fight the foe with all his strength and skill; and it is one of the greatest assets of the Army and Navy of the British Empire that, in the doing of their simple duty, our soldiers and sailors have revealed to us how various and how unexpected may be the ways in which the highest courage and self-sacrifice can be manifested.

This is neither the time nor the place to speak their praise. Little have we heard of what their leaders think of them, but that little is enough to make us proud that we are of the same blood. "The men were so fine that it was difficult to lead them well enough," said one officer. It is a splendid testimony to both; and we may legitimately feel that it gives us all a firmer hope of victory than the terrible picture of German "cannon-fodder" driven to the slaughter

by officers who shoot them in the back. But the British soldier would be the last to despise his foe. He draws no fine Aristotelian distinction between "the brave man who faces danger for the sake of that which is noble" and "the senseless madman who affects a spurious courage." Both meet the same bullet; and all he knows is that both have advanced against a withering fire, and paid the penalty they dared. But there are very different sights upon the battlefield.

The British soldier has seen a trench taken by Germans who have bayoneted an English Red Cross surgeon at his task of mercy, and crashed the butt-end of their rifle into the faces of the wounded. He has been fired upon from German Red Cross ambulances while he was himself assisting in the burial of his dead. He has been tricked into his death by a well-known uniform and familiar passwords used by a lying foe, who screens his advance behind the helpless shield of women and children. He has been shot down by treacherous enemies who had disarmed him by showing the white flag. He has marched through burning villages where the women who were left were raving and the children had been slaughtered in the streets. He has seen whole townships laid in ashes for no military reason, and simply for the baser motive of revenge for a military reverse. He knows, too, that all this is nothing to what the same German soldiers will do if ever they get to England.

None of these things has he repaid in kind, nor will he ever do so. But he wonders sometimes whether those of us who stay at home, and hear so little even of the "ordinary fighting," have ever realized that among his experiences are sights of such brutality as no army has ever been called upon to face before; he must sometimes, too, be at a loss to understand the slowness with which things are moving toward their appointed end; but he is ready to bear all

things and endure all things for as long as may be necessary, provided always that in the end justice shall be done. This, at least, he asks of a public opinion at home from which he demands no open praise, no blatant flattery, only some measure of that stern appreciation of the facts which has been slowly burnt into his own soul by the events of this campaign.

It is to drive home this lesson to the hearts of all for whose safety and honour our soldiers are now fighting that the British Government has published a Blue Book which places on record for ever the atrocities proved against the Germans. The facts have been excitably denied in Germany by men who bear names that once were as respected as any in the world; and it is essential that such denials should be contradicted and given their true value. For this reason the *Field* in the middle of February, 1915, published an authentic account, with illustrations, of the savagery of the Germans in Belgium and France. Its readers spontaneously subscribed for its free circulation wherever it could do good all over the world, and every British Minister abroad received copies for distribution. The cumulative result is unspeakably distressing. The verdict on the nation and the ruler which has permitted its soldiers such behaviour is beyond all doubt.

Consider for a moment the state of mind which could either write such a book as that issued to German officers by their General Staff, or accept, as they have been accepted, the teachings of the vilest volume to which the Government of any nation has ever put its hand; it is a state of mind which we could only conceive, ten years or so ago, to exist among the Boxer rebels of China, or the Afghan Hill-tribes, or the ferocious followers of the Mahdi; it is a temperament from which Europe has imagined itself free for centuries; yet it is the deliberate attitude of a nation which prides itself so much on "culture" that it

considers no other European community to be its intellectual or moral equal, of a nation which has gone farther in the arts of material invention and national wealth than any other in the last thirty years, of a nation which has devoted nearly all this progress to the Satanic ends of terrorizing and brutalizing its neighbours by the most appalling forms of warfare ever known.

This is why we can show no mercy when the day of justice comes. Mercy may indeed be extended to that "one dark hour which brings remorse," to that wild, unpremeditated outburst of bloodguiltiness which is the sudden cataclysm of a nature that has better, higher moments. But the sin of Germany is "the sin that practice burns into the blood," the accepted horror of the darker shades, by which the great intelligence and patient industry of man are prostituted to the lowest instincts of the brute. It brands them of what fold they be. Every resource of science, every discovery of the metallurgist or the chemist, every research of the psychologist or the physician, every adaptation of the printing press or the electric spark, every detail of administrative or social organization—all, all is to be brutalized, soiled, desecrated by base motive, by dishonourable use, by fiendish inhumanity. Not a regenerating fragment has been left.

The work of the leaders of Germany has been complete indeed. They feared that even among their soldiers some heart might yet remain touched by the sympathy of mortal weaknesses; so they wrote their abominable book to make their orders and intentions clear. They feared still more that among a population once respected and honoured by its neighbours there might be some who would refrain from giving up their natural instincts at the bidding of the Moloch-State; so they have kept that population in complete ignorance of everything it might be dangerous for it to know; they have crushed one heel upon its neck while the other

ground down the enemy beyond the frontiers. All their basest actions have been preluded by loud accusations of the same villainy made against the enemy. Their motto has invariably been to impute the worst motive to an adversary and then to imagine something worse still for themselves. They have kept none of the conventions, none of the ordinary rules of humanity, none of the guiding principles of honourable warfare; yet no nation has ever suspected her neighbours of worse conduct than German diplomacy imputed to the rest of Europe; and no belligerent alleged to be civilized has ever screamed so loudly about the horrible actions of her enemies as Germany. She may herself break every law of God and man; but not the lying shadow of a non-existent infraction of the figment of her imagination is to be permitted to the miserable upstarts who oppose her path in arms. The natural operations of a hostile fleet which can command the sea are described as "the deliberate starvation of the women and children of Germany," and are held to justify the laying of mines in the path of peaceful commerce, the dropping of bombs on English cottages, and the bombardment of babies in our English bathing-places. The heroes who burn down a village when a Belgian farmer fires a shot at them in protection of his wife and children, consider it a noble action to massacre civilians from a Zeppelin or a warship at a safe distance. A fabricated lie about a dum-dum bullet is trumped up by the Kaiser to impress the President of the United States, and all the time he has been himself instructing his soldiers to "gain a reputation like the Huns under Attila," and his General Staff have been instructing their officers "to interfere with relentless severity and create examples which by their frightfulness would be a warning to the whole country."

But I fear that if the Prussian soldier did not need very much education in that "frightfulness" which he has so naturally assimilated, the German nation, on

those rare occasions when it has been permitted to express opinions on a fact and to let the rest of the world see that opinion, has shown an almost equal callousness of spirit, a ferocity of mind which has not even the excuse of the hot blood of combat to explain it. After the bombardment of Great Yarmouth and the district by Zeppelins, the German Press, thoroughly representing, this time, the German people, burst into exultation as follows: "In England sits our sliest enemy, the enemy which is responsible for all that inexpressible misery that has descended upon the world. . . . Only when taking this into consideration can one understand the wildly glorious joy and the restless satisfaction concerning the message of the deed of arms of our airships." The actions of the German people are as extraordinary as their thoughts. I can recall several instances. The most horrible is that fact, guaranteed by the Russian Government, about the treatment meted out at Breslau to a Russian lady who was on her painful journey home from Germany after an operation. This was in the very first days of the declaration of war, when the keynote of official German pronouncements threw all the blame for breaking the world's peace upon Russia; and for the consequent barbarity aroused in the civilian population the German Government cannot escape responsibility. This lady, after a journey in miserable conditions, was thrust out of the railway train at Breslau, and the bandages were stripped off her wound before she was thrust back again. She died of exhaustion soon after she had crossed the frontier.

After that one instance there is no need to emphasize the disgraceful treatment shown to the various Ambassadors at the same period. The German people had been deliberately worked up into a state of frenzy by newspapers directly inspired by their Government, and that Government did nothing to prevent the outrages which ensued. It has never at any subsequent period

expressed adequate regret for them. An incident in the Bismarck Archipelago (as it used to be called) will show that the German takes his attractive habits with him when he goes a-colonizing. A German doctor, a magistrate, and three others, suspecting (quite mistakenly) that a local English Wesleyan missionary had "given information to the enemy," brutally thrashed him in the presence of his wife. It is this last sentence to which we draw attention. The giving of pain to one victim is not enough for the German mind; he must hurt as many people as possible at once. This is why we have had evidence from France and Belgium not merely of revolting cruelty to women who had been outraged, but of parents being compelled to witness the final degradation of their daughters. And the excesses which took place among the civilian population before war had actually begun are a proof that the brutality exhibited by the soldiers so soon afterwards was due not merely to the excitement of war, but to ingrained racial turpitude.

How are we to explain otherwise the foaming of those elderly pantaloons who, since October 1914, have continuously assured us "on their word of honour" that the German Army has invariably behaved with absolute correctitude? Are we to believe that all these individual Germans, however humane and upright they used to be, have with tragical unconsciousness surrendered their own consciences, bag and baggage, to a State which has no morals? Are we to realize that the Iron System of a centralized Government has hypnotized its subjects by a sort of organized exploitation into general acquiescence in these horrors? I can scarcely believe it. There must be some deep-seated folly, some dullness of spirit burnt into the German soul which can accept these things without revolt. The loyalty they show to evil things must be the revelation of a kindred evil in themselves. Had they a spark of honour in them, their first business had been

reprobation of so vile a soldiery or revolution against the even guiltier leaders who inspired them.

We are an indulgent people, slow to proclaim good in ourselves and very slow to believe evil in any one; and in 1914 we were fairly fully occupied with our own affairs. So we did not realize that the Great Change had already begun; that the attack on civilization had moved forward. Even the first weeks of the war itself did not impress themselves at once upon us as peculiarly different from any other form of warfare known to living men. By degrees some tidings of the unimaginable horrors wrought in Belgium did reach us. For weeks the majority of our populations refused to credit what they heard.

At length the slow, sad stream of exiles began to cross the Channel towards these shores, stupefied with misery, deprived not of their dear ones only, but of their homes, their villages, their country; mutilated, wounded not in their bodies only but in the deepest, tenderest feelings they possessed; robbed of every shred of their possessions; stripped of all save the honour which Germany could neither appreciate nor take away from those she tortured. At last some understanding came to us. The Germany we knew, the kindly home of a music, of a literature we loved, had vanished, had gone up in flame and blood; and some new monster had arisen in her place. For the last twenty years, scarce longer, the Great Change had been coming over her, while yet we suspected nothing, while we revered her laborious men of science, admired her philosophers and historians, respected her gigantic industry. During all that time we had been befooled. Her season of growth and of expansion had not been the blossoming and burgeoning of some new, fair flower of life and beauty in the garden of the world; it had been the gradual increase of a poisonous upas-tree that was to overshadow Europe with its pestilential blight. Under the guise of friendship Ger-

mans had penetrated this country, every other country, and had laid their plans for murder. Trusted, respected, honoured, they had repaid our hospitality with spying, laughed at our easy confidence, wormed out our facile secrets, put traitorous fingers on our weaker spots, made ready the assassin's dagger that should (at their own time) be laid at our unsuspecting throat, encouraged (not by argument only but by money too) the fatal free-trade fetish that played into their hands and gave them all the money for the fleet that was to smash us. And all over that Empire of ours they coveted so bitterly and misunderstood so blackly, they tried the same miserable game of malice, thievery, and plotting; in Egypt, in South Africa, in India, wherever German agents could ingratiate themselves, either by the front staircase or the back, without shame, without ceasing, without scruple.

And suddenly, out of a clear sky, broke "The Day," heralded so appropriately by the murder of the Archduke. By one of those strange strokes of Providence that has, not once nor twice, protected the life and fortunes of England, we were ourselves miraculously saved from what our foe intended. But Germany was ready to crush France, to hold back Russia, and then spring at us when she had taken Calais and Dunkirk; and with the preposterous ignorance of the true criminal she imagined we should fold our hands, watch her cut our friends' throats, and let her come over to butcher us at her leisure later on. So the cry that had at first been all against Russia changed bitterly and loudly to a maddened yell of exasperation against England when we had made it clear that, whatever were the consequences, we should abide by our promises.

The invasion of Belgium, the destruction of that unhappy country, and the mad rush on Paris, were carried out with the deliberate whirlwind of a calculated ferocity in order to terrify us all into submission after our "contemptible little army" had itself been swept

into the sea. The checks that came, at Liége, at Mons, upon the Marne, roused madness into frenzy. The brutal instincts of her soldiers were flogged into an outburst of atrocity that was meant to "destroy the total intellectual and material resources" of the Allies. And the Allies still stand firm, still hold the monster back. But behind that inexorable line of steel the wild beast still slinks to and fro, still seeks whom he may devour. The actual atrocities he has committed have grown gradually less in number, partly because there are fewer women and children left to torture, partly because the German regiments with the blackest records have gradually been annihilated and replaced by youths or old men less fitted to carry out the cultured mission of the Fatherland. But the crimes of the German Army still continue, and the nation as a whole has lost nothing of the ferocious brutality which animated its worst troops.

Germany welcomed, from one end to the other, the glorious news that women and children had been killed, or wounded by the Zeppelin raids on the East Coast and its neighbourhood. Berlin was festooned with flags to celebrate the bombardment of Scarborough and Whitby and the murder of more women and children than the most sanguine General Staff had ever hoped for. Cheers go up in every German township when a steamer filled with refugees is torpedoed in mid-Channel. Threats of the most abominable description against English and neutral ships, against unprotected English towns, against the weakest of our population, are applauded in every beerhouse from the Rhine to Dantzic. Poems are composed to keep alive the fires of hate if ever they seem slackening. And all the time, all day and every night, the stream of constant lying pours out of Berlin and Potsdam to the four corners of the earth. It is a revolting spectacle. Our consolation is that, if this means success, then all the faith that ever lifted man out of the clay is vain. No nation that has

so wholly given itself to evil can ever triumph. The shrill, high scream of madness is not the presage of success; it is the last despairing note that ushers in the silence of irrevocable doom.

Wholesale assassination is not a sound foundation for a great empire. The sole and deplorable results of such action have been to steel the resolution of every one of Germany's enemies now to fight her to a finish, and to make her position, when we do come to impose our terms, far more difficult than it might otherwise have been. For we are not dealing with a people who "make mistakes" honestly, nor with a people who from excellent motives are fighting for a foredoomed cause; we have to crush a nation which is determined to overthrow the bases on which our civilization has grown up, and which is ready to use the vilest means to attain its despicable end. For Germany is not "Barbarian" in the sense we should use it of the Chinese Boxers, of the Huns of Attila, or of the cannibals in Central Africa; these men know no better; they live in darkness, they have never known the light; sometimes they can even be trained to realize the difference between right and wrong and deliberately to choose the higher motive; even the worst of them have a habit of keeping their promises and telling the truth. The Germans, on the other hand, after a rise in material prosperity never equalled in the history of man, have deliberately chosen the lowest motives, have eagerly embraced the larger possibilities of evil which increasing science gave them, and have attacked the sanctity of the promise and the record in a way which must for ever tarnish all their future dealings.

The first friend who rallied to the Germanic standards after the war broke out was typical of the Germanic cause, which found its chief ally in the last remnant of Oriental despotism and misrule that was smouldering into dishonoured dissolution in the East of Europe. It has not been often given to one man to ruin three em-

pires at a stroke. Yet this the last Hohenzollern has accomplished. He has dissolved the uneasy bonds which held loosely together the unnatural conglomeration of antagonistic races called the Austrian Empire. He has given its death blow to that wealthy and powerful confederation on which the ruthless strength of Prussia built the German Empire. He has pushed the Ottoman Empire into its grave. In 1889 the Kaiser visited the Sultan; and after the massacre of the Armenians in 1896, Wilhelm II signified his august approval by presenting to Abdul the Damned a photograph of the Imperial Family suitably inscribed. We did not quite realize then how appropriate was that significant donation. Belgium and the sufferings of our prisoners have taught us better now. We understand why von Bülow, the murderer of the miserable inhabitants of Andenne, was gratified with the Order of the House of Hohenzollern, just as the submarine assassin of the women and children in the *Lusitania* was suitably decorated with the Kaiser's Iron Cross. This pinchbeck Barbarossa, who has imitated Napoleon without his genius and Louis XIV without his enlightenment, claimed more than either of his predecessors in that fatal game of dominion, splendour, and catastrophe; and by so much the deeper shall his ruin be than that of any would-be autocrat before him. For in his fall goes down the honour of the nation that has met her fate in trusting him. The Kaiser's responsibility, not merely for the outbreak of war, but for its conduct under circumstances of unimaginable cruelty, has now been fixed.

Goethe and Schiller have been justly claimed by Germans as their great national poets. Schiller may almost be described as international. He wrote *The Maid of Orleans* for France, *William Tell* for Switzerland, *Mary Stuart* for England, and *The Robbers* for Prussia. Goethe was equally far-sighted. "The Prussian," he said, "is cruel by birth; civilization will

make him ferocious." And Pierre Loti knew our modern Huns before 1914. In Pekin he saw pathetic little inscriptions on ruined houses such as "Here all are Chinese Christians." They availed nothing. The quarters of the city held by other troops were kindly treated. The German quarter was an abomination. For the Germans had the message of their Attila in their ears, and "they all abundantly obeyed him." It was sometimes thought, in the early months of the war, that I had somewhat exaggerated the atrocious characteristics exhibited by the Kaiser. That is because my readers, at that time, were neither Belgian nor Chinese, neither Serbian nor Polish. They did not realize because they had not seen. They did not blame because they had not suffered. Listen to what a Frenchman writes: "The Kaiser—he, always he, whose tentacles, bloated with blood, are certain to be found deep in every wound that gapes in every country in the world; he, the great organizer of world-wide carnage, the lord of piracies, the prince of slaughter-yards and charnel-houses—he had said to the troops, 'Go and act as did the Huns! Let China, even a century hence, remain under the terror of your passage.'" When the first Supplement on German Atrocities was issued by the *Field* in February, 1915, an English workman in the Northern Midlands laboriously worked through its ghastly catalogue, and for every Belgian or French town he substituted an English place-name from the district that he knew; and every blank left to indicate the personalities of murdered victims he filled with the names of families of his acquaintance. We could wish other working men had as much imagination. For it is nothing but sheer lack of imagination which prevents their realizing that we are defending England herself in French and Belgian trenches. The *Field's* second Supplement of January, 1916, helped to drive that lesson home. More than three million men had learnt it and gone out to save their country before

we had to apply compulsory education to the remnant of those who did not understand. The bulk of the working classes, among whom German Lies have been spread broadcast owing to the apathy or ignorance of a Press Bureau which burks so many English Truths, have slowly but surely come to visualize the possibilities of procrastination: the blackened desolation of the English countryside; the English women tortured, outraged, mutilated; the English children bayoneted, crucified, trampled under foot; the English churches and cathedrals burnt, desecrated, ruined; the English cottages and homes smoking in ashes, looted, defiled. All this and more would Prussia do to us if she could. All this and more she has done to France, to Belgium, to Serbia, to Poland.

"We know only too well," writes Pierre Loti of the Prussian, "that if their voices are human, and perhaps their faces also, their souls are not; there are lacking in them essential elements, that of loyalty, of honour, of remorse, and especially that which is the noblest, perhaps, and at the same time the most elementary, which even the beasts sometimes possess, that of pity. During a whole lifetime to have had no other cares than to have machines for slaughter made, to invent explosives and poisons to kill, to exercise soldiers in killing, to have organized to the ends of a monstrous personal vanity all the barbarism that slumbered in the depths of the race, to have organized its native ferocity, organized its grotesque megalomania, organized its sheeplike servility and its credulous stupidity; and afterwards not to die of terror before his own work! . . . Let us never forget that this predatory race is incurably treacherous, thievish, murderous; that with them no treaty of peace is binding, and that so long as they are not crushed, so long as their head has not been cut off—that frightful Gorgon head—Prussian Imperialism will begin again."

This is the recognizable eloquence of a great writer,

moved by the personal sorrows of his own countrymen, by the agony of men and women of his own blood, as few great writers have been directly moved before. In the pages of the *Field's* Supplement on the Crimes of the German Army, published in January, 1916,[1] can be seen something that was never possible before the horrors of August and September, 1914; something that the highest intellects of all the ages of the world have never imagined—the pathetic, halting, terrible syllables of the peasant's story of his murdered, of his outraged dead. There is in them a more elemental passion than any tutored mastery of words could frame, a stark sincerity struggling for expression through unaccustomed channels, the speech that has been hideously stricken out of dumb recesses of the backward brain by tragedies too black for silence. "I am not prepared to allow the race or the country to which I belong to be obliterated," said a representative of these same classes in England in the House of Commons; "I prefer to die a thousand times." And there is not a man who has seen the trenches that hold back the Huns who will not immediately endorse those words.

It was a striking challenge sent by Cardinal Mercier to the Roman Catholic Episcopate of Germany and Austria, proposing a joint committee of inquiry into the atrocities committed by the German Army in Belgium. That challenge has not only been kept secret by those to whom it was addressed. It has been left without reply. "Germany," write the Belgian Bishops, "cannot give back to us the blood she has shed, the innocent lives which her armies have taken; but it is in her power to restore to the Belgian people its honour, which she has violated, or allowed to be violated." This refers, among other things, to the lie about Belgian crimes cabled to President Wilson by the

[1] Revised to date with added illustrations as *The Crimes of Germany* (1s.), of all booksellers.

Kaiser.[1] Not only do the Germans refuse to withdraw that lie against their enemy, and refuse to put it to the test; they also refuse any inquiry into their own crimes. "You try," say the Belgian Bishops, "to persuade yourselves that these things are not true because they cannot be true. We, compelled by evidence, answer that these things can be true because they are true. In the presence of facts no argument holds." There never will be any answer possible from Germany to the Belgian accusations. They can have no other sequel save the verdict and sentence that follow a proved crime. In the *Usages of War on Land*, which I have several times quoted, the German General Staff lays it down that "should it be found impossible to rely on the loyalty of the adversary, there is grave danger of war degenerating into excesses and indiscriminate violence, to avoid which has been the aim of the modern laws of war." The Germans are convicted out of their own mouths, and we only have to apply the principles enunciated by themselves. The struggle against Evil is rapidly approaching its tremendous climax. We need not merely to remember those crimes which Prussia has committed, but to clothe our detestation of them in the only form she understands. As force begins to fail her she will begin to whine for pity and for peace under the united and avenging onslaught she has brought upon herself. Then is the moment when our arms must be for ever steeled for striking, and our hearts uplifted for the annihilation of the universal foe. "Peace on Earth" is only granted "to men of goodwill."

[1] On September 14th, 1916, Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg made to Professor Schaefer (who reported it to Reventlow's "anti-Chancellor" meeting in Berlin on October 15th) the following remarkable admission:—"I have had thrown in my teeth a message from the Kaiser to President Wilson about the use of dum-dum bullets. I am obliged to admit that this was an error (*irrthum*) on the part of the Kaiser." This was received by the Reventlow meeting with "loud and prolonged laughter" (see *Germania* for the full report).

CHAPTER III

THE GERMAN DANCE OF DEATH

"Solvetur Satanas de carcere suo et exibit et seducet gentes quæ sunt super quattuor angulos terræ, GOG et MAGOG, et congregabit eos in prœlium."

THE mobilization of the German Army began the "Todtentanz" of the Twentieth Century; and Raemaekers, the greatest cartoonist, since Forain, seen in this century, has pictured that grim Danse Macabre in which a mocking skeleton swings the exhausted figure of Germania from the hell of carnage on the Western Front to the Russian slaughter-houses on the East, and back again. But there was an even more grisly forecast of our Armageddon in German woodcuts of 300 years ago. In the early decades of the sixteenth century the prophetic spirit of Hans Holbein saw those fleshless

DUCUNT IN BONIS DIES TUOS ET IN PUNCTO AD INFERNA DESCENDUNT . . .

phalanxes that rose—although we saw them not—beside the Teutonic regiments at the Kaiser's call. In the first of these grim allegories, one skeleton beats a kettledrum. Two others blow their trumpets for the assembly of the hosts of Hell. Behind them swarm a ghastly throng of weird anatomies, a horde of hungry ghouls that neither King nor Kaiser can restrain when once they are let loose upon the world. In the second woodcut a German soldier is attacked by one skeleton wielding a huge thighbone, while another hurries, with a dreadful eagerness, across the background drumming more troops up for the hungry sepulchre. Death himself, in the third design, thrusts a Knight through the body with his mightier lance. Beneath a fourth, in the original edition, are written the fatal words, "Der Kaiser," and Death is seen lifting from the imperial head the crown that will no longer save him from his doom. No illustrations could more fittingly suggest, in the terrible creations of the Suabian's vivid imagination, the "Dance of Death" that Germany began in Europe in August, 1914. For here you see the screaming infant torn from its mother's arms; the women, from the highest to the lowest, from the bedridden to the unwedded bride, swept into hideous destruction; here are the miserable citizens, of every grade, to whom Death in his most hideous forms so suddenly appeared—priests, monks and abbots, the banker, the waggoner, the merchant, the astronomer; lawyers and doctors, and all the laborious arsenal of peace; the blind, the maimed, the heavy-laden. They that go down to the sea in ships are no safer than the rest. The Professor (deep in researches after poisonous gas, or fatal infection for the wells) has Death, with his alembic, at his shoulder; the labourer who tills the soil, the ploughman turning his last furrow—all are pursued by the same relentless, grinning skeleton. It is a gruesome reminder of the retrogression towards the Shadow that seems to be the motto of the German Empire; for her

citizens have forgotten that the sole basis of friendly relations between modern States is to be found in a common regard for law and for humanity. To the rest of the world the rule that Might was Right had been buried with the Dark Ages. We had come to learn that small and apparently weak communities might make an undying contribution to the happiness of the race which " stronger " and more " military " nations could never even have imagined. Germany would destroy all the Belgiums, Atticas, Serbias, Polands, Palestines of the world, or absorb them into her own black slavery. We had come to learn that the first duty of a great community was to stand for freedom and for the development of the lower savage races; Germany fights bitterly against both ideals, because her one notion of government is autocracy, and her one use for savages is to tell them lies and so try to drive their ignorant malice against her own foes. The horrors of the Peasant War and of innumerable outbreaks of pestilence and famine had left fresh traces in the minds of everyone when Hans Holbein first designed his " Dance of Death." The oldest series of the kind we know was made in 1383 at Minden, in Westphalia. Others were to be seen in Dresden and in Lubeck. All probably drew their inspiration from the " Danse Macabre " of the fourteenth century, when the Black Death slew high and low in multitudes all over Europe. But if the Kaiser has let loose a war that slays in tens of thousands where the Pestilence of earlier days took hundreds, it is a still more terrible portent that the Germans, in spirit and imagination, should have deliberately gone back to those abysses of cruelty and horror against which so many centuries of more enlightened civilization seemed to have reared a bulwark that no modern foe could disregard.

In many respects Prussia seems always incapable of realizing that countries outside her own borders are swayed by motives entirely different from those which

guide herself. It would probably be true to say that the first real shock which Prussian self-complacency received was when her friend, the Turk, was attacked by little Montenegro, all alone, and when Adrianople, later on, fell before the allied crusaders from the Balkans. This was much more than a victory for Creusot over Krupp, though that rankled deeply enough; it was perilously like the emergence of romance above the Prussian wholesale-murder-plot; and if there is one thing Prussia hates worse than chivalry, it is romance. For the next three years the Kaiser laboured to avenge it. And when he struck, the very nature of his felon blow proclaimed his firm resolve to shatter every silly ideal of Christendom with blood and iron. This was the strangely self-centred point of view which made him believe firmly, when the war began, that we should either be knaves enough to betray our friends and break our word, as he did, or that we should be cowards enough to sit still and tremble until his knife was at our throat.

Never has England seen so popular an uprising as the enlistment that was our answer to the Kaiser's shameful challenge. It may be true that Prussia's longer and intenser preparation has made it appear that it will take some time to kill her to our satisfaction. But to say (as Bethmann-Hollweg says) that the whole population of the British Empire neither can do so nor wants to do so is a characteristically egregious error. We all want to kill the Prussians very much indeed, and we shall now do so after our own slow but thorough manner. Our sovereignty on sea has never been in question; but on land we have been saved from destruction by one simple thing—by the whole-hearted English hatred of bullying and injustice, by the Englishmen of every degree who came of their own free will out of their islands, more than three million strong, as simply as the Montenegrins marched out of their mountain to attack the Turkish Empire. If there had been the least possibility of our hesitating at any time, the crimes

committed by German soldiers and sailors and recorded in these pages would alone have steeled our resolution to persist. The soldiers who began these utterly disgraceful methods have never been able to get rid of them. They have not wanted to, at present. But a time will come when they will wonder why the seven seas of all the world will never cleanse their hands.

Those methods have only been possible to Prussia because she has invariably refused to admit the idea of individual citizenship, and invariably stamped upon it whenever it appeared within her borders. In France and England, on the contrary, the individual criticism of the State by the free citizen has been almost carried to excess. But it is an excess in the right direction; it implies that "eternal vigilance" which is the price of liberty; it connotes the gradual improvement of an instrument which exists for the benefit of all and not for the ambition of a few. The Hohenzollerns have never realized that unless a man can choose the good as well as get it, he will never be a citizen at all. Prussia informs the slave-population of her Isle of Penguins that they live not merely in a State but for it, and for it alone. She decorates their prison cell with all the fantastic nightmares of what an omnipotent and entirely unmoral State can, by brute force, achieve; and having roused these frenzied visions in their fevered brains she keeps them in prison, safe under lock and key, until "The Day." Before the dawn of War, her slave was only let out that he might become a spy. When war broke out, he was driven, drunk with lies, to the slaughter of the trenches. Can we wonder that he began by turning Belgium into a shambles?

I have tried to indicate to some degree the terrible nature of the crimes it is my duty to expose; of the outrages against women and children, the massacres of the civilian population, the use of helpless creatures as screens to the German troops, the killing and mutilating of wounded and prisoners, the open advertisements of

loot and pillage, the ferocious attacks on Red Cross ambulances or hospital ships, the brutality to wounded and to men imprisoned in Germany, the travesty of justice in such cases as Burgomaster Max or Edith Cavell or Captain Fryatt, the poisoning of the wells in South Africa, the wholesale assassinations at sea by the sinking of such vessels as the *Lusitania*, the *Falaba*, or the *Ancona*. It is an atrocious catalogue, and the evidence for it can never be denied. In very many cases that evidence is drawn from letters and documents signed by Germans themselves. In others we have the actual words of the men or women who saw with their own eyes what they describe. The appalling nature of the testimony printed in the Appendix of the Bryce Report does not seem to have been so universally recognized as might have been expected. This extraordinary volume contained nothing but evidence that had been legally tested by trained and independent lawyers. If you come to think of it, no such human document as this has ever seen the light before. Artists like Zola or Flaubert or Maupassant never saw the horrors they described, never lived among them, never suffered, through them, the loss of all they held most dear. What they might have written, had it been so, we cannot tell. But it is certain that the greatest imaginative writer has never penned a picture so pathetic, so poignant, so unimaginably horrible in all its naked details, as is given in the simple words of these peasants and poor people of Belgium and North-Eastern France, who tell what they have seen and suffered. Never have the tortures inflicted upon whole populations been so faithfully recorded in the exact syllables of the victims themselves. And from the assassination of the Archduke's wife at Serajevo to the shooting of a hospital nurse in Brussels, Prussia and her allies have concentrated their cruelty upon women. Hundreds of women have been executed by Austria; thousands by Turkey in Armenia. Prussia must be

proud of the docility of her friends in following her example. As the crowning horror of Edith Cavell's death was the cold calculation of judicial formalities from beginning to end, the hideous solemnity of its malignant legal procedure, so the blackest blot upon the German army will ever be that soldiers were found who could deliberately carry out the settled policy prearranged at Potsdam by the General Staff. That policy was based upon the intention to terrify all resistance by one stupendous onslaught of brutality. It has had directly the opposite effect. It has consolidated every nerve and muscle in Russia, France, Italy and England to avenge the wrongs of Belgium, Serbia, Poland with their own. Germany will not merely be conquered as a foe in a fair fight; she will be condemned, sentenced, and executed as a dangerous criminal, for she has unquestionably exhibited the gratuitous manifestations of that degenerate vice which inevitably culminates in a lust for inflicting pain—and this is the thing unforgivable, the thing which makes men outcast from their kind.

One of the most notorious apologists for the perversion so fashionable in Berlin, Dr. Moll, was quite characteristically chosen by the Prussian Government to "explain" to the world the atrocities committed in Belgium during August and September, 1914. He told us, with the gravest cynicism, that the illiterate and excited population had been suffering from a "collective hallucination" which made them *imagine* their women had been tortured, their children murdered, their churches and houses blown to atoms! It is as good an apology as Prussia has ever offered. And if Dr. Moll thinks well to continue it by predicating the "collective hallucination" of those who print and publish these pages, let him be answered by that piteous exodus from Belgium, or from the whole of Serbia, which took place under circumstances of almost unimaginable horror and pathos as soon as the collec-

tively hallucinated inhabitants realized that the Blonde Beast of Prussia was upon them. Yet even Dr. Moll's ravings are better than the lying excuse which the Kaiser himself cabled to President Wilson for the destruction of Belgium.

One of the finest comments on the desolation of Belgium has been written by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, who, with Mr. Cecil Chesterton, has done so much to illustrate the inner meaning of "the Great Change" (as I have called it here) in Germany since 1870. "One man," he writes, "among the sons of men has been permitted to fulfil a courtly formula with awful and disastrous fidelity. Political and geographical ruin has written one last royal title across the sky; the loss of palace and capital and territory has but isolated and made evident the people that has not been lost; not laws but the love of exiles, not soil but the souls of men, still make certain that five true words shall yet be written in the corrupt and fanciful chronicles of mankind—'The King of the Belgians.'"

It might have been hoped that the German Navy would at least have escaped, through some faint memory of the ancient chivalry of the sea, from the blacker stains which have for ever tarnished the good name of the German army. But even this was not to be. As on land they collected the wounded, after Loos, and bombed them to death in a trench, so in the open sea, where no blockade obtained, no warning had been given, they shelled the helpless passengers of the *Ancona*, as they laughed at the drowning women of the *Falaba*, or they fired on unarmed English sailors on a stranded submarine, just as they pistolled their own men whom our crews had tried to save. There is a bestial ferocity in this conduct of a war which cannot be forgotten—as the wounds of other wars were healed—when peace is made. And the astounding "explanations" afforded in each case by the German Government only prove that what might once

have been thought the reckless action of a desperate moment was, in reality, the result of ingrained turpitude of character, working on previously calculated methods. Fortunately, all such efforts have recoiled on Germany's own head. Her attempt to cut off our supplies by her submarine policy only forced us to pass the Order in Council of March, 1915. In exactly the same way her ruthless destruction of every craft she saw has only roused such a crusade against her that every man who can sail a yacht, or steer a steam launch, or beat up Channel in a trawler, is hot upon the trail of every German keel like any pack of hounds after a fox. And so it is, too, with that shameful pretence about "starvation" which was her chief official pretext for the sinking of the *Lusitania*. France, at any rate, has not forgotten how the German armies starved out Paris. And when Germany herself begins again to whine about the terrible effects of war and famine, we shall remember the lie she spread abroad in the spring of 1915, and we shall give as little pity to her as she claimed, that December following, in her own Reichstag. Lies may succeed once; but "You cannot have it both ways," as our Foreign Office said upon a memorable occasion which shook it from its usual placid calm.

There will even come a time when the Germans themselves (so long deluded) will refuse to believe their Prussian masters any more. Let us see what the Kaiser has been telling them: 1. With the help of God we shall take Paris in six weeks. 2. With God's approval we shall capture Calais. 3. With some assistance from Ourselves, God will crush Russia. 4. German soldiers shall be home in time for their Christmas dinner in 1914. 5. Nothing shall stop our complete conquest of everybody by October, 1915. 6. We only wait for the world to acknowledge its defeat in order to forgive it for daring to stand up to us. 7. All German expenses in the war will be paid by the

indemnities levied from their vanquished foes. 8. We have got enough food and money to last for ever. 9. We sank the *Lusitania* because England's blockade was starving us out . . . and so forth. It may be supposed that for some time the mass of the German nation have been hypnotised by shibboleths about the Imperial unity which has for so long been their legitimate and praiseworthy ideal. Prussia seized on that ideal for her own sordid motives and has debased it ever since by her unscrupulous tyranny and her utterly cynical untruths. But you cannot deceive the whole nation for ever. An awakening will come to Germans outside Prussia, though it will naturally take Germans longer than it has taken us to realize the facts. But in the end they will understand, as well as we do, that Germany's campaign of lies has been, perhaps, the most disgusting feature of her whole career in war. It began in her diplomacy during July, 1914; it continued with the false uniforms, and the abuse of the white flag and of the Red Cross, in her first battlefields; it has gone on ever since in her "official" reports of the fighting, in speeches, in proclamations, in the nauseous columns of a subsidised and blinded Press. It can be paralleled only by her almost equally odious system of universal espionage both before war began and afterwards. One of the ways in which Kultur is now being introduced to Belgium is by the establishment (November, 1915) of a "School of Spies" at Antwerp. Let it give all the world a lesson. Let it convince every other European country that no German can ever again be admitted to the hospitality of foreigners until this generation, at any rate, is purged of these poisonous parasites swarming from Berlin. Never again will we let Prince Henry, or any other Prince of Prussia, organize what he called "an automobile tour" through Great Britain, which he utilized to spy out the land of his unsuspecting hosts and

learn the best ways to betray and harm them later on.

The dingy creed of Kultur and the Superman, that was bred by the brutality of the Prussian Junker out of the insanity of Nietzsche, has been the main factor in the development of German thought since 1870. It succeeded not only in making Prussians believe in their own invincibility, but also in impressing the same bombastic swaggering self-conceit upon all Germany. Its chief danger to the rest of the world lay in its loud and deliberate denial of that spiritual equality in manhood which is the true basis of all honourable citizenship. The Prussian soldier eagerly took up the cry; and he is admired by the whole German nation, not because he is as ready as any soldier in the history of war to sacrifice his life with the most reckless daring, but because he is ready and willing to kill everything living in his path, not merely other soldiers, but unarmed men, wounded men, old men, women, boys, girls, children. . . . In Belgium he was not content with bayoneting babies; he laboriously chopped their little toys to pieces. He was not content with wrecking harmless artists' houses; he must scrawl over their pictures and leave them worthless. He was not content with shooting nuns and priests; he fired as many bullets as he could through the sacred vessels of the High Altar. And let us remember that when he had hacked a cripple with a sabre in time of peace he was specially saluted by his Crown Prince and loudly cheered by all his military newspapers; it is small wonder, after all, that he easily outdid that famous exploit under the stress of actual war. The discipline of the barrack-room had long ago stamped out of him all notions of personal character or individual dignity. He was not likely to admit their presence in other people.

This utter rejection of what the rest of the world means by Honour is the main explanation of that

innate vulgarity of the Prussian spirit which is exhibited from the highest to the lowest, whether the Kaiser sneers at the "contemptible little army" of his enemy, while the heir to the Imperial throne steals plate and pictures from a peaceful country-house, or an officer sends off the burgomaster and town councillors in a huddled cattle-truck across the Rhine, while the common soldier violates young women in the presence of their parents and crucifies the babies on barn doors. The Prussian does not seem to understand that civilized people neither do these things nor think the thoughts which make them possible. Judging apparently from herself, Prussia imagined that the rest of the world might be divided into bullies and cowards. But she has discovered that there are other categories. She has learnt also that the ferocity of her soldiers is powerless against them, and that civilized soldiers do not obey such orders. The Prussian, however, is lashed in the face by his own officers as often as he is kicked in the back, and has to obey from sheer terror. Though he has shown bravery as great as any men who ever fought, he gets no credit for it, for he attacks an impregnable position because swift death from a fair foe is much better than slow torture from his own superiors. He fears for himself the terrors he is so ready to inflict on others. Cruelty is always stupid, for real intelligence implies a store of human sympathy. And this is the reason why he can only attack in close formation, for, being deprived of his own soul when he puts on his uniform, he is inferior, man to man, to Russian, French, or English. This is also the reason why the Germans, as a nation, are bad sailors. It is not only because they are essentially land animals, like the larger pachyderms, but because they have all had all initiative driven out of them by Prussia. And this it is that makes them bad horsemen, too. The cavalry was the only blot on the most tremendous military

engine ever created; it could only be used as a screen, or as a cloud to hide the infantry. They have laughed at our English love of sport, but yachting and hunting and shooting have trained our best men in this war, by sea or by land. And the Prussian hatred of sport (and also of "playing the game") is rapidly reducing their army to a mass of machinery in which they trust more to gas and big guns than to men.

The kindly and scrupulous Prussians have complained that we have mobilized against them every race under the British Crown. But Prussia should find no cause to wonder if she were fought with every weapon from the flint-axe of the Stone Age to the hammered iron of the Zulu assegai, for she has deliberately sinned against the light; she has definitely proclaimed her denial of the Promise and the Record, the two ideas which even abandoned cannibals respect. And her pretext for starting this war showed her immediate iniquity as clearly as her methods in fighting it. Full-armed and confident of victory, Prussia stood waiting, in the summer of 1914, for the signal that should lead her on her way. It came with the murder of the Archduke and his wife. With all the grim solemnity of some hideous travesty of sacrament, she consecrated her campaign of crime at Serajevo. She carried it on to the shooting of a hospital nurse by strict course of law at Brussels. And every step along that bloodstained path she took across her broken promises and the fragments of the treaties she had signed. From that path she can never turn until she reaches the precipice that is its fitting end.

The damage the German army have done to Rheims Cathedral, and to innumerable other churches, is so far from being accidental that it reflects precisely those racial views of "art" which have come naturally to the surface during the stress of passion induced by war. As usual, their official apologies only fix the

guilt more deeply. The lying picture of French artillery on the cathedral towers is quite sufficient for their own people. To the rest of the world they say that the destruction of Rheims is no great matter, for they can build a better. But the Prussians' only art is War. The style they really admire will be clear from the vulgar and enormous wooden idols they have set up all over Germany of late, for the cultured inhabitants to cover with tenpenny nails—a reversion to atavistic savagery which is very notable. As a manifestation of art these clumsy blocks remain unique, but in spirit they can be paralleled among the modern savage fetish-worshippers, or the prehistoric priests of evil in the ruined cities of Central America. To compare the magnificent bas-reliefs of ancient Assyria (a somewhat similar society in its ferocity in war) would be an insult that would make the great Asurbanipal himself turn in his grave. Their medals are almost equally barbarous. The naked witch astride her pale horse, waving the incendiary's torch, a characteristic anticipation of the fall of Paris; the bombardment of Scarborough; the Zeppelin raining death on English houses; the submarine medal, with its "Gott strafe England," the motto that inspired their equally childish "Hymn of Hate," to the derision of the rest of the world; all this would long ago have slain the Huns with ridicule if their hides were not impervious to wholesome laughter. This attitude of theirs is due (and this is, perhaps, its worst feature) to the constant propaganda of the Prussian Government deliberately spread for over forty years, and acting on the mixture of brutality, feverish industry, low cunning, cringing to official power, and inordinate vanity of the *nouveau riche*, which now completes the pleasing picture of the pachydermatous Teuton. He might have become unpopular, if left to his own devices. But it is the fatal goad of Prussia which has driven him to become a public danger.

"Demens qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
Aere et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum."

The Kaiser's continuous familiarity with God has added the last touch to the repulsiveness of his Germans; for it is just the solemn pedantry of their wickedness, the revolting seriousness with which they sin, that every civilized beholder finds most dreadful in this appalling picture of a nation lost in homicidal madness.

When that living torrent of blue-grey uniforms began to pour across the Belgian borders from the Rhine in the first days of August, 1914, men were looking not merely on another onslaught of the modern Teuton upon France; they saw the last and fiercest inroad of the Barbarians from the East in their last mighty attack upon the frontiers of civilization. When the German guns were battering the Cloth Hall of Ypres, the University of Louvain, or the Cathedral of Rheims, it was not merely the destruction of cherished ancient monuments, never to be replaced, that men beheld; they saw the last frenzied effort of the Hun to slay the soul of Europe, to scale once more those unseen barriers which no mortal hands had raised, to beat once more in vain against the Citadel from which the Prince of Darkness shall be cast out for ever.

The statements I have made in previous pages are terribly corroborated by the Government Paper entitled "Report of the Committee on Alleged German Outrages." On December 15th, 1914, the Prime Minister had appointed Viscount Bryce, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir Alfred Hopkinson, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, and Mr. Harold Cox (with Sir Kenelm Digby added on January 22nd) "to be a committee to consider and advise on the evidence collected on behalf of His Majesty's Government as to outrages alleged to have been committed by German troops during the present war, cases of alleged maltreatment of

civilians in the invaded territories, and breaches of the laws and established usages of war; and to prepare a report for His Majesty's Government showing the conclusion at which they arrive on the evidence now available."

Mr. E. Grimwood Mears and Mr. W. J. H. Brodrick were appointed joint secretaries, and Lord Bryce was chairman. These gentlemen issued their verdict in 1915, after rejecting every deposition on which an opinion adverse to the witness was recorded by the investigators. The evidence on which that verdict is based is printed in a separate Appendix containing a large number of the depositions of witnesses, the originals of which are in the custody of the Home Department. For obvious reasons no names of the victims or witnesses have been published, though all are known and on record. The Appendix also contains the reproductions of many diaries found on dead German soldiers, and copies of German and Belgian proclamations. The principles followed in collecting evidence have been those "recognized in the Courts of England, the British Overseas Dominions, and the United States." Every statement tending to exculpate the German troops has been given in full. Nothing is printed that "seemed too exceptional to be accepted on the faith of one witness only, or too little supported by other evidence." Every care has been taken to discount hysterical imaginations. "When, however," say the Committee, "we found that things which had at first seemed improbable were testified to by many witnesses coming from different places, having had no communication with one another, and knowing nothing of one another's statements, the points in which they all agreed became more and more evidently true. . . . The force of the evidence is cumulative."

I think it would be difficult to secure either a committee or a system of investigation which could offer better guarantees of getting at the truth, the whole

truth, and nothing but the truth; and I may say at once that the verdict on the German army, the German government, and the Kaiser, is so appalling that too great care cannot be taken to emphasize the accuracy, the legal competence, and the honourably disinterested motives of the Committee which announces it. They confess that they never expected even to hear of such details, still less to verify them. They have classified the evidence before them, and their conclusion (on the last page of their Report) is as follows:

"*It is proved* (1) that there were in many parts of Belgium deliberate and systematically organized massacres of the civil population, accompanied by many isolated murders and other outrages; (2) that in the conduct of the war generally, innocent civilians, both men and women, were murdered in large numbers, women violated, and children murdered; (3) that looting, house burning, and the wanton destruction of property were ordered and countenanced by the officers of the German army; that elaborate provision had been made for systematic incendiarism at the very outbreak of the war, and that the burnings and destruction were frequent where no military necessity could be alleged, being, indeed, part of a system of general terrorization; (4) that the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as a shield for advancing forces exposed to fire, to a less degree by killing the wounded and prisoners, and in the frequent abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag."

No words are needed to make this terrible indictment any more powerful. Its very reticence is its strength. The writers only add: "Sensible as they are of the gravity of these conclusions, the Committee conceive that they would be doing less than their duty if they failed to record them as fully established by the evidence. Murder, lust, and pillage prevailed

over many parts of Belgium on a scale unparalleled in any war between civilized nations during the last three centuries."

The first part of the Report, which is furnished with an excellent map, gives an "analysis and summary of the evidence regarding the conduct of the German troops in Belgium towards the civilian population of that country during the first few weeks of the invasion." If a line is drawn on a map from the Belgian frontier to Liége and continued to Charleroi, and a second line drawn from Liége to Malines, a sort of figure resembling an irregular Y will be formed. It is along this Y that most of the systematic (as opposed to isolated) outrages were committed. "There is a certain significance in the fact that the outrages round Liége coincide with the unexpected resistance of the Belgian army in that district, and that the slaughter which reigned from August 19th to the end of the month is contemporaneous with the period when the German army's need for a quick passage through Belgium at all costs was deemed imperative. In a previous passage the Committee were careful to say: "On the evening of August 3rd the German troops crossed the frontier. Their storm burst so suddenly that neither party had time to adjust its mind to the situation. The Germans seem to have expected an easy passage. The Belgian population, never dreaming of an attack, were startled and stupefied." What was the result? The Committee find it proved—and this is the gravest charge against the German army—"that the killing of non-combatants was carried out to an extent for which no previous war between nations claiming to be civilized (for such cases as the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks on the Bulgarian Christians in 1876 and on the Armenian Christians in 1895 and 1896 do not belong to that category) furnishes any precedent. That this killing was done as part of a deliberate plan is clear from the facts hereinbefore set forth

regarding Louvain, Aerschot, Dinant, and other towns. *The killing was done under orders in each place.* It began at a certain fixed date and stopped (with some few exceptions) at another fixed date."

The horrible massacres at Andenne, to which I draw special attention, are fully described and corroborated in the Report; and it will be noticed with what admirable restraint the Committee suggest that the only people who have ever equalled the Austro-German murderers in sheer cruelty are the Turks who were then their only Allies, and certainly their only friends. The Committee carefully give the well-worn German "excuse" that Belgian civilians had maltreated the invading army. "No evidence whatever," says the Report, "seems to have been adduced to prove these tales, and though there may be cases in which individual Belgians fired on the Germans, the statement that "the whole civilian population of Belgium was called out is utterly opposed to the fact." Whatever maltreatment there was, the German butchery of children was never justified. At Haecht a child of two or three years old was found "nailed to the door of a farmhouse by its hands and feet, a crime which seems almost incredible, but the evidence for which we feel bound to accept"; and again at Eppeghem "the dead body of a child of two was seen pinned to the ground with a German lance." The Committee admit that some few members of the German army "realized that the responsible heads of that organization were employing them not in war but in butchery. 'I am merely executing orders, and I should be shot if I did not execute them,' said an officer to a witness at Louvain. At Brussels another officer says: 'I have not done one-hundredth part of what we have been ordered to do by the High German Military Authorities.'" We may well wonder what more the authorities wanted to do to the women and children; and I am especially glad to notice that the Committee

give the names of several German regiments proved to have been guilty, particularly one of the Crown Prince's; and though I find no names of officers printed—such as those of Manteuffel, Bülow, Schoenmann, Bayer, Boehn, or Sommerfeld, mentioned in my own pages—yet the argument of the Report is clear and convincing and it fixes the guilt of these crimes upon the Kaiser and the General Staff irrevocably. "The excesses committed in Belgium," say the Committee, "were too widespread and too uniform in their character to be mere sporadic outbursts of passion or rapacity. The explanation seems to be that these excesses were committed—in some cases ordered, in others allowed—on a system and in pursuance of a set purpose. That purpose was to strike terror into the civil population and dishearten the Belgian troops so as to crush down resistance and extinguish the very spirit of self-defence. . . . In the minds of Prussian officers war seems to have become a sort of sacred mission, one of the highest functions of the omnipotent State, which is itself as much an Army as a State. Ordinary morality and the ordinary sentiment of pity vanish in its presence, superseded by a new standard which justifies to the soldier every means that can conduce to success, however shocking to a natural sense of justice and humanity, however revolting to his own feelings. . . . Cruelty becomes legitimate when it promises victory.[1] . . . It is a specifically military doctrine, the outcome of a theory held by a ruling caste who have brooded and thought and written and talked and dreamed about war until they have fallen under its obsession and been hypnotized by its spirit. . . . If this explanation be the true one

[1] Compare what was discovered in Morocco at the opening of the war. Luckily the French interned all Germans at once. Those they shot had had no time to conceal papers ordering them to rouse the natives and *kill every Frenchman*. The place was full of hidden German rifles. And this is "war" according to the German General Staff.

the mystery is solved, and that which seemed scarcely credible becomes more intelligible though not less pernicious."

The second part of this Report contains even more horrible details than the first. I quote a few in the exact words used by the Committee, without comment. A lance-corporal in the Rifles searched a house in which he and five privates had just taken ten Uhlans prisoners after the Marne. They found two women and two children in it. One was dead, but the body not yet cold. The left arm had been cut off just below the elbow. The floor was covered with blood. The other woman was alive but unconscious. Her right leg had been cut off above the knee. The boy's left hand was cut off at the wrist, and the girl's right hand at the same place. Both were quite dead. At Liége, Louvain, Sempst, and Malines women were burned to death. Hideous forms of mutilation occur with some frequency in the depositions published by the Committee, "two of which," they suggest, "may be connected in some instances with a perverted form of sexual instinct." A third form of mutilation, the cutting off of one or both hands, frequently took place. All these crimes "were committed over a period of many weeks and simultaneously in many places, and the authorities must have known or ought to have known that cruelties of this character were being perpetrated, nor can anyone doubt that they could have been stopped by swift and decisive action on the part of the heads of the German army."

The famous Deathshead Hussars, the Crown Prince's Regiment, furnish one of the most horrible tragedies of all, about three hours' march from Malines. One of their officers with six men knocked at the door of a house. The peasant did not come, so the soldiers broke the door down. The witness's evidence continues as follows: "The officer said he did not come quickly enough, and that they had trained up plenty

of others. His hands were tied behind his back, and he was shot at once without a moment's delay. The wife came out with a little sucking child. She put the child down and sprang at the Germans like a lioness. She clawed their faces. One of the Germans took a rifle and struck her a tremendous blow with the butt on the head. Another took his bayonet and fixed it, and thrust it through the child. He then put his rifle on his shoulder with the child up it; its little arms stretched out once or twice. The officers ordered the houses to be set on fire, and straw was obtained and it was done. The man and his wife and the child were thrown on the top of the straw. There were about forty other peasant prisoners there also, and the officer said, *'I am doing this as a lesson and example to you.'*" The atrocities committed on children are things from which the good name of the German army will never recover. They roped these helpless little things together and used them as a screen against the enemy's bullets, or even carried them in their arms as a protection against flank fire.

In Malines a shocking murder is recorded. I give the words of the eye-witness. "A child of about two came into the middle of the street so as to be in the way of the German soldiers. The soldiers were walking in twos. The first line of two passed the child. One of the second line, the man on the left, stepped aside and drove his bayonet with both hands into the child's stomach, lifting the child into the air on his bayonet and carrying it away on his bayonet, he and his comrades still singing. The child screamed when the soldier struck it with his bayonet, but not afterwards." It is difficult indeed, as the Committee drily comment, to imagine the motives which may have prompted such acts. "Whether or no Belgian civilians fired on German soldiers, young children, at any rate, did not fire. The number and character of these murders constitute the most distressing feature

connected with the conduct of the war so far as it is revealed in the depositions submitted to the Committee." The other portions of the second division of the Report are concerned with killing the wounded and prisoners, firing on hospitals or Red Cross ambulances and stretcher-bearers, and abuses of the White Flag and Red Cross. To our knowledge of these the Report adds little that is new, though it corroborates rumour with all the weight of its authority. But it is somewhat surprising to read that "we have no evidence to show whether and in what cases orders proceeded from the officer in command to give no quarter." One case, of course, is to be found in the Order of General Stenger,[1] the original of which was quoted in the *Field* and also in the *Times*. Another instance is afforded by the brutal proclamations of Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria.

But the caution exhibited by Lord Bryce's Committee in printing nothing they cannot conclusively prove, by evidence before them, is beyond praise;

[1] Both the original and the translation of this Order were again given by Professor J. H. Morgan (late Home Office Commissioner with the British Expeditionary Force), in the *Nineteenth Century* for June, 1915, page 1222. It is an Army Order of August 26th, 1914, passed on to his troops by the leader of the 7th Company of the 112th Regiment of German Infantry, then at Thionville, near the Forest of Saint-Barbe. It runs as follows: "To date from this day no prisoners will be made any longer. All the prisoners will be executed. The wounded, whether armed or defenceless, will be executed [*Verwundete ob mit Waffen oder wehrlos niedergemacht*]. Prisoners even in large and compact formations will be executed. Not a man will be left alive behind us." This Order was issued by the German Brigadier-General Stenger, commanding the 58th Brigade, and the original was shown to Professor Morgan by M. Mollard, of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It was corroborated by the diary of Reinhart Brenneisen (now a prisoner in England), a reservist of the 4th Company in the 112th Regiment. The entry is dated in August, 1914, and runs as follows: "Then came a brigade Order that all French, whether wounded or not, who fell into our hands were to be shot [*ob verwundet oder nicht sollten erschossen werden*]. No prisoners were to be made." Professor Morgan was unable to send this evidence to Lord Bryce's Committee in time for publication.

and it adds immeasurably to the value of their Report, which ends as follows: "These disclosures will not have been made in vain if they touch and rouse the conscience of mankind, and we venture to hope that as soon as the present war is over the nations of the world in council will consider what means can be provided and sanctions devised to prevent the recurrence of such horrors as our generation is now witnessing." One such sanction I can suggest at once—the complete annihilation of Prussia as a military power, together with the sentence of death or perpetual exile upon the Hohenzollerns. The murder of babies and mutilations of women proved in this Report were not only part of the policy which began with the violation of the neutrality of Belgium; they were the logical preliminaries to the murders of non-combatants on the *Falaba* and the *Lusitania*; to the infecting of South African wells with disease; to the torturing of helpless prisoners. The men who order these things do not deserve to live. The nation which condones them, and hopes to profit by them, is the enemy of the human race.

If Germany's diplomacy had been equal to her naval and military preparations I do not like to think what would have been the result of her ambition. But it appears that the active intervention of Italy on the side of her Allies was as great a mortification as the hostility of American opinion or the firm refusal of the British Empire to do anything that was expected of it. This only shows how clearly limited are the effective powers of a mere military machine, even when that machine embraces a whole nation in its rigid and ponderous routine. It has deadened every German mind and conscience for the time being, though even these will awake some day from their nightmare; but it has never once weakened the resolution of its enemies even in the moment of our direst peril, and it has shown a curious and almost inexplicable hesita-

tion at those very crises when you would have thought that sheer brute force was the one factor that could have brought success.

The first of these crises came at the end of the terrible retreat from Mons; the next at the earlier onslaught upon Ypres and the roads to Calais; several more have occurred upon the Eastern front. We make so bold as to say that had any of the Allied Powers been in any one of these advantageous positions there would have been no turning back. But Germany's hide-bound self-sufficiency and pride have not only prevented her from understanding the motives which would rouse implacable resentment amongst us all against her methods; they have also blinded her to temporary weaknesses in our conjoined campaign which might have given any other enemy a vital chance. Her very excess of vulgar cunning has over-reached itself by attributing to others the tortuous duplicity of conduct which she knows her own. This is why she wholly misunderstood the simple, sensuous, passionate patriotism of Italy. This is why she is in continual uneasiness at the simple contempt, inspired by ineradicable confidence, of the Belgians in Brussels, who treat their German garrison—to its huge discomfiture—as if it did not exist. Germany has been invariably deceived by the simplicity of truth, as she will finally be conquered by that unswerving unity of purpose into which her treachery and brutality have welded the varying activities of the foes allied against her. And it is possible that she does not even yet realize that the total of her eventual enemies will be exhausted only by the muster-roll of honest men.

If we needed any further assurance of this we could find it in Bethmann-Hollweg's speech before the Reichstag (at the end of May, 1915) when he exclaimed: "At the moment when the mob in English towns is dancing round the stake [I quote Reuter's Amsterdam

Correspondent] at which the property of defenceless Germans is burning, the English Government dared to publish a document with the evidence of unnamed witnesses on the alleged cruelties in Belgium which are of so monstrous a character that only mad brains could believe them." These are the cruelties for which orders were given by von Manteuffel, von Bülow, von Schoenmann, von Bayer, von Bieberstein, von Sommerfeld, and the rest, under the instruction of the higher authorities in Berlin, including the Imperial Chancellor and the Kaiser. Among the "unnamed" witnesses are German soldiers who signed their diaries, and not one victim's name was published because the gentle Germans would immediately burn any property left to the defenceless Belgian who had given testimony and shoot what few of his family might have survived their previous attentions. This is why all French and Belgian names were kept for official reference in the secrecy of our Home Office; but our Government's Report is being spread broadcast. I cheerfully leave humanity at large to judge between its terrible indictment and the buffooneries of Bethmann-Hollweg. "Nobody threatened Italy," cried the Chancellor, without the ghost of a notion that Germany is a menace to every honest man and every self-respecting nation in the world. The deliberate omission of the Germanic Allies to consult Italy concerning the ultimatum to Serbia was in itself a threat, a brutal reminder that they cared nothing for Italy's approval or her most vital interests. Instead of Italy, loyal to the treaty which Germany and Austria broke, and loyal to every principle of honour and humanity which they despise, Bethmann-Hollweg can point with conscious pride to an Ally of a far more appropriate colour. Turkey, still bloodstained from Bulgarian and Armenian massacres—Turkey, the last decaying remnant in Europe of effete Oriental despotism, is the fitting mate of Germans who mutilate women and

children, use them as a screen for marching troops, blow them up in hundreds in a passenger-steamer, starve them to death in Belgium, and torture them in German prisons. Does Bethmann-Hollweg really imagine that either Italy or any other clean country will take murderers and liars by the hand to-day or to-morrow or at any time while men are left alive who saw what we have seen?

Like all lunatics, the Chancellor thinks Germany alone is sane amidst a world of madmen. He is singularly mistaken in supposing that it takes "the gold of the entente" to bribe any decent population against his barbarous and blood-besotted oligarchy; or if he imagines that it needs Governments and diplomatists to rouse their several nations to a sense of horror at the Satanic crimes of Germany and her rulers. Let him consider that Italy was but a single indication of the coming storm, and that not even his widely trumpeted victories in Galicia deterred her after the poisoning of the wells and the tragedy of the *Lusitania* had set the final seal on the atrocities in Belgium. Now Roumania has joined us, Holland and Scandinavia alone remain to complete the ring of steel around the ravening beast that once was Germany. They bide their hour, and rightly. But it will come, for the general conscience of humanity has been roused at last. Germany herself has clearly set forth the choice that lies before us all. The answer is a simple one. We do not care to live at all if we must live beneath the savage threat of living Prussia; and we will fight her, one after another, however many it may take, until her claws and teeth are drawn and her foul brood no longer taint the air we breathe.

CHAPTER IV

THE CRIMES OF THE GERMAN ARMY

"Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro."—*Horace.*

SEVERAL publications of great interest appeared in 1915 which should be studied by all who desire either to strengthen their own convictions as to the character of the Germany we are fighting, or to bring home to others a realization of those true issues of the war which are, I fear, even yet by no means realized as vividly as they ought to be. Among them I select *Germany's Violations of the Laws of War*, 1914–15, a volume compiled under the auspices of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, translated by Mr. J. O. P. Bland, who contributes an extremely valuable introduction (*Heinemann*).

HOMO NATUS DE MULIERE QUASI FLOS EGREDITUR ET CONTERITUR ET FUGIT VELUT UMBRA . . .

The New Statesman for September 18th, 1915, said that, after all, the Germans have not been either as ruthless as the Old Testament warriors, who killed *all* the adult males and carried off *all* the women as their slaves and concubines, or as successful as the Red Indians in torturing their enemies before they slew them. It did not apparently occur to the writer that though he must look for parallels to German cruelty among prehistoric Asiatics or merciless savages, the case against a modern European nation is in reality far blacker. For the Germans knew the light—even pretended to love it—and deliberately chose the darkness. Living among civilized peoples, and using the whole battery of psychological phenomena which modern life connotes, they deliberately turned the complex machinery of modern science into a murderous bestiality far more effective, on both the moral and material side, than any crude efforts of their predecessors in Asia Minor or the Adirondacks. Yet *The New Statesman* counsels "magnanimity." Is the hunter "magnanimous" to the man-eating tiger? He does not use "reprisals in kind." He does not eat the tiger cubs, or attack the brutes themselves with his own teeth and nails. He deals them quick and certain death, and he goes on killing them till they find out that it is better to range some other jungle for their prey. When soldiers come face to face with an enemy who has crucified their helpless comrade alive they are not "magnanimous" enough to read him a lecture on the beauties of our "South African Settlement." They kill him as if he were a loathsome reptile; and they are right. When in the future the diplomatists of the Allies come to impose terms on conquered Germany they will not recall the fact (as *The New Statesman* recalls it) that the German Government has tried to hide the worst of its crimes from the German nation; they will remember that the Kaiser and his General Staff have added the definite policy

of the deliberate lie to the definite orders of deliberate torture, and that those who have hoped to deceive their own people will not shrink from trying to bamboozle—once again—the representatives of the countries who have vanquished them.

Some of these points can be very clearly emphasized from Mr. Bland's translation, which recites some peculiarly atrocious horrors in the hospitals and Red Cross stations. The chief value of the work here done by the French Government and emphasized by Mr. Bland's wholly admirable introduction lies in its method and arrangement. A legal precision is achieved which produces an appalling conviction of the truth. The slightest analysis of the book will bring this out. *The New Statesman* evidently thinks the German nation is ignorant of the worst, and therefore deserves "magnanimous" treatment. I refer it to page 50. There you read a newspaper article, written by Corporal Klemt, of the 154th Regiment, confirmed by Lieutenant von Niem, and published in the *Faver'sche Tageblatt* for October 18th, 1914. It is a ghastly chronicle: "We discovered the first Frenchmen. We brought them down from the trees like squirrels; on the ground they got a warm reception with butt-ends and bayonets and had no further need of a doctor . . . no quarter was given . . . the wounded were done to death with stabs or blows. . . . There lay one full length with his face to the ground, feigning to be dead. The kick of a sturdy musketeer soon taught him we were there. . . . From close by came a strange cracking sound of butt-end blows, which a man of the 154th crashed down on a French bald head. He wisely used a French musket. . . . Our brave musketeers save the Fatherland the heavy cost of feeding so many enemies." Or consider the other newspaper article contributed by First Lieutenant Eberlein, a Bavarian, to the *Vorabendblatt* of the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, on October 7th, 1914. "We arrested three other

civilians, and then I had a brilliant idea. We gave them chairs and then we ordered them to go and sit out in the middle of the street. On their part pitiful entreaties; on ours a few blows from the butt-end. . . . I was in a position to report that Saint Dié had been cleared of the enemy." In these accounts it is not so much to the atrocities themselves that I call the attention of *The New Statesman*. It is to the gloating way in which they are described for the benefit of a German public which thoroughly enjoys them and intends to profit by them. The editor of the German newspaper is allowed to publish them and likes them to be published. His readers revel in them. Let us be "magnanimous," says *The New Statesman*, to them all!

The crimes of the German Army have not been sporadic, or due to momentary blood-lust, or to intoxication. They were ordered by the Higher Authority, they were encouraged by regimental officers, they were gladly carried out (with exceptions I shall mention) by all the rank and file. I refer *The New Statesman* to p. 229, where the murdering of 300 men in a Red Cross Hospital is described; to p. 229, where more assassinations in a hospital are given; to the orders of a General to "burn seven houses," on p. 84; and to the similar "orders" on p. 88; to the brutal "Bravo!" which greeted an officer's command to kill the English prisoners, on p. 67; to the instructions of Major Kastendick (57th Infantry) and Captain Dültingen, to kill two women and a child, on p. 107; to the direct permission given to the 33rd Division of the 16th Army Corps that they could loot a village, on p. 173; or to the officer who handed over a miserable woman to the bestialities of three privates, on September 7th, 1914, at La Ferté Gaucher, on p. 95. There is no need for mere generalities in these matters. Chapter and verse are being slowly but ruthlessly produced for every hideous accusation. In the *Field*

Special Supplement for February, 1915, I published many names of officers and regiments directly responsible for specific crimes. The following German regiments are proved, in the evidence translated by Mr. Bland, to have shot their prisoners:

69th Bavarian,
38th Regiment of the Reserve,
34th Fusiliers of the 2nd Army Corps,
117th Regiment (3rd Hessians) 18th Army Corps,
3rd Bavarian Regiment of the Reserve.

The 4th Regiment of the Guard (called the Augusta) used French prisoners as a screen for their attacking line. The 213th and 214th Regiment of the Landwehr knew an even better trick; they fought behind a screen of women and babies. The 142nd Regiment of Infantry killed their wounded. The 70th Infantry mutilated them as well by order. The following German regiments murdered civilian non-combatants:

8th Bavarian,
11th Battalion Light Infantry, 11th Army Corps,
3rd Battalion Engineers, 3rd Army Corps,
77th Infantry, 10th Army Corps,
17th Infantry, 14th Army Corps,
178th Infantry, 12th Army Corps,
39th Fusiliers, 7th Reserve Corps,
4th Infantry (at Nomeny),
Ersatz, 1st Brigade Infantry of the Guard.

Two regiments not merely murdered civilians comparatively swiftly; they burnt them alive; they were certain privates of the 8th Army Corps and the 3rd Bavarian Infantry of the Landwehr. Other regiments murdered women and girls; they were the 1st Regiment of Bavarian Pioneers, 13th Battalion Light Horse Reserve, 4th Battalion Light Horse Reserve (4th Reserve Corps). The 74th Regiment of the Infantry

Reserve (10th Reserve Corps) distinguished itself by hanging women. Evidence from the German side is completed by evidence from French sources, for French prisoners or wounded are known to have been shot in the following French regiments of infantry: the 99th, 106th, 54th, 67th, 259th, 261st, 141st, 254th, 258th of the Line, 39th, and 164th. Add to this the horrible outrages committed in French hospitals by German troops, and described in pp. 217 to 227, etc.; the screens of civilians and prisoners in front of German soldiers (pp. 311 to 315); the burning of civilians alive in pp. 334 to 336.

It has been noticeable of late that the Saxons have behaved better than the rest, and it is therefore worth observing that they only figure on three occasions in this ghastly chronicle, and then the names are: 19th Division Saxon Ersatz; 100th Grenadiers, 1st Saxon Corps; and 107th Infantry (8th Saxons) of the 19th Army Corps. The French authorities do their best to be scrupulously accurate. They carefully correct an error in a witness's evidence. A woman he thought to be dead had recovered when the report was printed (p. 205). And they conscientiously record any German expressions of regret or disgust at the proceedings of German barbarians. There is, for instance, the regret for murdering a doctor, on p. 221; the instances of obvious horror recorded by members of the 46th Infantry (p. 187), the 78th Infantry Reserve (p. 200), and the 8th Bavarian Infantry of the 33rd Reserve Division (p. 213). Most striking of all is the confession of faith, on pp. 153 and 155, of a non-commissioned officer in the 38th Regiment of Fusiliers (Silesians) in the 6th Army Corps. It is because such men as these have not made their disapprobation felt, because the bulk of the army gave a swinish acquiescence to the brutal orders of superiors, because the mass of the nation has never once protested against the everlasting shame with which the good name of Germany has

been stained, that I am able to tell *The New Statesman*, and other critics of the same humanitarian kidney, that the day for "magnanimity" is past. The leopard will not change his spots. Nothing but capital punishment will cure the convinced and habitual murderer.

M. Henri Davignon's pamphlet, entitled *Belgium and Germany*, provides a striking confirmation of the French indictment. This again is more valuable for the judicial arrangement of the evidence than for any real novelties it adds to the gruesome stock of knowledge we possess. But it is published at a price which puts it within the reach of everyone, and it once more proves and pillories the outrageous lies which the Kaiser has authorized from the beginning of his campaign to his latest "Note" to the United States. The photographs it contains are also of special value, as are the facsimiles of German (and Belgian) proclamations and of German letters, in which German atrocities are described by the men who saw them without protest, or committed them under orders. Taken together with Mr. Bland's book, the whole of this testimony gives a revolting picture of national character. No better proof could be given of the necessity not only for fighting until the possibility of such outrages is for ever stamped out, but for making "peace" under conditions which will leave Germany for at least a generation in the condition of a pariah and an outcast from the comity of civilization.

Until the last, I have kept the most degrading evidence of German hatred and vulgarity: their brutal treatment of the helpless prisoners entrusted to their chivalry. For this, the world will never forgive them. It is the revolting climax of the series of crimes suggested by the following quotations:—

"*More than one thousand officers and men of the German Navy have been rescued from the sea, sometimes in*

spite of danger to the rescuers and sometimes to the prejudice of British naval operations. No case has, however, occurred of an officer or man of the Royal Navy being rescued by Germans. . . ."

"*While the boats were still on the davits the German submarine fired a torpedo at the Falaba at short range. This action made it absolutely certain that there must be great loss of life, and must have been committed knowingly with the intention of producing that result. . . .*"

"*His Majesty's Government feel bound to protest in the strongest manner against the inhuman treatment to which it is unfortunately evident that many of the British prisoners of war in Germany are being subjected. . . .*"

"*When an English prisoner dies, we say 'God be thanked, one John Bull less.' From the Kaiser down to the gutter-boy we all say the same. We are not going to feed them when we may want for ourselves. . . .*"

The last of these texts is taken from a letter written by a highly-placed official in the German Government. The first three are extracts from the official statements of our own Government, and I think it will be admitted that it would be difficult for the most polished diplomatist to state our case with greater urbanity or restraint. Every Englishman feels the deepest gratitude for the kindhearted and continuous efforts of the officials of the United States in this sad business. It is but another instance, among many during this war, of the generous instincts characteristic of the vast majority of the American people. The report of Mr. John B. Jackson, of the American Embassy in Berlin, who inspected, on behalf of the German Government, nine ships and thirteen other centres in England where our German prisoners are interned, contained the following passages:

"The food furnished to prisoners is practically the rations of the British soldier, and seemed to be generally satisfactory both as regards quality and quantity. There were a considerable number of individual complaints, but most of these concerned the monotonous character of the diet—that there was too much beef and too little pork; that there was white instead of brown bread; and that there were not enough fresh vegetables. The free use of tobacco was permitted everywhere. . . . Officers can purchase what they like except spirits. . . . I saw no instance, and heard of none, where any prisoners had been subjected either to intentional personal annoyance or undeserved discipline. . . . Donington Hall is a beautiful place. There is regularly a hot breakfast, a light meat luncheon, and a three-course dinner in the evening. There is also a well-stocked wine-cellar."

The result on German public opinion may be seen in many ways; but I give in the first place here the article by Lieut.-Colonel Kaden in the *Lille War Gazette* for March 8th, 1915:

"We have but one war-cry," says our grateful German author, "'God punish England!' Hiss this to one another in the trenches, in the charge, hiss as it were the sound of licking flame! You German people at home, feed this fire of hate! You mothers, engrave this in the heart of the babe at your breast! You thousands of teachers to whom millions of German children look up with eyes and hearts, teach them Hate, unquenchable Hate!"

My second quotation is reported direct from Germany by Mr. Gustave C. Roeder, a veteran member of the staff of the New York *World*. He heard it spoken:

"You talk about the atrocities in Belgium committed by German soldiers. Whatever was committed in Belgium cannot be called Barbarism on the part of the German Army; but once let us get into England,

and there will be no way of holding back our soldiers, and no doubt the world will learn of atrocities being committed such as are unknown to-day."

Now turn to such records as the diary of that British officer who describes the misery he has suffered, with many thousands of his compatriots, between September 3rd, 1914, and January 9th, 1915, during which period he was in bondage in Germany. The document was published in full in the *Morning Post* for April 10th, and a more ghastly confirmation of Sir Edward Grey's curt sentences of protest it would be hard to imagine. We need not repeat these harrowing details. They have been corroborated over and over again. They may be read once more in L. J. Austin's *Experiences of a German Prisoner* (Andrew Melrose Ltd.). Dr. Austin went out to Belgium as a surgeon of the British Red Cross Society, and it was illegal to detain him at all. He was first treated as a spy, tried on the capital charge, and invited to betray his country. He was blackmailed again, on the same lines, by Prince Henry of Reuss, the thirty-third of his name, and evidently the biggest blackguard of an ancient family. As the fear of death had failed, the more subtle process of sustained brutality began. And it continued until Dr. Austin managed to secure his liberation after months of ill-treatment. The father of an English prisoner of war in Doeberitz has published his son's letter :—" . . . if you could manage to send two or three loaves of bread. . . ." That letter was written on March 14th, 1915, and lay neglected in German official hands for three weeks before it was posted. It must be remembered that any suggestion of scarcity of food in Germany had been hotly repudiated by all the German authorities ; and that, even when they were lucky, all our men got as a daily " ration " was " two issues of infamous coffee in the morning and evening, a small bowl of *soupe maigre*, and half a loaf of very hard and somewhat sour rye

bread."[1] These Germans, who are enjoying tobacco and "wine-cellars," and so forth, in "beautiful places" like Donington Hall, have behaved like savage curs to the English officers they have taken prisoner, and like inhuman fiends to our private soldiers. The bitter cry of these prisoners, fast bound in misery and iron, must be heard in every corner of our Empire; for not an able-bodied man who hears it can wait another instant to stay at home while wrongs like those are unavenged.

> "You who stay here, you must not glance aside,
> Lest from the shadow some gaunt hand should grow
> And faint accusing voices whisper low,
> Like the insistent murmuring of the tide;
> 'We went, remember, when you would not go,
> And then, because you would not come, we died.'"

With all the grim knowledge we have now, we cannot but anticipate an even worse fate for our hapless prisoners than any we have even heard of yet. On April 1st, 1915, there were 520 officers and 20,307

[1] In July, 1916, there were twenty-three internment camps in the United Kingdom, every one of which had been visited between March and July by officials of the United States Embassy, who have issued an official report. At Abergele, Maidenhead, Southampton, and Donington Hall there were in all 327 officers, who had 39 servants. In other camps there were 11,219 soldiers and 1,264 sailors; and there were many more by the time the report was issued in September, owing to the fighting on the Somme. Counting civilians there were, in July, 1916, 45,041 individuals, of whom 39,261 were Germans. The report gives the rations served to prisoners of war near Southampton, which may be compared with those enjoyed by free German civilians in Munich, as follows:—

Prisoners in England	Citizens in Germany
Bread, 10 lbs. 8 oz.	Bread, 4 lbs. 6 oz.
Flour,	Flour, 12 oz.
Meat, 3 lbs. 8 oz.	Meat, 1 lb. 3½ oz.
Sugar, 14 oz.	Sugar, 3½ oz.
Vegetables, 3 lbs. 8 oz.	Vegetables, 6 lbs.
Margarine or Butter, 7 oz.	Margarine or Butter, 5½ oz.

To this I need only add that English prisoners are a very great deal worse off than any Germans outside the prison-camps.

men, out of 10,175 officers and 812,633 men of all nationalities. There are many more now. But we have always had far fewer than those from other countries, not merely because the total of our fighting forces has been less, but also because a General Order (like that of Stenger) to "kill the wounded" has been extended to the prisoners too, when they were of British nationality. What we have to remember, if we are to save those who are left, is that there is only one kind of argument to which a German official will pay attention, and that is the argument of force. If we tell the Germans that we love them now, and will give them Gibraltar later on, they will only laugh at us and starve the prisoners even more gaily than before. We shall, no doubt, always be stupid; but there is equally no doubt that they will never be gentlemen. We shall, of course, continue to treat all Germans in custody in this country exactly as we should wish our own officers and men to be treated in Germany. But one thing we must make very clear, and it is hoped that every reader of this book will urge the point upon his representative in Parliament or upon the leaders of his Party: we can scarcely exact mere pecuniary compensation for injuries of this kind even from the many hundred million sterling of German funds now in the Empire, which can be sequestrated; but at least we can hold personally and directly responsible, for the lives of our imprisoned officers and men, those high officials—and they are the highest—who could stop this shameful treatment with a word, and who have left that word unspoken.

Just as the men responsible for the hideous atrocities in Belgium must pay the penalty—Manteuffel for Louvain, Bülow and Schönmann for Andenne, Bayer for Dinant, Böhn and Sommerfeld for Termonde, and the rest—so must the Kaiser, his Princes, and his Generals pay the last penalty, if need be, for the

tortures and the deaths they have allowed to be inflicted on British captives in their power. We may laugh at the clever way in which Germany made use, long before it was necessary, of the cry that her population was starving—a very useful political cry to captivate the sympathy of neutrals; but do not let us forget that a very real scarcity of food may make its appearance soon, if it has not begun already. If our countrymen were half starved and brutally insulted when Germany still waxed fat in the warm glow of victory, what will be their fate when the first cold premonition of actual famine grips the whole country that is yelling already with hatred for everything English? It is a sinister warning of the future that to all our projects of exchange or of the simplest arrangements of organized humanity Germany turns a deaf ear. If we are to help these men, who have suffered a worse fate than any of our soldiers in the trenches or our sailors in the freezing seas, we must not hesitate to make our position as regards their treatment clear without delay. Even as it is, we have left it till very late, and the calculated procrastination of German official ferocity makes all diplomatic work doubly difficult from our side. But our Allies will only too gladly join us. They have far more in bondage. They have therefore an even greater call to action. Let a combined announcement go forth to the world that if Germany proceeds to the bitter end in her callous contempt for everything that has elsewhere raised civilization above the savage, we cannot now prevent her, and we shall never contemplate reprisals in kind, but we can at least promise her later on a measure of punishment, pressed down and running over, for these barbarous crimes; and let that punishment begin with the Kaiser and the German Princes.

In his effort to explain away the "scrap of paper," in December, 1914, Bethmann-Hollweg made the

dastardly and untrue suggestion that Germans had been inhumanely treated by the Allies when detained or imprisoned. He repeated that abominable lie in January, 1915. He added the sinister announcement: "No hostile civilian, man or woman [Where are the Babes?] was ever put into a concentration camp in Germany until the beginning of November, when *it was found necessary to retaliate against the British and, later, the French.*" We think this is perhaps the vilest thing that even Bethmann-Hollweg has ever said, outside his latest utterances. But in these he goes one better. He repeated the lie about the dum-dum bullets, which, at an earlier period of the war, the Kaiser telegraphed to President Wilson. Its absurdity will be evident to every British reader. But the malice which inspired it will never be forgiven. As if to concentrate all the falsehoods possible into one communication, Bethmann-Hollweg also told the Associated Press that the East Coast towns bombarded by the German fleet were "towns equipped with defences, arsenals, batteries, and other military establishments"; and that the German dirigibles not only "threw bombs over the fortified town of Great Yarmouth" but "warded off attacks from below as they passed over British soil!" His Zeppelins, in fact, were quite right to kill our women and children in the night; but our men (he alleges) were heartless enough to fire back at the balloons! Disgraceful! Of course there was no "firing back" whatever. Nobody saw one of the dirigibles soon enough on that occasion or long enough to get a chance. But trifles like facts do not matter. And we have burnt several since.

Observe the Chancellor's attitude of mind. Germans may kill as many women and children as they like, in any way they please. But if any man dares to try and shoot a German, it becomes an outrage against every law divine or human. Luckily these

murderous burglars have all the other characteristics of the burglar besides his bloodthirstiness. If they are caught at one of their raids on babies and bathing-machines they race for home without waiting an instant for a fight. Let them try again, and we will send another *Blücher* to the bottom of the sea or scupper a Zeppelin in the kitchen gardens of Great Yarmouth with as little compunction as we should shoot a midnight thief. I should like to have some more speeches and interviews from Bethmann-Hollweg. They show that he knew the right while doing the wrong, and that he considers this a proof of his "serious conscientiousness." They show that he imagines the American people to be such a pack of fools that they will take his word against the facts on record in official documents. Above all, they provide the first intelligible explanation we have ever seen, not merely of the brutal idiocies of German diplomatic manœuvres, but of the heartless atrocities committed by German soldiers in the field. Men who authorize and condone these atrocities are not likely to commend themselves to the world at large as censors of morals or exemplars of virtue. But Bethmann-Hollweg is a thoroughly suitable representative of the dishonourable blackguards who applaud him. They all imagined that crime would be cancelled by success. They must be made to understand that failure is only the beginning of the criminal's just punishment.

In one of their many official protests the Germans maintain that superior orders given to soldiers or sailors are not merely an excuse but a justification for any enormity, for any brutal sacrifice of innocent life. This is a direct admission, by the way, that we are right in asking for the punishment of the Higher Command; but it is, on the other hand, a well-understood principle of English law that no superior orders can save an English soldier from the consequences of a crime; and it may be added that International Law has always

been held to be a part of the English common law. Yet we are not proceeding to extremities with the piratical murderers taken prisoner from German submarines. We have not specially penalized any German prisoners taken under conditions which prove that in France or Belgium they had undoubtedly committed shameful atrocities on the civilian population. We feel that in each case the true criminals are to be found in the Higher Command, whose frigid ferocity planned these things, and whose sullen silence has condoned them. Major Vandeleur explains (in the report forwarded by Sir Edward Grey to the American Ambassador) how obvious it is that the brutal treatment of the prisoners of which he saw and suffered so much had been "deliberately arranged by superior authority, with the object of making us as miserable and despicable objects as possible." We cannot disbelieve this when we remember the careful organization for every detail of war which had been scrupulously thought out for the campaign of 1914, and when we recall that Germany's confidence of easy victory implied far more prisoners than even the high total she has taken. The German Government actually put this total forward as an excuse for not furnishing the details for which she had been asked—details for which countless families in all parts of the British Empire had been waiting in agonizing suspense. But there is no excuse for her refusal to forward correspondence from the Central Committee of the Red Cross; for her restrictions on the prisoners' own letter-writing; for her callous thefts of food and comforts sent out to the helpless victims of her spite; for her direct and shameful mishandling of men who have no means of defence, and who are deliberately goaded into revolt in order that they may be still more savagely punished, or even shot on the pretext of insubordination. The latest production of the German Government actually threatens an even greater severity. It

shows its usual disregard for truth in denying the refusal to rescue drowning men which has been proved by hundreds of eye-witnesses. The whole of Germany is just as much to blame as the military authorities for the spirit which makes such an attitude possible at all. We have not forgotten the way German civilians treated innocent, sick women who were travelling when the war broke out. We have not forgotten the scenes of inhuman insult and depraved ignominy which greeted the first English prisoners on their arrival. We trusted to the Higher Command to see that these things ceased when the prisoners reached the various camps or fortresses of internment. Their Government's latest communications, confirmed by American evidence and by the statements of English prisoners themselves, have shown us that we were mistaken. There is no punishment too severe for those who have ordered, condoned, or perpetrated atrocities that are even worse—because they are more cold-blooded—than anything done during the actual campaign in France and Belgium.

The name of Wittenberg will be the memorial of the eternal disgrace of a nation which boasted of its scientific supremacy; for the Germans who had laid their science under the most searching contribution when they desired to torture or to massacre their foes, in war, were unable to recall its simplest dictates when they were faced with prisoners whose fighting days were over, and who depended on the mercy and knowledge of their captors for the necessities of life itself. The hideous details of the typhus epidemic at Wittenberg are given in full in the official Report. Nothing could exceed the ghastly callousness of the German cruelty therein revealed.

Mr. Justice Younger's Committee published another report, on October 24th, 1916, of what happened in the German prison-camp at Gardelegen, between Berlin and Hanover, where 11,000 miserable men

(260 of them British) were crowded into a space of 350 by 550 yards in indescribably filthy conditions. When typhus made its inevitable appearance, the Germans ran away as usual, and sent British, French, and Russian medical officers to cope with appalling conditions that should have been impossible in any civilized country, and that constitute the gravest indictment of calculated savagery against any country boasting of its scientific skill. The foreign doctors fought the plague with splendid heroism, and it is a shocking proof of the previous sufferings of their patients that many prisoners were actually terrified to learn the Germans were returning.

As Viscount Grey replied on September 1st, 1916, to the International Red Cross Committee, which urged belligerents not to adopt a policy of reprisals in the case of prisoners: "The surest means of avoiding reprisals is to promote the abandonment of the policy which inspires them." As a celebrated French statesman observed, when he was urged to abolish capital punishment:—"Que Messieurs les assassins commencent."

We should remember not only that Wittenberg and Gardelegen do not stand alone in this black record; for there were Schneidemühle and many more; but that the German medical officer in charge of Wittenberg, who ran away from his post, has been awarded the same mark of his Kaiser's approbation as was given to the murderer of the *Lusitania's* women and children and to the General responsible for the atrocities of Andenne. The Kaiser, in fact, has not merely shut his eyes to these things. He has approved them. He has rewarded those who perpetrated them. No Englishman will forget it.

CHAPTER V

THE HIGHER TRIBUNAL

"In ancient days the darkest moment has ever produced men of our race the sternest resolve."—The King's Message to his People, Oct. 23rd, 1915.

"*Prussia is fighting with all the Vices of Yesterday at her back, with no promise save the blackness of her past. We fight for To-morrow. Our vengeance rides upon the horses of the Dawn.*"—*The Field*, December 26th, 1914.

LAUDAVI MAGIS MORTUOS QUAM VIVENTES.

In October 1915, Prussia horrified the whole world, outside the Germanic Empires and their Allies, with a crime which then surpassed even her own black record of infamy and shame. The killing of Miss Cavell by the decree of German Justice will never be forgotten, even in peace. It will have a profound effect upon any conditions which may be imposed upon a nation not

only conquered but disgraced, not merely discredited but outlawed, bankrupt alike in resources and in honour; and it will surely shorten the grim time of conflict through which we all have still to pass. "The end is not in sight," said the King's noble message of October 1915, in words instinct with the forthright honesty and royal confidence of all the best leaders of our race. But the way towards that end has been shown, as clear as sunlight, by the supreme sacrifice of this heroic woman's life. That sacrifice has been made in what the King has rightly called "the darkest moment" of our history, the moment when the fate of Empire has (to some critics) actually seemed to tremble in the balance. But upon those clouds the martyrdom in Brussels has shed a radiance that will never fade. It has not merely lent an overwhelming argument to which no member of the English-speaking communities can close his heart, but it will show to all the world that in this war we are all of one spirit; that even the natural weakness of our women is inspired by the same resolution that has steeled the fibre of our fighting men; that we will never yield to the domination of these degraded murderers until the last of us is dead. The case of Edith Cavell has been brought before a Higher Tribunal in spite of all the pedantic rancour and the clumsy malice of the Germans. For the memorial service at St. Paul's definitely dedicated the nation to a victorious issue for those principles for which she died. It did more. It roused this country and its rulers to a unity of purpose in which the varying strains of criticism, of pessimism, of party-feeling, or of mere carelessness have been welded together into one tempered weapon by the white flame of our righteous indignation.

As long ago as September 26th, 1914, I called upon the Government to place before the world, by definite and unbreakable testimony, the atrocities which the Kaiser's soldiers by his orders have committed upon

the wounded, upon women, and upon children. A few months later appeared the staggering document known as the Bryce Report, than which nothing more horrible has ever been printed in black and white. But even yet people did not seem to have realized that the bestialities which devastated Belgium in the first two months of the war had never ceased from that time to this, in one form or another, over very widely extended areas in France, Poland, Russia, and Serbia, apart from the continuous horrors of which Brussels afforded an instance that is both typically and cumulatively repulsive. These things must not be forgotten after the immediate shock has passed. They were the fruits of deliberate policy, and they will have permanent results. Fearful as have been the deeds committed upon men, both soldiers and non-combatants, it is the murders and atrocities committed upon women and children which rouse the fiercest resentment; for they are the final expression of what Prussia means to effect and how she means to effect it. The Kaiser is not merely using murder deliberately as a weapon against the "total intellectual and material resources" of the British Empire and our Allies—I emphasize that it is the Kaiser, for his release of some of the prisoners trebled his express guilt for the murder of the Englishwoman—he is also refining the cruelty of that brutal policy by concentrating it upon women and children. The bombardments of Whitby and Scarborough, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the Zeppelin raids on London are but the logical corollaries of procedure which involved torturing women in Belgium and France, crucifying babies upon barn-doors, or placing these helpless creatures as a screen before the gallant German troops. And it is worth noticing that the whole war began by an assassination in which a woman was one of the victims.

It may be taken as proved that Miss Cavell had assisted English, French, and Belgian soldiers (or men

of military age) to escape over the Belgian frontier by the help of guides and money; and it may be admitted that this was an offence against German military law, which the German military authorities had the right to suppress and punish. A similar case occurred in England. We need not go back so far as the precedent of Alice Lisle, which for ever damned the memory of the judge who carried out his sentence on her. In the present war Nicolaus Emil Hermann Ahlers was tried on December 8th, 1914, at the Durham Assizes for high treason, because he had aided Germans of military age to leave this country after the declaration of war. He had been German Consul in Sunderland since 1905, when he was "naturalized." There was plenty of evidence (documentary and other) of his guilt; but the Solicitor-General was careful to ask the jury not to strain the law, and they unanimously found the prisoner guilty. Though the only sentence possible was the capital one, the prisoner was at once allowed to raise the point, before the full Court of Criminal Appeal, that the judge had not put before the jury the question as to the purpose and intention of the prisoner. He was released and "directed to leave Durham for the South of England." In another case a woman was tried, not for helping men to go to Germany, but for deliberate espionage of the most dangerous type. She was condemned by incontrovertible documentary evidence. Her male accomplice was shot. She was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The fatal evidence against Miss Cavell consisted wholly of her own admissions. Her words irresistibly recall Quicherat's immortal record of the trial of Joan of Arc. She did not in the very least conceal the fact that her compassionate woman's heart had inspired her to help out of the country these men who would have been shot inside it. And we know what a hell German administration has made of Belgium. We know, too, that Miss Cavell, as principal

nurse to the Chirurgical Institute in Brussels, had worked as hard and sedulously for the comfort of German sick and wounded as for those of other nationalities, and had, in fact, placed her devotion and experience at the service of the Germans ever since their occupation of the city. We are thankful to recognize that thousands of Englishwomen would have risked their lives in such a cause and would have cheerfully died for their country without asking for any distinction in the working of the law as between men and women. But in what other country would a woman have been done to death for such an offence, which involved nothing in the nature of espionage? Nowhere else, as General Joffre has said, could have been found soldiers to carry out such orders as those of which von Bissing and the Kaiser have approved.

The decision of the German Military Court in Brussels seemed so appalling to Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Minister, that both he and his Spanish colleague made every possible endeavour to mitigate the ferocity of the Huns by every argument which would naturally occur to chivalrous and honourable men. To such arguments Germany has long been deaf, and she refused to hear them in this instance. The German authorities in Brussels, in fact, did their best to deceive the representatives of both the United States and Spain, and to conceal from them the fact that sentence of death had actually been passed by the court-martial, with the obvious desire of preventing any appeal to higher authority before that sentence had, in the dead of night, been carried out. They felt that this was a fine chance to gratify their hatred of everything English, and they did not wish any mawkish considerations of humanity or pity to interfere with their bloodthirstiness. The official apology published by Herr Zimmermann, the German Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, exhibits the usual grotesquely Prussian solecisms. It passes his comprehension that the legality

of this murder only increases its horror. He thinks we cannot judge of the severity necessary because we occupy no conquered territory. He does not realize that his very occupation of Belgium, temporary as it is, is based on the grossest form of illegality; and he appears to think that the shooting of this Englishwoman is wholly condoned by the fact that Germany is starving out the Belgians whom she has cheated of their territory. This horrible act only increases our horror of Germany's previous crimes in Belgium. It was no drumhead court-martial on the field of battle. It was the result of a long process of inquiry conducted by a Civil Governor under what the Germans themselves boast to be a wholly orderly Government. "What is intolerable," as the French Minister of Education has pointed out, "precisely is that Miss Cavell's trial and execution conformed with German justice." The evidence of premeditation, as in previous crimes, is what makes Germany's latest atrocity so peculiarly repulsive; and as long as Germans do not feel the profoundest shame and remorse for it, no peace will be possible between them and humanity.

The detailed story of the efforts made, up to the very last moment, by Mr. Brand Whitlock, will add to the heavy debt we already owe to the Americans who represent their country abroad. But it will also remain in the heart of every member of the British Empire as the foulest brand of infamy upon every German now alive from the Kaiser downwards. The report of the clergyman who witnessed the courage of her last hours, and the fine spirit with which she faced her fate, will rouse every man in the United Kingdom who can carry a rifle to press forward into the ranks of the army that will avenge her. The vulgar brutality of the German officials to the men who were the champions of mercy and of justice was only equalled by their cold, cowardly, legal butchery of the victim herself. Of the wretches who actually shot her there are some forty million

copies in Germany. Of the Kaiser, who could pardon prisoners that were not English, and in whose service that dastardly action was performed, there is fortunately only one other parallel—his friend, the murderer upon the Turkish throne. And we must remember that the assassin-in-chief has not ended upon the English nurse in Brussels, the nauseous catalogue of crime which was begun upon the Archduke and his wife at Serajevo; and that between them come such "incidents" as Scarborough, Louvain, Rheims, and Ypres; as the *Lusitania*, the *Falaba*, the submarine E 13, and the hospital-ship; as the wholesale torturings and maimings in France and Belgium for which the German Staff, with the approval of the Kaiser, is responsible. The black list is growing. We know who directly authorized the most barbarous atrocities, of which Potiorek's fatal plot in Serajevo was the first. To them must now be added the execrated name of von Bissing, who has almost surpassed them all. "*Ayez pitié d'elle,*" wrote the American Minister. The pity which von Bissing so callously denied a woman shall be inexorably withheld from him and his accomplices when their own time shall come. Potiorek was sent to a madhouse; but Potsdam would be the most appropriate reward for von Bissing and the rest. If these men and the foul despot who inspired them are not to be shot before the assembled troops of Europe when the war is over, let them at least be banned from every society save that of the fellow-countrymen they so richly deserve. And let us remember, when the war is over, that every German is their fellow-countryman. Let us make an end, while this generation at any rate is alive, of any dealings, whether social or of any other sort, with a race that has proved itself unfit to live, and that will but spread its poison everywhere as the parasite brings typhus in its trail.

The death-struggle of any strong and cruel beast of

prey is long and bitter. Germany is in her death-throes now. Bleeding to death, and slashing out to every quarter of the compass, she tries to maim and to disfigure the hunters she cannot subdue. Feeling that the last hour of her tyrannous brutality has almost struck, she tries to crowd into that final frenzy the worst and most hideous manifestations of her "frightfulness." No nation that felt sure of ultimate victory, or even of a postponed recrudescence of the conflict, would have resorted to the madness of a Balkan adventure at one end of the map, and the infamy of the Brussels murder at the other, while on both her vital frontiers the issue was slowly but surely going against her. These things are the outcome of sheer desperation. It will take more of our lives yet, and more of our sternest resolution, to beat her to the ground. But when we have done so, let us remember her misdeeds from the assassinations of Serajevo to the murder at Brussels, and let us sternly deny her one jot of that mercy and consideration which she has herself abandoned in all her dealings with mankind. I am glad to learn from Lord Robert Cecil in the House of Commons that the Prime Minister's pledge to exact reparation for maltreatment of our prisoners "applies with twofold force in the case of the savage murder, under legal form, of a noble woman." While the Germans are hammering tenpenny nails into huge wooden statues of Hindenburg it is well to think that suitable measures have been taken in the country for commemorating Edith Cavell as Florence Nightingale is commemorated in the capital of the Empire. Sir George Frampton's noble statue is worthy of its theme. The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small; and the vengeance that is God's must be worked out by human instruments. It is for us to see that the Germans are made to pay in full the reckoning for Edith Cavell's death; for her blood like that of Abel, crieth from the ground.

On March 28th, 1915, Captain Charles Fryatt, of the Great Eastern Railway's steamship *Brussels*, escaped from a German submarine by turning on her and attempting to ram. On June 23rd, 1916, he and his ship were captured by the Germans and taken into Zeebrugge. On July 28th he was called before a German Naval Court Martial at Bruges and sentenced to death. He was shot that evening. It was acknowledged by his murderers that he failed to ram; and the sentence was passed at the very moment when the American Senate was discussing a measure to provide, at the expense of the State, for the armament of all the most serviceable ships of the American marine. Our own Foreign Office, in an urgent message to the American Ambassador in Berlin, had rightly pointed out (on July 25th) that "the act of a merchant ship in steering for an enemy submarine and forcing her to dive is essentially defensive and precisely on the same footing as the use by a defensively-armed vessel of her defensive armament in order to resist capture, which both the United States Government and His Majesty's Government hold to be the exercise of an undoubted right." Captain Fryatt, in fact, had acted strictly in accordance with a precedent recognized by all nations in all previous naval wars. By law as by humanity there can be no question as to the validity of that claim. The German officials who murdered Captain Fryatt say that his act "was not an act of self-defence, but a cunning attack by hired assassins. Captain Fryatt boasted of his action, though happily he failed to attain his object. This was brought home to him during the trial *by witnesses from the crew of the submarine in question whose evidence was against him* . . . he was shot as a franc-tireur after *calm consideration* and thorough investigation;" the Germans said they took this course because he had acted according to the Admiralty orders, and concluded their *apologia* with the phrase: "One of the many illegal franc-tireur

actions of the English merchant shipping has found here late but righteous punishment."

As a matter of fact, the murder was committed in order to terrorize merchant sailors and to prevent merchant ships either leaving our harbours or coming into them. It has failed most lamentably. And its result has been to strengthen our resolution that when the war is over one of the many penalties inflicted on the Germans must be the replacement of every ton of defenceless merchant-shipping they have unjustifiably destroyed, and that until this is done all German funds and property in the British Empire must be sequestrated and held in pledge. These must be the direct consequences of a legal butchery, which, as in the case of Edith Cavell, the Kaiser himself might have prevented had he desired to do so. In each case there was ample time. In each case the protests of our own Government and of American officials had been lodged before the final step was taken. In each case others convicted of similar practices had been pardoned. In each case it was British nationality which confirmed the ultimate penalty against the prisoner. For Captain Fryatt's death there was even less justification than for Nurse Cavell's; for the latter had admittedly contravened the law, even though it be true that by no other country and by no other soldiers would the death penalty for such contravention have been enforced against her. Captain Fryatt's action in self-defence, however, was not only in accordance with the admitted practice of the rest of the world; it was also in accordance with Article 2 of the Appendix to the German Naval Prize Regulations issued in Berlin on June 22nd, 1914, as follows:

If an armed enemy merchant vessel offers armed resistance to the right of visit, search, and capture, this is to be broken down by all means possible. The enemy Government is responsible for any damage thereby caused to the ship, cargo, and passengers. *The crew are to be treated as prisoners of war.* The passengers are to be liberated unless it is proved that they have taken part in the

resistance. In the latter case they are to be proceeded against in accordance with the extraordinary martial law procedure.

In other words, the German code admitted the right to resist in the case of the crew, and only a passenger who joined in that resistance made himself liable to those penalties of a franc-tireur which the German Press so unctuously predicated of Captain Fryatt when gloating over his assassination. We are, in fact, driven to the conclusion that the sentence quoted above from the code was inserted just six days before the murder of the Archduke in order to blind other countries to the real methods Germany meant to pursue in the war on which she had decided. It may also, of course, be only one more instance of the way in which Germany has for the last two years insisted that she might break when she liked all the rules (or treaties) by which other people considered themselves in honour bound. She may sink the *Lusitania* and take every credit for her courage in drowning so many defenceless women and children; but if the captain of a passenger steamer even tries to ram one of her sacred submarines he is to be shot. If the submarine commander who drowns hundreds of non-combatants is a hero and the captain who defends himself is an assassin, in the German courts, we only find the same merciless insistence on soldiers' rights, combined with utter rejection of all non-combatants' rights, with which Germany began her war in Belgium. We shall go on fighting her till she rejects a policy which no other nation can ever accept. Nor shall we forget the insistence laid by the German court and people on the fact that Captain Fryatt's guilt was doubled by his having acted under Admiralty orders. For when all Europe stood aghast at the atrocities committed by German soldiers in Belgium and the North of France, their patriotic apologists explained that no soldier could be blamed for acts which his own military authorities had, by the sanction of his own Government, commanded him to

perform. Circumstances appear to alter cases when an Englishman is in the dock; but the precedent will serve, and we trust that if any hesitation has been felt in France in punishing Germans proved to have been directly responsible for known atrocities they will be given in future the full benefit of the German view. It is also satisfactory to put on record Mr. Asquith's pledge: "His Majesty's Government desire to repeat emphatically their resolve that such crimes shall not, if they can help it, go unpunished. When the time arrives, they are determined to bring to justice the criminals, whoever they may be, and whatever position they may occupy." The *Field* had urged this course in September, 1914.

The critical moment is now at hand when every nerve and muscle in the Empire will be strained, when every ounce of resolution will be needed, when we shall have to press on to the stern fulfilment of our duty in the face of certain loss, of probable delays, of possible weariness and danger. But we shall be able to face it all provided we are united, provided we slacken no single fibre in that nation which was born again upon the fateful night of the 4th of August, 1914. Then our path lay clear. All that has happened since only leads us more inexorably forward to our goal. The real Englishman never talks much about his deepest beliefs or his most sacred things. He is unmoved by the dramatic howlings of his enemies' hatred. He knows he would rather die than stain his soul with cruelty to prisoners, to women, to children, to any non-combatant. He does not talk about it, any more than he can openly bewail the personal losses which this war has brought upon us all. But his dead are not forgotten. They call him from the other side. And English prisoners, suffering a bondage that may sometimes be worse than death, are calling to him, too. Not one of us is deaf to that appeal, though Germany has failed in her foul purpose of breaking their spirit and intimidating those they

leave behind. The degradation she has tried to heap upon them is not theirs but her own. She has essayed a vile discrimination between British prisoners and the rest; even between Irish prisoners and English. But the metal has rung true in every case. The great Blackmailer has been foiled. She has incurred the deepest disgrace which any nation calling itself military could ever suffer. She has deserved, and she will obtain, the common reprobation of the criminal.

CHAPTER VI

THE APOLOGY OF PRUSSIA

"Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I: yea, thine own lips testify against thee."—*Job* xv. 6.

"I do the wrong and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others."
Richard III, i. 3.

HAVING been brutal enough to commit the atrocities we know, the Germans have been insane enough to put their own crimes on record in more than three hundred folio pages of a White Book, containing the depositions of hundreds of witnesses who are, almost without exception, German officers and soldiers, most of them having been directly implicated in massacres and destructions, which, they assert, were always necessitated by the misdemeanours of Belgian "francs-tireurs." The damning thing is that the

INCIDUNT IN LAQUEUM DIABOLI ET DESIDERIA MULTA QUÆ MERGUNT HOMINES IN INTERITUM . . .

German officials recognize that isolated acts of violence would not have warranted the infliction of the collective (and often vicarious) punishment which they admit; so one of their excuses is that masses of Belgian civilians were engaged in a "people's war" with the active assistance of the Belgian Government and Army—an assistance which "justified" all the German atrocities! These German officials, in fact, consider it proved that German soldiers in Belgium acted with "humanity, restraint, and Christian forbearance!"

Such an amazing claim at least attracts attention. Though unknown for a long while in England, it was published for the benefit of the United States, be it observed, just five days before the Bryce Report was issued to the world, a clever piece of intelligent anticipation worthy of the "Berlin Wireless" itself, and indicating that some faint echoes of a widespread (but, of course, thoroughly unintelligible) resentment had reached the cabinets of Potsdam. That criticism was naturally to be expected from people wholly unaccustomed to Teutonic militarism, as officially explained by the German General Staff in *The Usages of War on Land*, edited by Mr. Morgan and published some time ago by John Murray. This gruesome volume urges the German Army to "destroy the total intellectual and material resources" of its enemy, and explains that for any silly conventionalities about mercy "there exists no express sanction, but *only the fear of reprisals decides.*" The engaging doctrines here set forth had not, it is true, been known to Englishmen until some months after the war had begun. All we ignorant people had to go upon during the autumn of 1914 was such a textbook on International Law as Holtzendorff's *Handbuch des Völkerrechts*, which lays down the absolute inviolability of Belgium under all circumstances and without exception, and describes such treaties as that guaranteeing it as "landmarks of progress," pointing out that "nothing could make the

situation in Europe more insecure than an egotistical repudiation by the great States of their duties of international fellowship." It came, therefore, rather as a shock to us to hear Bethmann-Hollweg (on August 4th, 1914) admitting precisely such a repudiation in the Reichstag, and qualifying it as "the wrong we are committing."

Another little matter to which we had curiously enough given our full confidence was the complete adherence of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, on behalf of the German Empire, to the Hague Convention that invaded populations may be recognized as lawful belligerents if they (1) carry arms openly, (2) conduct operations in accordance with the laws and customs of war; and the excellent Holtzendorff himself had previously admitted the natural rights of masses of a country to defend the fatherland against invasion. Yet the German White Book announces in one important passage, which entirely contradicts its own arguments on another page, that Belgium "had sufficient time for an organization of the People's War as required by international law," and therefore that Belgian civilians should have had responsible commanders and recognizably distinctive badges. How much time does Germany think she gave them, considering that she issued her ultimatum late on August 2nd and violated their territory early on August 4th, 1914? The further German charge that Belgium began her mobilization a week before the invasion has been amply disproved by the Belgian Government; for until July 31st Germany did everything possible effectually to conceal her real intention of disregarding the repeated assurances of her Minister, breaking the pledged word of the Kaiser, and repudiating her signature to the treaty of 1839. Indeed, it was on the very night of her ultimatum that her Minister at Brussels had the effrontery to tell the Belgian Government the lie that France, with several aeroplanes, had

committed breaches of international law on Germany. Its miserable plea about there being no "organization of a People's War," the German Government itself contradicts by the assertion (in the White Book) that at Dinant, for instance, "the organization" of civilian resistance "was remarkable for its careful preparation and wide extent . . . the organization had the support of the Belgian Government." From all of which we gather that Germany considered it right to punish the Belgians because they were *not* organized, and did punish them because they *were* organized. Nor does the White Book pay the least attention to any of the proclamations posted up by the Belgian authorities in every town and village, documents of which numerous instances were reproduced in *Kaiser, Krupp, and Kultur* (Murray) and in the *Field* Supplement for February 13th, 1915, where they may be compared with German proclamations of the same period.

"German wounded," wails the White Book, which Mr. Morgan has pitilessly analysed, "were robbed, killed, and mutilated by the Belgian population." It this were true, how is it that in 300 folio pages of complacent evidence from German soldiers and their chiefs not a single instance of such robberies, mutilations, or murders is brought forward? Even if we accept the theory of reprisals why were they so disproportionate? Why does a German soldier put his evidence on record that sixty villagers (including women) were shot "because they had telephoned to the enemy"? The White Book also seeks to justify wholesale massacres by trying to show that the Belgians were not only unspeakable knaves, but also incredible fools. It asserts, for example, that when 7,000 German soldiers were marching through Andenne (in which they saw not one French or Belgian soldier) the population of this little town attacked them. At Aerschot, too, "there was no enemy," says the White Book, yet the villagers rose in arms against a whole German Brigade!

At Dinant, again, where a peculiarly horrible slaughter took place, the White Book says that the population were "without military badges," but that "children (including girls) of ten or twelve years" were firing revolvers at the noble German Army, which was also cruelly attacked by "elderly women" and "a white-haired old man." In other words the theory of "franc-tireurs" is abandoned. The mask is suddenly dropped in one grim and sombre sentence—"the *tactical object* of the 12th Corps was to cross the Meuse *with speed* . . . this was to be striven for *in every way* . . . hostages were shot at various places, and this procedure is *amply justified*"; they were shot because, after they had been imprisoned, the population they could no longer control were falsely accused of firing upon German soldiers; and the population were shot because they no longer possessed the "responsible commanders" who had been imprisoned by the Germans. The horrible truth is that the First Royal Saxon Army Corps had been rudely checked in its advances by the enemies' military forces, and brutally avenged itself on the defenceless civilian population.

At Louvain, the White Book speaks of "a carefully planned assault which was carried on for several days with the greatest obstinacy . . . the leadership was in the hands of a higher authority." This resulted, it continues, in firing that was "fearful . . . violent . . . furious" from "disguised Belgian soldiers." Now it is to be noted (still keeping to the German text) that the Germans reached Louvain on August 19th. Yet on the 25th, at eight p.m., a company of German Landsturm was attacked by a "murderous" fire from "machine-guns and hand-grenades." Evidently the slaughter must have been great. But what do the German witnesses say? "Five men were wounded"! And what was the sequel? The gallant German soldiers went into one house after another, took out those murderously-armed Belgians who never resisted

in the least, and shot them in batches. And we find that, though this attack had taken place just as Major von Manteuffel had finished his soup, a Corporal Hohne who had entered the town at nine (only an hour later) deposes that "up till then nothing noteworthy had occurred." Even more remarkable is the evidence of Major von Klewitz, who testifies that at four the next morning the infatuated inhabitants opened fire on an Army Corps which was in the act of "moving out to battle"! Among all the mass of conflicting evidence, the only coherent story which emerges is that with every arrival of fresh German troops, the inhabitants fired on them again.

The German authorities apparently expected us to believe all this farrago of self-contradictory rubbish. But I need hardly emphasize the absolutely valueless nature of any evidence given by a German private soldier at the request, and in the presence, of his commanding officers. Nor need I repeat that apart from the directly incriminating testimony of the White Book, the German proclamations, at Hasselt, Namur, Wavre, Grivegnée, Brussels, and elsewhere would be alone sufficient to fix the guilt on Germany for ever. There is also the conclusive proof (carefully omitted by the White Book) in hundreds of diaries and letters written and signed by German officers and soldiers. But even if there were none of these things to take into consideration, "the German Government is now so tainted with the infamy of indisputable mendacity that no sober and impartial man can credit a single word of what it says." These are Mr. Morgan's words, and I must heartily endorse them. My readers will scarcely need to be reminded of the numberless instances I have recorded since *The Truth about Germany* was published in the first fortnight of the war, and stamped its authors, Ballin and the rest, as scurvy liars and dishonourable rogues. Their Government has since forged Belgian documents in the attempt to prove

a lie against the Belgian Army. It has fabricated monstrous stories of cruelty committed on its own soldiers. It has broken every promise by which the tissue of European civilization has been held together. Its latest White Book is as gross a monument of chicanery and self-righteous humbug as its first White Book on the diplomatic negotiations which preceded the outbreak of the war it engineered. We do not believe Prussia to-day, while we are at war with her. We shall not believe her to-morrow, when we have beaten her. And we shall never believe her again until her power of doing evil is destroyed.

I can hardly wonder that the reception given to their White Book by the United States has led the German authorities to try and withdraw it from publicity by every means in their power. Luckily, Mr. Grimwood Mears and Mr. Morgan have pilloried it for ever at the bar of the English-speaking communities; and it has enabled us (and the French) very materially to enlarge that Black List of German Criminals who will be dealt with suitably if they survive the war. The chief motive of its publication was no doubt to impress the neutral nations. But I do not believe that this egregious volume will convince even the German nation. For if all we hear so constantly about the enormous intelligence and exalted kultur of that community be even partly true, there must be at least a minority (and a growing minority) which will refuse to believe such balderdash as flatly as any of the more ignorant neutral countries have already rejected it. And that delayed but considered refusal will, in the end, be even worse for Prussia than the derisive and immediate rejection exhibited by the rest of the world. But there is more in it than this. From their special publications, here and elsewhere, we know that the German General Staff considered all these atrocities to be justifiable, because (1) they had to hack their way through and win quickly, (2) they thought they could

neglect public opinion, (3) they expected no reprisals. But they have since discovered (1) that they were not quick enough to conquer, yet were in too much of a hurry to avoid the catastrophe of the Marne, (2) that public opinion at once condemned them, (3) that no man can escape the consequences of his actions. What, for example, will the German nation, as a whole, think of the deliberate policy which their Prussian General Staff carried out in the autumn of 1914 and afterwards, when French, Russian, Serbian, and Belgian soldiers proceed to a similar interpretation of the Laws of War in German territory, and are able to quote the ferocious pages of this German White Book as their authoritative precedent for action against Germany's civilian population? There is yet another and an even more terrible precedent; it was published before the war by the German General Staff in *Usages of War on Land*; and it runs as follows: "Good faith is essential in war, for without it hostilities could not be terminated with any degree of safety short of the total destruction of one of the contending parties." By this very maxim will the Allies be guided in terminating the present struggle. Has Prussia ever thought of this? Her own Socialists have done their best to warn her; but she is deaf to the prophets of her own country. Will she be compelled, when it is too late, to learn her last lesson from the German slaves she has so long blinded and befooled?

Mr. Grimwood Mears was one of the joint secretaries to the Bryce Committee, and Mr. J. H. Morgan was Commissioner for the Home Office with the British Expeditionary Force. The work of both gentlemen is to be found in the pages of the appendix and report issued by Lord Bryce's Committee, and what they have independently published deserves an equal credence. I desire to add that if there is any more evidence still unpublished from any such authoritative sources it is the duty of the Government to print it; and, further,

the labours so admirably carried out by the Bryce Committee are far from ended with the completion of their celebrated Blue Book. As I showed on January 28th, 1916, the crimes of 1914 in Belgium and France have been perpetrated ever since. Either the investigations carried out by such men as Mr. Grimwood Mears and Mr. Morgan are true or they are not. Either the German nation has approved these outrages—continuous and official outrages, be it remembered; not momentary, not irresponsible—or it has not. Either we are to give up all reprobation of the iniquities and blackguardisms which have roused the resentment of Christendom since the birth of Christ, or we are to acquiesce in savagery, to go back to the treacherous shadows of that black abyss from which humanity has slowly climbed for generations. Either we are to welcome the liar and the assassin to our bosom after he has outraged our women, murdered our children and tortured our wounded, or we are to show him that he is of a different breed from ours. It will be one of the most lasting errors any Government has ever made[1] if our own Prime Minister does not assist the Governments of our Allies in making clear, not to the English-speaking peoples only but to all the civilized world, the reasons why we have to fight this war to a finish and end it on the only terms that can save us and our children from an even more ghastly repetition of its horrors. It is incredible that there should be people still alive in England who do not even yet realize the crimes which Prussia has committed in the name of Germany. Yet I am only too well aware from letters I have received that there are men, and even women, who still do not understand. If they

[1] All who desire to consider for themselves the facts on which my statements are based should buy, for one shilling, at any bookstall, *The Crimes of Germany*, which is an illustrated synopsis of Germany's violations of international law and of humanity from 1914 to the present day, based on official facts in every form of warfare.

continue in an ignorance which will become more and more harmful to the continued ardour of our united struggle, the British Government, whose duty it is to teach them, will be most seriously and permanently to blame. We have but little right to gibe at the hesitations of the United States, more than three thousand miles away, while so many of ourselves, who live within but five-and-twenty miles of soil soaked in the blood of the victims of Germany's assassins, remain apparently indifferent to the truth.[1]

Among the many gifts of his great genius none has so enhanced the fame of Rudyard Kipling as his complete understanding, his vivid description, of the spirit of modern France in arms against her brutal oppressor. With the books I have already mentioned none could serve as a better companion than the little volume

[1] Even as late as October, 1916, a certain Miss Hobhouse, who seems to have made a brief visit to Louvain under the auspices of the German authorities, was moved to announce, from "consideration for the feelings of our Belgian friends," that stories of its destruction had been much exaggerated. She was answered by Madame Carton de Wiart and M. H. Davignon, who is Secretary to the Commission of Enquiry. He reminded her of the statement in the *Kölnische Zeitung* of February 10th, 1915:—"It is beyond doubt that the destruction by fire of Battice, Hervé, Louvain, and Dinant has acted as a warning signal." He referred her to innumerable photographs (many of which I have myself published) recording the devastation, and to diaries of German soldiers. Further proofs are to be found in the Third Grey Book published by the Belgian Government and collected by the Commission of Enquiry; in the pastoral letter of H.E. Cardinal Mercier; and in the collective letter of the Belgian to the German Bishops. It has been long ago established (1) that several parts of the town were set on fire by signal on August 25th, 1914; (2) that the Germans had special incendiary apparatus for the purpose; (3) that the Church of St. Pierre was set on fire at the roof; and in the interior with piles of chairs; (4) that the Halles and the University Library were blazing without any attempt being made to save them; (5) that the Town Hall, where the officers were, was saved; (6) that the fire lasted three days and burnt 1,120 houses; (7) that organized pillage followed the fire; (8) that many inhabitants were sent to Germany in cattle-trucks, and many more fled all over the countryside. I think it might have been better if Miss Hobhouse had been conducted over Louvain by a Belgian.

called *France and War*, in which Macmillan and Co. have reprinted Kipling's splendid articles in the *Daily Telegraph*. I will quote a little of what he writes: "'Bombardment,' the Boche text-books say, 'is designed to terrify the civil population so that they may put pressure on their politicians to conclude peace.' In real life men are very rarely soothed by the sight of their women being tortured." After he had seen a French Army Corps go by, and the peasants stooping again to work on the fields, "Now one knows," he comments, "what the solidarity of civilization means. Later on the civilized nations will know more, and will wonder and laugh together at their old blindness. . . . The all-embracing vileness of the Boche is best realized from French soil where they have had large experience of it. 'And yet,' as some one observed, 'we ought to have known that a race who have brought anonymous letter-writing to its highest pitch in their own dirty Court affairs would certainly use the same methods in their foreign politics. *Why* didn't we realize?' 'For the same reason,' another responded, 'that society did not realize that the late Mr. Smith, of your England, who married three wives, bought baths in advance for each of them and, when they had left him all their money, drowned them one by one. . . . Until Mr. Smith had drowned his third wife people didn't get suspicious. They argued that 'men don't do such things.' That sentiment is the criminal's best protection." And again: "The Boche does not at all like meeting men whose womenfolk he has dishonoured or mutilated, or used as a protection against bullets. It is not that these men are angry or violent. They do not waste time in that way. They kill him." As one of the women put it: "'There is no arrangement possible with wild beasts.' This is the one vital point which we in England *must* realize. We are dealing with animals who have scientifically and philosophically removed themselves inconceivably outside civilization. When

you have heard a few—only a few—tales of their doings, you begin to understand a little. When you have seen Rheims, you understand a little more. When you have looked long enough at the faces of the women, you are inclined to think that the women will have a large say in the final judgment. They have earned it a thousand times." And lastly, take the terrible scene of the fifty German prisoners: "They were the breed which, at the word of command, had stolen out to drown women and children; had raped women in the streets at the word of command; and, always at the word of command, had sprayed petrol or squirted flame, or voided their excrements on the property and persons of their captives. They stood there outside all humanity. Yet they were made in the likeness of humanity. One realized it with a shock when the bandaged creatures began to shiver, and they shuffled off in response to the orders of civiliz ed men."

In the crisis of that stupendous struggle at Verdun, the battle-cry of the unconquerable *Poilu* was "*Pas-seront Pas!*" It must be the motto not of France only, but of all the Allies-Against-Evil, nay, of all the world that stands for the honour of civilization and humanity against the forces of a shameful and atrocious barbarism. And it must never be forgotten after the merely naval and military destructiveness of the Huns has, for this time, been crushed. You do not convict a man of the most loathsome and deliberate form of lying, and then trust the safety of your wife and children to the sanctity of his promises. You do not disarm a murderer, arrest him, prove him guilty, condemn him to penal servitude for life, and then ask him to dinner as soon as he gets out on ticket-of-leave; still more degrading would it be to share the profit of the work his bloodstained hands have done, or chaffer with him in the ordinary course of trade for bargains he has only made possible by crime.

The mere end of the war which the Prussian so wantonly aroused must not be the end of the penalty he has to pay, must not be simply the release of that blackmailing murderer for the forging of more dastardly weapons against the peace and beauty of a world of which he is not worthy. The talk of conditions under which he shall be allowed to buy and sell with us again is almost as revolting as the suggestion that he shall once more be called an Englishman, once more creep into our cleaner lives (like a leprous error in a fair text), and soil the atmosphere we breathe by spying, by usury, by dishonesty, by every form of subtle fraud. As the Prussian has made it impossible to deal with his diplomacy in concluding these hostilities, so he has made it impracticable to live with him when peace appears; for to him there is no peace; to him the cessation of open warfare is but the signal for subterranean villainy; to him the signing of a compact is but the opportunity to strike a felon blow. It will be recognized, before the end, not merely that we and our Allies are fighting for the freedom of Belgium, of Serbia, and of ourselves from something even worse than the immediate horrors of this war; but that we are giving to the best of the old German populations their chance of escape from the thraldom of that despotic " Empire " which the Prussian so cynically laid upon them for his own vile purposes. That chance is the last chance Germany will get. I believe she will take it, by her own methods and at her own time, knowing full well that she remains outside the pale until she has accomplished her own cleansing, and earned her own admission. But for the Prussians, Never! Neither by Verdun nor any other frontier shall they enter. " *Passeront Pas !* ".

" *L'histoire vengeresse dira l'ignominie et la lâcheté des propositions faites à l'Angleterre et dédaigneusement repoussées par l'honneur britannique, la neutralité de la Belgique outrageusement violée, les traités les plus solennels et les plus sacrés impudemment déchirés comme*

des chiffons de papier, les moyens plus barbares employés pour terroriser, dans les régions traversées, des habitants inoffensifs, la science déshonorée au service de la violence et de la sauvagerie."—Speech of M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic, July 14th, 1915.

A nation convicted of such atrocious conduct as that of Germany cannot be given the consideration usually granted when the question of peace becomes practical; and the influence which this conduct must have upon the terms of peace themselves is very serious. If German soldiers had kept their swords clean in a fair fight for the supremacy of Europe, or for anything else, we should have shaken hands with them when we had beaten them and have retained nothing but admiration for the greatest military effort the world has ever seen. This they have made impossible. For it is clear that the rules broken by Germany were made not so much to mitigate the horrors of war as to allow men who had fought out an issue to live together afterwards in peace. Germany's conduct must, therefore, have very far-reaching results. For the deliberate policy authorized by the Kaiser, framed by his General Staff and carried out by his soldiers and sailors, the whole German nation must in the end be held responsible, and must in the end suffer penalties proportionate to its continued approval of that policy and its readiness to profit by it. We must carefully safeguard peace by the same methods of force which Prussia herself invoked to break all covenants that bound her.

The Prime Minister has solemnly pledged Great Britain, with the full approval not only of the Empire but of the civilized world, to exact full reparation from all who have been responsible for these violations of civilized warfare. I cannot too often repeat the names of the worst:—von Bissing in Brussels; Manteuffel at Louvain; Bülow and Schönmann at Andenne; Bayer at Dinant; Böhn at Sommerfeld and Termonde; Stenger, who signed the general

order to kill the wounded; Nieher at Wavre; Wittenstein at Clermont-en-Argonne; Fosbender at Lunéville; Tanner and Clauss at Gerbéviller and Frambois; Schröder at Compiègne; the Colonel of the 70th Regiment of Infantry, who mutilated their wounded by order; Major Kastendick (57th Infantry) and Captain Dültingen, who ordered two women and a child to be killed. There are many others; and the proof of their guilt will become more and more important as the close of active hostilities approaches. Those who urge this country to make peace proposals prematurely will belittle it. Germany herself will attempt in every possible way to deny and to obscure it. But the evidence against her is to be found not merely in the sworn statements of eye-witnesses and of her victims themselves, but in the signed letters and documents of her own soldiers. That evidence proves more than her guilt in certain cases or in a particular campaign. It proves her deliberate intention to incorporate these atrocious methods in all her subsequent wars and to menace the future peace and civilization of the whole world with similar barbarities whenever she may think them necessary. Two other points deserve notice. The first is that Germany's complaints invariably allege serious breaches of international law on the part of other people, without the slightest hint that she proposes to observe the law herself. The second is that, though many opportunities have been given her to answer the accusations made against her, she has been careful to give no reply. Sir Edward Grey's suggestion that questions of maritime law should be submitted to an American tribunal was rudely rejected. There was also the request of the Belgian Bishops to the Catholic Episcopate of Germany and Austria for the full investigation of the whole question of the "Belgian Atrocities" by a joint committee under a neutral president. Nothing fairer could have been suggested. No clearer presumption

of Germany's guilt could be adduced than her refusal to entertain the offer.

The cynical and immediate contempt shown by Germany for the Hague Conventions and other rules of civilized war has convinced everyone that the strict and continuous observance of such conventions in the future must obtain the sanction of such forcible measures as could be applied, when necessary, by the rest of the world, to the Germanic peoples or to any others who might wantonly violate the agreements of civilization. That observance must clearly also be a matter of interest and honour in the future to every nation which has signed the Code. In other words, a strong and practically universal body of enlightened censure must be created, and maintained, against the deliberate policy which has abused the chivalry of war and destroyed the lives and property of innocent non-combatants both by land and sea. We must be protected against any possibility of its revival. Crimes such as Germany has committed have not merely broken the rules of the civil and military code; they have outraged the elemental instincts of humanity; they can neither be adequately punished nor permanently stopped by arms alone; their abolition must be the task of a higher type of international conscience which will not only reject German ideals from every civilized country, but will insist upon a clearer recognition of the fundamental rights and duties of the individual citizen within the boundaries of the Germanic Empires. It is almost incredible that among all those millions not a single voice has been able to raise a protest strong enough to turn their rulers from the deliberate policy of crime laid down in their official "War Book" and rigidly carried out by the strict orders of their officers.

For all the German-speaking races outside Prussia there will one day come a great awakening. Truth cannot be hidden. Just as they deceived the world

with prattle about philosophy and Kultur for all the years during which they were secretly preparing the wholesale murder of Europe and European civilization, so have they been deceived themselves as to the result of their ill-starred machinations, and as to the opinion of the world about their abominable methods. After all, they will discover it is not war but peace which is the normal life of other nations. After all, they will be made to realize it is not Lies but Truth that is the basis upon which international society must rest. The frightfulness of the modern Hun has effected nothing greater or more lasting than did the cruelties of Attila or the faggots of Alva in the Netherlands. Their Chancellors and their journalists may ask: "Is it the business of Germans to be guided by chatter about humanity and civilization, or to go ahead roughly and ruthlessly?" But a greater Voice than any to which modern Germany has listened has said to her victims in Belgium, Serbia, and Poland: "I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

This book appears at a time when the prolongation of the war may well necessitate a strengthening of resolution on the part of all the Allies; and its details inexorably show that we are fighting not for any temporary surcease from the troubles of war, not for any territorial or commercial advantages, but for the permanent liberation of mankind from the terror of a blighting despotism that would continuously wither every possibility of happiness and development in the race. In their own way these pages, carefully compiled from officially recorded testimony, are a contribution to the verdict of that history which the Imperial Chancellor of Germany has so frequently and dishonestly invoked; but they were primarily intended

to rouse in some, to keep alive in all, of the inhabitants of Europe a realization of the terrible fact that Germany fights not only against our armies and our cannon but against those principles of mercy, of justice, and of honour which are most deeply rooted in our souls. The Germans, as a nation, will probably never recognize the loathing they have roused till they suffer a crushing defeat. But this war will not be ended by merely military or naval victories. We have not only to conquer our opponents in the field of battle. We have to abate their pride and malice, to change their cruel creed, to keep them rigidly outside the pale until they can be recognized as fit once more to mingle with the civilization they have betrayed. The Hohenzollerns have, beyond all question, broken the honour of the German Army and Navy as they have broken the pledged word of Germany and of her rulers. The doom that they have made inevitable for themselves is far more bitter than any punishment their enemies could inflict. The weak reprisals of mankind are strengthless in comparison with the vengeance of the living God. From the soil that Germany has outraged there cries aloud the blood of countless victims who are still fast bound in misery and iron; but the time of their deliverance is at hand—when "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

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As I was reading over the proof-sheets of these pages for the last time, the speech made by Viscount Grey to the representatives of the Foreign Press in England was published in the papers, and was followed (early in November, 1916) by Bethmann-Hollweg's miserably prevaricating attempt to answer it. These two speeches are my complete justification for this book, which has gone back to origins and "ancient

history" in ways that may have seemed unnecessary—I fully admit it—to many of my readers. But the reception awarded to these speeches with their insistence upon the vital importance of the origins of the war, has convinced me that no conscientious effort in the same direction, however modest, will be thrown away. The reply to Bethmann-Hollweg will be found in full in the second section of this volume.

For more than two years the people of the British Empire have faced death in all its forms, for themselves or for those most dear to them. Many have lost already all that seemed to make life worth living. There is no single home that has not felt, in one way or another, the stress and anguish of the time. And we are asked to continue; we know we must go on; we have to bear yet more and more with every passing week; and we will last this long course to the bitter end, asking but one comfort, but one recompense for our endurance and our pain—the realization, by every member of our race, of the cause for which our dead have given up their lives; the proud remembrance of their motives in that sacrifice; the stern determination that it shall not be in vain. Though this is the duty of us all, it is above all the duty of those who, like myself, can only look on while others fight. We can at least do our best to keep a good heart in all around us during the crisis of the struggle. There is always the danger that the mere dust of so gigantic an affray may so obscure its origins as to weaken the results of victory. As some small contribution to the lessening of that danger, these pages have been written.

Terrible as must be the experience of anyone who has been near the heart of a conflict so tremendous, I am glad to have been alive when the free legions of my country flocked to the standards of liberty and honour as soon as the base challenge of Germany's defiant militarism was hurled against civilization. I

am proud to have been of the same blood and the same mind as are the men and women who have risked or given their all in the cause of that great brotherhood of chivalry which has gathered together from the four quarters of the world. That brotherhood will never again be separated; and the world will be the better for its work.

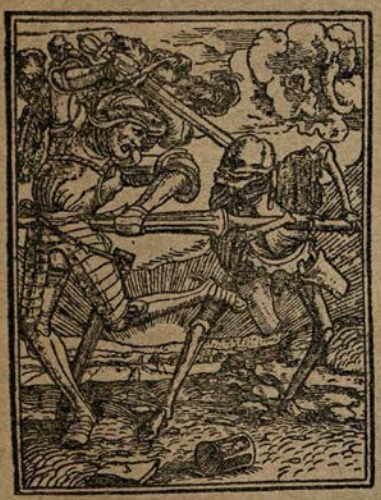
VENITE AD ME QUI ONERATI ESTIS . . .

APPENDIX

I

THE CRIME OF SERAJEVO

THE *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1916, contained an article by Mr. Henry Wickham Steed, entitled "The Pact of Konopisht: Kaiser and Archduke, June 12th, 1914." Mr. Steed reproduces and analyses a startling communication he received from an authoritative source. His correspondent, "whose position and antecedents entitle his statements to careful examination," and who was ignorant of other writings on the same subject by Mr. Steed, pointed out the humiliating friction which the murdered Archduke, Francis Ferdinand, had constantly experienced with the House of Hapsburg owing to his marriage with the Countess Sophie Chotek, and the deep affection he felt for his two sons by her, who were finally barred from the succession, not only by a previous agreement, but also



SUBITO MORIENTUR . . .

by the birth of an heir to the young Charles Francis Joseph. The joy of the Imperial family over this heir was a measure of the humiliation they would have felt if Sophie Chotek's son had ever reached a throne. The correspondent suggests that at the Konopisht meeting the Kaiser made a definite offer to the Archduke. I quote the passage in full:

"*The conception was grandiose, but appeared nevertheless not impracticable. Russia was to be provoked to a war for which Germany and Austria were ready. France was to be reduced to impotence by a few vigorous strokes. The abstention of England was considered certain. The main object of the visit paid by Francis Ferdinand and the Duchess Hohenberg to Windsor in November, 1913, had been to establish friendly personal relations with the Court of St. James's. Thanks to the neutrality, benevolent or otherwise, of England, victory was regarded as assured. Its result was to be the transformation of the map of Europe. The ancient kingdom of Poland with Lithuania and the Ukraine was to be reconstituted—the Poland of the Jagellons, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. This was to be the inheritance of Francis Ferdinand and after his death, of his eldest son; while for his younger son was reserved, under his father's direction, a realm including Bohemia, Hungary, most of the Southern Slav lands of Austria, together with Serbia, the Slav coast of the Eastern Adriatic and Salonika. Francis Ferdinand saw great thrones prepared for his two sons, and Sophie Chotek saw herself the mother of kings.*

"*The Emperor William for his part was to give back to the future Poland a part of the Duchy of Posen, and to indemnify himself by bringing German Austria, with Trieste, under the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, into the German Empire. The coveted outlet on the Adriatic would thus have been acquired by Germany.*

"*Between the enlarged German Empire, the reconstituted kingdom or Empire of Poland and the new Bohemian-Hungarian-Southern Slav realm a close and perpetual military and economic alliance was contemplated. This alliance would become the arbiter of Europe and would command the Balkans and the route to the East. Who would then have dared to resist had it pleased Berlin to*

bring Holland and Belgium into the great Confederated German Empire?

"*This was, in substance, the pact of Konopisht. Its existence and its terms were known to very few, but there is reason to believe the Austrian Imperial Family to have obtained knowledge of it, at any rate after the assassination of the Archduke.*"

Mr. Steed's analysis of this brilliant hypothesis is scarcely less interesting than the "grandiose conception" itself. He recalls the deliberate courtesy shown by the Kaiser to the ill-fated pair and to their children, since 1908. He emphasizes the extraordinary and pointed lack of ceremony in their funeral arrangements, which were directly authorized by the Head of the Hapsburg House. He notes the well-known desire of Austria to attack Russia in 1909, whether backed by the Kaiser's "shining armour" or not. His general conclusion seems to be that the crime may be directly attributed to Austria. We shall probably never know the truth. But I may state a few objections to Mr. Steed's apparent conclusions—for I am not sure that he wishes to be so interpreted. And I may say at once that his correspondent's sensational disclosure does not shake the views which I first expressed in the *Field* in 1914 and repeated in 1915 after the shooting of Miss Cavell.

If those round the aged Austrian Emperor had known the "pact of Konopisht," as described by Mr. Steed's correspondent, to be true, it might have been possible to find men among them who would stick at nothing to prevent it. But I observe that the anonymous correspondent is careful only to say that they knew of it "at any rate *after* the assassination." And it is just possible that the knowledge reached them for the first time in the documents which were found on the murdered Archduke's person at Serajevo, and were sent to the Austrian Emperor by Potiorek; for as soon as these had reached Vienna an Imperial Commission started hotfoot for Konopisht to seize all his other papers. This does not look very much like premeditation. Even if Baron Konrad von Hoetzendorf was a rabid "militarist"; even if Count Forgach, the notorious forger of the Friedjung documents, was completely dishonest, there is a long step from their attitude

to that of a murderer. And why should they have murdered a man whom they knew to be doomed to death within a year at most by an incurable disease? Would it help the Hapsburgs to have so young a man upon their crumbling throne as the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, a day earlier than could be helped?

In the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1914, appeared an article on "The Murdered Archduke" by one who was intimately acquainted with the politics of Austria and the Balkans. It gives many details which should be remembered in any careful consideration of the crime and its attendant circumstances. Brother of the Archduke Otto, and son of the Archduke Karl Ludwig, Franz Ferdinand was at first supposed to combine the vices of the one with the reactionary mediævalism of the other, and when the Crown Prince Rudolph died there were many misgivings as to the character of such a successor. In the monastic seclusion of Graz, buried, as it were, in the intellectual catacombs of a narrow-minded dogmatist, Franz Ferdinand's youth gave no promise of the clear-headed originality of his prime. That he shook off such fetters so quickly was in itself a tribute to the strength of will and personality first observable in that journey round the world which was as much a revelation to others as to himself. He greatly admired Sir George Dibbs and Lord Lansdowne. He was very fond of Australia and Japan. He disliked things German, and he was for some time markedly cold to the Kaiser, and later to the Crown Prince.

Two things were observed on his return: the zeal with which he flung himself into his work as Inspector-General of the Army, and the passionate determination with which he married Countess Sophie Chotek against the most relentless and most influential opposition. His wife very wisely stayed in the Palais de Belvedere, preferring the realities she knew to any parade of questioned power. But her husband soon showed that he was not to be ignored. His patronage of the Catholic School Union (approved by the Pope) was a clear hint that he was against Protestants, against Dualism in the Empire, and against the Triple Alliance. Buda-Pesth was almost as much annoyed as Berlin. But he was heard to ask, "How much longer are we to remain the vassals of Germany?" His wife,

the Princess Hohenberg, was as clever as she was charming, and even the old Emperor was constrained, after her death, to acknowledge that she was "a noble-hearted woman." She was a very definite factor in her husband's success, and she now backed him bravely by bearing him a son, who was at least a claimant to the Hungarian throne. The Kaiser at once urged one of the Emperor's daughters to have pressure brought upon this astonishing anti-Magyar, anti-German Archduke, to renounce his heritage. But the Vatican supported him; and for the time the Vatican was strong enough.

The Archduke was undoubtedly moved to give more prominence to his opposition to the Triple Alliance by the telegram sent from the Kaiser to Count Goluchowsky about "the brilliant second" at Algesiras. This the pride of Franz Ferdinand resented as almost an insult to Austria. Then came the first elections held under the Universal Suffragé Law he had supported. They sent the Clericals into the Reichstag as the dominant party, with ninety-six Christian Socialists still more closely representing his views. He felt strong enough to approve something like a definite programme envisaging the dominance of Austria in the Balkans, and the doctrine of Trialism, placing the Slavs on an equality with the Magyars in a federated Empire. The swift mobilization, which followed the sudden annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in 1908, was the work of the Chief of Staff he had selected. Within a month of that annexation the Kaiser was meeting him at Ecksartau, and the Archduke saw to it that they met as equals. The Duchess Hohenberg (as she soon became) was then invited to Berlin, where courtesies of every kind were lavished on her.

But there remained between the Archduke and the Kaiser a reserve which nothing could diminish. It was certainly not lessened by the refusal of Franz Ferdinand to visit the Italian Court, on which much then depended; nor did the German Imperial Chancellor mend matters by the famous talk about mobilizations. The truth is that if the Archduke had consented to the continuance of the Triple Alliance, there would have been no possibility of "German Hegemony." He was not more friendly to Italy either; but, as we know, Italy had even graver

reasons for breaking with the Kaiser. And it is certain that neither of these latter commanded so much of the Archduke's real sympathy as Russia, France, or even England. The ideals of peace and justice which underlay the doctrine of the equality of Slavs, Hungarians, and Austrians were not likely to appeal to the despotic militarist of Potsdam. These are facts that should be remembered by anyone who tries to appreciate what the Kaiser was thinking during the summer of 1914.

Bearing all this in mind, my view is that the assassination chimed in exactly with the plots of Prussia for a war which could no longer be postponed. Liebknecht, alone as yet, has had the courage publicly to make this accusation. In his last speech in the Prussian Diet (March 13, 1916) on the education of children, he said: "Let us teach history correctly and tell the children that the crime of Serajevo was looked upon by wide circles in Austria-Hungary and Germany as a gift from Heaven." Uproar drowned his further utterance. He was arrested on May 1, tried, convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude, having obstinately survived the dangers of the trenches to which (though a deputy of the Reichstag) he had been previously sent. His father suffered the same fate, for the same reason, after 1871. Before 1908 there was distinct discord between the murdered Archduke, who was not only determinedly clerical but resentful of all outside interference, and the Kaiser, that champion Lutheran busybody, who meddled in everyone's affairs for his own purposes, and nurtured wild visions of a world-supremacy. My view is that in 1908 the Kaiser made up his mind to achieve by fraud what he could not do by force, and to pretend to make a friend of the unhappy Archduke. It was done apparently with considerable ease. But I do not believe that it was completely done. The Archduke's mind, though stubborn, was growing unhealthy. As he neared his end it became less normal still. His religious scruples and his dynastic pride would be the last things his self-willed and somewhat tyrannous personality would be likely to give up. I believe that in the end they mastered any dreams of world-aggression he may ever have imbibed from the Kaiser, who played, with diabolical skill, upon his adoration of his children and his well-

grounded anxiety for their future. I believe that the Kaiser laid before the Archduke at Konopisht an even more daring plan than that which Italy had rejected in 1913. That rejection had been got over. But further postponement was impossible in 1914; and even the least opposition on the part of Austria might prove fatal. How true this last point is, you may see from the haste with which the Kaiser hurled ultimatums both at France and Russia the moment the vacillating Austrian Court showed signs of weakening at the end of July, 1914. I believe the Archduke refused at Konopisht the *rôle* offered him by the Kaiser, and that Prussia then secretly let it be known that there would be no objection to things "taking their course" at Serajevo. If this were not so, why did Count Tisza warn the Archduke not to go there? If this were not so, why did Austria shrink from producing evidence which should have cleared her from all complicity? If this were not so, why has nothing of the vital correspondence between Austria and Prussia, during July, 1914, been permitted to see the light? If this were not so, why did Prussia so carefully and continuously warn off the other nations from interfering between Austria and Serbia till her own mobilization was complete, and why did she keep up till the very last moment the farce of pretending that she knew nothing about the ultimatum to Serbia? Are these the marks of innocence? I may add one more consideration. On February 2nd, 1916, Prince Yussuf Izzed-din, heir to the Turkish throne, was found dead with his throat cut. It was from Stamboul that the German Ambassador had worked a good many intrigues based on the Serajevo murder; and the sympathies of the dead Prince are known to have been with the Allies. Is this another instance of the removal of an inconvenient heir? The assassinations that have occurred since July, 1914, have not all been the casual results of over-excitement. The murder of Jaurès in Paris, in 1914, comes at one end; at the other is the murder of Count Stürgkh, in 1916, the Austrian Premier, the nominee of the murdered Archduke, the most significant figure in Austrian Clericalism since the Archduke's death.

The Austrian Emperor's illness early in 1914 had drawn universal attention to Francis Ferdinand; and the Kaiser

went on in that spring from Corfu to Miramar for what appeared to be a most friendly visit. Three months later the Kaiser invited himself to Konopisht for another personal interview, which, as we know, had not so fortunate an ending. The War Lord had von Tirpitz with him, significantly enough, and we are all much better aware to-day than we were then of the real thoughts that filled the War Lord's mind. But, said the Princess Catherine Radziwill, in 1916, "it became clear to Wilhelm II that the Archduke did not in the least intend following him in the adventurous policy which he was already dreaming of, and that all his thoughts were concentrated on the independent well-being of the Austrian Empire and on family matters." The real fact was—and the Kaiser must have been bitterly disappointed to recognize it at this final interview—that the Archduke would not only have done his best to preserve peace if he had come to the throne, but was also prepared to work for peace at once during the illness of the aged Emperor. "It is pretty certain," writes Princess Radziwill, "that had Francis Ferdinand not been murdered in such a dastardly manner, he would have done much to consolidate the peace of Europe. He had a will of his own, and would never have become a puppet in the hands of his Ministers and advisers, and he was far too good a husband and father to endanger the existence of his wife and children in an adventure which, in any case and whatever the ultimate results, could only have done them harm." This seems to me to be very valuable indirect confirmation from an independent and unconnected source of the views I have expressed since 1914 as to the complicity of Prussia in a murder which, as the Princess says, "left the field free to all the intrigues of the military party in Austria and of the partisans of war in Germany, and afforded the pretext, which the latter had long been looking for, to put into execution the programme which plunged the whole of Europe into chaos and calamity. Once the Archduke had disappeared there remained no strong man or character in the Austrian Imperial family. The new heir was not of the stuff that heroes, or even men of initiative, are made." There was, therefore, no one to deal with the unscrupulous and overbearing ambition of the Kaiser

except an old man with one foot in the grave and no clear notion of anything that was going on. The Kaiser, in fact, when once the Archduke was out of the way, had Austria-Hungary in his pocket. We have seen, since then, what he has done with it.

It must also be remembered that Count Berchtold (the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs) was not much more than a name in June, 1914. Count Tisza (the Magyar Premier) was the man who thought, planned and acted under the influence of the Kaiser; he was also the man who drafted the ultimatum to Serbia and arranged for the Kaiser's approval of it, and co-operation in its consequences. He had, in fact, full knowledge of every detail in the plot for war and he had the full support of Conrad von Hoetzendorff, the fire-eating Chief of the General Staff. But the Kaiser was well aware that different views were held by others in high places in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, who would gladly accept any compromise with Russia which Serbia's reply might afford. Among these moderates was the Archduke. This is why he had to be "removed"; and the reason why Germany (beginning as the kind and candid friend who only "kept the ring") so soon assumed the leading rôle and took charge of affairs herself, was because she was not only the prime mover in the gigantic plot for war, but also the chief accomplice in the murder which began it, and she could not afford to give her weaker partner the least chance of giving away the compromising details.

Austrian intrigue, in July, 1914, as it seems to me, reflected too much of the confused senility of its Emperor to take any bold and reckless course, though in small matters it may have flung conventional morality to the winds. I am convinced that the Austrian Emperor would never have sent the ultimatum to Serbia if he had realized the Kaiser's actual plot. His ministers, at any rate, showed a most notable reluctance to go forward when they began to suspect the danger. It was not merely that Russia was considered unlikely to fight, with France unprepared and England standing out. What they never understood in Vienna was the vast and criminal duplicity of the Prussian scheme, which certainly embraced the absorption of Austria after her army had been used up,

just as the Kaiser used up the resources of Bulgaria and Turkey with a view to swallowing them later on.

Prussia, with all her sickening seriousness in sin, has shown herself ready to justify any action by the cry of "Imperial Necessity"; when she had determined to open her actual campaign by stabbing a nation in the back and robbing the corpse afterwards, she would hardly be likely to betray any delicately scrupulous hesitation as to the preliminary murder of a mere Austrian Archduke.

Mr. H. Wickham Steed, in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1915, has thrown a sinister light upon the actual crime of Serajevo, which bears out almost everything I have suggested. Let me recall, in the light of all that has happened since, a few of the circumstances which led up to June 28th, 1914, and immediately followed it; for we know now a great deal more than anyone ever dreamt, in those days, about the possibilities of Germanic turpitude; and a chain of deliberate vice becomes clear which begins in one murder and ends in another, with innumerable horrors forming every bloodstained link between.

After the Kaiser and von Tirpitz had visited the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Konopisht in June, 1914, the Archduke and his wife left for Bosnia at the end of the month to inspect the 15th Army Corps. Count Tisza must have known something, for he warned him not to go. But though a sick man he was no coward, and he can have suspected little of the awful truth. The very efficient police at Serajevo, who had most completely protected the Emperor on a former occasion, were told they need do nothing, as all arrangements for safeguarding the heir to the Imperial throne would be in charge of the military. No such arrangements whatever were made. General Potiorek, commanding the 15th Army Corps, did not even provide an escort. The bomb that exploded on the way to the Town Hall was thrown by one Cabrinovitch, the son of an Austrian police agent, whom the Serbian authorities had tried to expel from Belgrade as an *agent provocateur*, though they refrained from doing so on receiving a certificate of good conduct from the Austro-Hungarian consul; and Cabrinovitch is known to have been in the Austrian Legation in Belgrade three weeks before the murder. The Archduke expressed

in the Town Hall his very natural displeasure at what had happened, though he added to an aide-de-camp: "The fellow will get the Golden Cross of Merit for this." And certainly the Imperial Family did not appear transported with grief after the second attempt had so fatally succeeded. To a member of the suite Potiorek's only reply was, "Do you think Serajevo is full of assassins?" The royal pair left the Town Hall to go to the hospital where the man wounded in the first attempt had been taken; and, as their driver did not know the way, they were guided by Potiorek. At a certain point the royal car was deliberately slowed down. Prinzip took careful aim, point-blank, and killed both the Archduke and his wife. As soon as the bodies had been taken indoors, Potiorek went in alone and rifled the Archduke's corpse for his papers. He returned to the assembled company saying: "A sad misfortune has happened. Now let us have something to eat." The police at once led bands of hooligans (who seemed to have banners all ready) to loot the houses of the Serbs. Not a single soldier or policeman has ever been dismissed, or even reprimanded, for the negligence responsible for the murder. Potiorek, who was not removed from his command till the Serbian army had routed his attack, much later, was sent into a madhouse; a doubly wise precaution, for whatever he may happen to say later on it can always be pointed out that the evidence of a witness from a lunatic asylum is unconvincing. Cabrinovitch, who made the first attempt at assassination which failed, is also removed. The Berlin Press early in 1916 announced that he had "died at Theresienstadt."

Nothing of the Trial following the murder had been heard until October 28th, 1914, when the following announcement was published by Austria about the sentence passed:

"The prisoners Danilo Ilio, Veljko Cabrilovic, Nedo Kerovic, Misco Jovanonic and Jakov Milovic are sentenced to death by strangulation. Mikav Karovic is condemned to imprisonment for life. Danilo Princep, Nedjelko Cabrinovitch and Torifko Grabez are sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years."

In Austria's ultimatum to Serbia of July 23rd, 1914, the whole of Serbia was held comprehensively responsible

for the murder, and Serbia was ordered "to institute proceedings against all participants in Serbia in the plot of June 28th. Delegates appointed by the Imperial and Royal Government will take part in the investigation relating thereto"; also "to arrest without delay Voislav Tankossitch and one Milan Ziganovitch, an employé in the Serbian State service, whose complicity in the Serajevo crime has been established." The reply was asked for by 6 p.m. of Saturday, July 25th! Yet even by that time Serbia replied "Voislav Tankossitch has been arrested, but Milan Ziganovitch had escaped, *and he was a subject of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.*" All the accused were Austro-Hungarian subjects.

In July, 1916, the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger*, an organ of the German Foreign Office, announced that the German military authorities had "discovered" in the Serbian archives at Nish documents containing plans for the murder of the late Austro-Hungarian Heir-Apparent, and "the names of several Serbian officers who participated in the plot." Despite the exposure of their claim to have "discovered" in the Belgian archives at Brussels the notorious Anglo-Belgian "Conventions," the German military authorities were apparently still jealous of the laurels won by Austro-Hungarian diplomacy in the field of forgery by the fabrication of the famous anti-Serbian documents exposed in the Friedjung trial. To bolster up the new Nish "documents" the Serbian Colonel Radovitch was arrested in the concentration camp of Grödig, near Salzburg, and was sent to the military prison at Salzburg to await his trial before the Serajevo Military Tribunal, on the charge of being an accessory in the Serajevo murders. Nothing is yet known of his fate. All we do know is that by the end of April, 1916, the trial for high treason instituted at Serajevo was announced to have ended. Sixteen persons, among them the ex-Deputy Vasin Gogui and the priest Mattia Poppovitch, were sentenced to death, and sixty-eight persons to penal servitude extending from one to twenty years. Among the latter are the ex-Deputies Vof, Islav, and Besavovitch, who were sentenced to eighteen years' penal servitude, Gosta Bozitch to sixteen years, Maksim Solle to twelve years, and Gjovo Simu to five years. Fifty-five persons were acquitted.

Political plots involving assassination are not uncommon in the Balkans. In October 1916 at Bucharest it was proved that several conspirators were instructed by the Chief of Police at Budapest and two captains of the Austrian General Staff to assassinate M. Bratiano, the Roumanian Minister of War, with two of his colleagues whose sympathies were with the Entente. The plot failed, but the conspirators were sent for trial before the Criminal Court.

II

"J'ACCUSE"

THE very striking book called *J'Accuse*, "a book of enlightenment for the German people," was published in Lausanne, where Dr. Anton Suter (April, 1915) assumed responsibility for the work of "a German patriot" who remains anonymous, but who, in his own words (English translation by Alexander Grey; Hodder and Stoughton, London, 1915), is "uncorrupted and incorruptible, is not bought and not for sale . . . born on German soil, trained in German culture, German in his ancestry, his speech, and thought" (p. 423). I see no reason to disbelieve this; and it is clear that the work was published in Switzerland chiefly owing to the rigid censorship enforced in his own country, which he apostrophises as follows (pp. 424-5): "Long ago the enemy knew the truth; there is no one in the whole world who does *not* know it. . . . But you, Germany, you alone continue to sleep, in all your unrighteousness, the sleep of the righteous. . . . Do you believe that the sun would

DIES MEI BREVIABUNTUR ET SOLUM MIHI SUPEREST SEPULCHRUM . . .

not rise if you were to wall up your windows? Do you believe that the daystar would not shine because your bat's eyes cannot endure its radiance? Be sure that Truth, in spite of all obstacles, will penetrate into your closed dwellings. . . . Open and let her in . . ." And he adds the stern prophecy: "Should those who counsel the German Emperor again fail . . . then we may safely say, as Bebel prophesied, the great general march will be followed by the great crash, then the death knell will have struck, not for the Government alone, but also for the monarchy." In the following pages all the facts and opinions are those of the author of *J'Accuse*, and my own comments may be easily distinguished.

The author's fourth chapter emphasized the terrible sufferings of the people, not only in the trenches but at home; he contrasts the recklessness of the upper classes and of the aristocracy, to whom war was only a great adventure, and its prize prestige. But he urges the moral that reforms are now essential, and that if this horrible war does not produce them, "Under the placid surface of internal peace the seething waters are in agitation, boiling and bubbling. Woe to those who refuse to hear the subterranean noises. . . ." (p. 385). He points out that "on the old system of armed peace judgment has been passed (p. 387) . . . even the guilty party will now recognize that all his military preparations, all his opposition to every proposal to bring about an understanding, have brought him no advantage. . . ." He hopes for a federation of the nations, a covenant of peace, without any sacrifice of sovereign rights, in the interests of each party to the pact and of the whole world. The nations would "surrender the possibility of ruining themselves and others—nothing more." And they would gain the immeasurable possibilities of expansion conferred by security and by the gain of what armaments have wasted. His view of the war is that it will be a drawn battle, without a decisive victory for either side, and in this very fact he sees the possibility of conditions of peace to which no conquered or embittered antagonist can fairly object. The Right to make war, or "The Right to do Wrong," is the only thing of which any nation will be deprived. But he sees that this would be impossible under an autocratic,

militarist Hohenzollern Dynasty or a militarist Prussian constitution for the German Empire. And he quotes the Peace Manifesto adopted by the International Party at Basle in November, 1912, which stated: "If the governing Powers cut off the possibility of normal continued development, and thereby incite the proletariate to desperate measures, they would themselves have to bear the whole responsibility for the consequences of the crisis provoked by them." Jaurès, in fact, only confirmed Bebel's opinion when he said "the more terrible the European war, the greater and more terrible would be the revolution which would ensue." And he concludes: "If the prophecy of Bebel has not been realized to-day, will it be realized to-morrow? It will the more certainly be realized the more our leaders continue to pursue, after the war is over, the criminal blindness which has misled them in this war."

But the most powerful part of the book is the elucidation, from documentary evidence, of the crime of Germany in beginning war. "The German Government (p. 413) had only to grasp the hand so often offered by England—from the first Hague Conference down to the last proposals of Grey at the end of July, 1914—and all that we are to-day hoping, longing, and striving for would have been gained before now without shedding a drop of blood." And he points out for what trivial pretexts all this blood is now being shed (p. 417). "It is not because of a squabble between Austria and Serbia about a harbour, but because of other trifles which are far more petty in character, that twenty million men in the flower of their age are to-day rending each other's flesh. It is because of a misunderstanding, a question of legal interpretation, which could have been settled by half an hour's consultation between experts . . . whether the Austrians should be allowed to collaborate in Serbia in judicial or police investigation—these and similar world-shaking questions—according to the assertion of the guilty parties themselves, for they do not yet acknowledge their secret intentions to make war." As he points out (p. 369), "No one knew what took place in the world, and especially in Germany, in the four days between July 31st and August 4th." The German official story was that the

Russians and French had attacked, and even the Social Democrats flew to the rescue of the menaced Fatherland and voted the war credit like lambs. When the Socialists showed signs of discontent, a quarrel was fomented among them which has, so far, served its purpose. But its effects cannot be durable—the truth is bound to come out, sooner or later, and it will be realized that "The promise given was a necessity of the past; the broken word was a necessity of the present." The real aims of the Kaiser at wide territorial conquests all over the world are becoming more and more clear to everyone in Germany. But the attempt at world dominion is an anachronism, an "historical retrogression." As the author puts it, "Our aim is unattainable, and the means adopted to attain it are criminal . . . any peace which might more or less accord us such a dominion would be but an armed truce . . . one war would continuously give birth to another." But every day brings illumination nearer.

The "State of War" proclaimed on July 31st, 1914, placed the intellectual life of Germany under the supervision of generals, and (p. 3) "has produced the result that nine-tenths of the whole German people have blindly followed the dexterously coined phrases about the 'state of defence which is forced upon us,' about the 'struggle for our freedom and culture against aggression and oppression.' . . . These and similar phrases have been used with the conscious intention of deceiving the German people, of inflaming its patriotism, and of inspiring it to unutterable and incalculable sacrifices in wealth and life." Germans of the highest eminence joined in that deception of the masses. "If we had not read it daily in print, we would not have believed that the intellectuals of Germany could have persuaded themselves and the German people that German culture is in danger and that it must be defended with Zeppelins and 42-centimètre artillery." But the writer realizes quite clearly how such doctrines (and their practical results) are estimated by the world outside. "I should like to see how Canada, India, Australia, and New Zealand would acclaim the German conqueror who, as the Chancellor has so beautifully expressed it to an American journalist, is destined to bring freedom to the world. Charity begins at home. He who

imposes bondage in his own house cannot bring freedom to the world. . . . The English colonies will defend themselves to the last ship and the last man before they give up English freedom and independence and surrender to German bondage and oppression" (p. 20). Germany says she is fighting for the freedom and security of herself and others. But the word "freedom" is curiously interpreted by the Junkers. "Anyone who allows himself to think or write or speak otherwise than is pleasing to the governing class is suppressed, punished, or, if need be, shot dead. That is the freedom which they mean" (p. 109); and "security" has also an odd meaning for the Junkers. "They mean" (p. 111) "security at any cost, without respect to the right of nationalities or the free destinies of nations." The truth is that (1) plans for this war, both military and political, had long been made by both Germany and Austria, (2) both had determined to rouse popular enthusiasm by representing it as a "war of liberation," (3) but its real objects were the hegemony of Europe, the destruction of the British Empire, and German dominion of the world. These three points, in so many words, the German author sets himself to prove.

The second chapter of this volume is one of the many pieces of recent writing which make it almost incredible that none of us foresaw the catastrophe. By the light of 1914 we see its indications everywhere. Our writer begins very naturally with Bernhardi's works, which have already been analysed for my readers in the early pages of this volume; and I need now add nothing to what I then wrote except the additional proof here given of Bernhardi's authority and popularity among his fellow countrymen, which so many English critics used to deny. The chief point made is that "Bernhardi expressly excludes an offensive war on the part of the Triple Entente, and he indicates that the only way of arriving at the desired world war, and at the same time at world dominion, is that Germany must act as an *agent provocateur*, and must so shuffle the cards that the other side will be compelled to attack." Our author mentions Frobenius also, pointing out that this author's theme (the famous "preventive" war) was highly commended by the Crown Prince, and that, if it is true, then the same war cannot also be "de-

fensive," and then "all official utterances (in 1914) from the Imperial speech from the Palace on July 31st down to the speech of the Chancellor of December 2nd, 1914, are branded as lies." He explains that if the increase in wealth and prosperity is indeed so enormous as is recognized by Bernhardi and others, why was there any clamour for "a place in the sun"? What more did Germany want (p. 45)? If Germany was too small to support its population, why have the emigration figures steadily gone down from 134,000 in 1881 to 18,500 in 1912? If Germany wanted more colonies, and was obliged to send out her sons because she had no room for them, how is it that only 27,000 of her white citizens were living in her colonies in 1913? And why did her commerce with her colonies amount to five millions sterling only, out of a total of a thousand millions for her whole trade in 1912? The author's answer is simple. Germany's best customers and her true colonies were the markets of England, France, Russia, Italy, America, Brazil, the Argentine—countries she could never possess. I should myself prefer to put it that the German is not a colonist but a parasite. Even in the United States, where the great majority of German emigrants flocked for so many years, they did not become Americans; they fed on the Americans and remained German. The author's chief comfort is that these emigrants, at any rate, having given up German citizenship, will be the only rich Germans left after the war. To-day Germany has lost American goodwill, and has lost not merely her colonies, but her markets too; though in 1914 she possessed every possible advantage, for her exports were over 50 per cent, above her imports, and to-day she has lost 425 millions sterling in trade with "enemy" countries alone, trade which will never return in equal volume for generations. If what she had in 1914 was not enough, then it was not merely "a place in the sun" she sought by war; it was all the sunshine for herself and shadow (p. 61) for the others; not equal privileges, but her own leadership.

German foreign policy for many years had only succeeded in inspiring fear and distrust in everybody. But the Triple Alliance had won many notable diplomatic successes, such as Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908 for

Austria, Tripoli and the Ægean islands for Italy, the open door in Morocco and an actual slice of French Congo for Germany; and no greater diplomatic triumph than Serbia's reply to Austria in July, 1914, has ever been achieved, though this reply itself was made the pretext for European war. This is, after all, a brilliant list. But Germany kept grumbling that she could not get enough attention paid to her. And the German Crown Prince wrote books about the "martial spirit" and the "decisive factor of the sword." And German politicians loudly complained of "the policy of encirclement," as if the fact that she was geographically central was to be imputed as a crime to nations on the east or west of her. She was, at any rate, careful never to suggest the enormous strategic value of that central position, which might have been considered just as "aggressive," geographically, as the accidental positions of France and Russia on the map of Europe. She also talked loudly about England's jealousy and envy. But when did England ever practically exhibit these feelings? Why should England's friendship with Russia or France be more dangerous to European peace than Germany's strict military alliances with Austria or Italy? What are the proofs of England's aggressive intentions, or of Russia's, or of France's? What are the proofs that England was fighting against German commerce? If she was really a "nation of shopkeepers," would she try to kill her best customer? Did she really want war? It does not look like it if we examine her whole policy since the first Hague Conference of 1899.

When the Tsar issued his famous Peace Manifesto in August, 1898, was it England or Germany who laughed at it? Germany's representative at the Conference of 1899 was Professor Stengel, who was more malicious than anyone in his attacks on the Peace Manifesto. At the Conference England led the world in her efforts for peace, with "France, Russia, America, and naturally all the smaller States. On the other side, however, there constantly stood Germany with her true ally, Austria-Hungary (p. 80) . . . Germany had the undisputed merit of having barred the way to a decisive step forward in the peaceful organization of the nations (p. 82)." Even before the

Conference (March, 1899) Goschen had declared in favour of regulation by treaty of the system of armaments. This was confirmed by Joseph Chamberlain in July, 1903. English Liberals, like Campbell-Bannerman, Grey, Haldane, Lloyd George, Asquith, and others, continuously fought against the policy of huge armaments as most dangerous to peace. And in 1906 Sir Edward Grey said in the House of Commons: "No greater service could the Hague Conference do than to make the conditions of peace less expensive than they are at the present time." And in July, 1906, Campbell-Bannerman urged the Interparliamentary Union, "in the name of humanity, to go into the Hague Conference, as we ourselves hope to go, pledged to diminished charges in respect of armaments." But at this second Conference (p. 87) "Austria and Germany made once again a glorious exception . . . again the way to progress was barred." Germany, in fact, offered a determined resistance to the least proposals for disarmament or peace. "Our title of glory," says the author on p. 90, "that of being everywhere a drag on the peaceful understanding between the nations, will remain undisputed, but it can scarcely contribute to making us loved throughout the world."

England had several times pointed out the suspicions likely to be created when Germany, the first military power, began to create a tremendous navy as well. "What would Germany, what would the whole of Europe, say if England, the leading Power on sea, were suddenly to begin to create a force by land which, sooner or later, might become equal to the German in strength?" (p. 91). Nothing would induce Germany to alter her famous naval law. In the Reichstag on March 30th, 1911, the Imperial Chancellor, commenting on a speech by Sir Edward Grey, declared the question of an agreement as to armaments was insoluble as long as men were men and States were States (p. 97). In the autumn of the same year, after Morocco, England again emphasized her desire for better relations, and when Lord Haldane went to Germany in 1912 he "put to the Chancellor and to Admiral von Tirpitz the very proper question: What would be the use of negotiations aiming at friendly relations between the two Powers, if Germany was going at the same moment to

increase her battle-fleet as a precaution against England and thereby compel England to a corresponding increase on her side?" (p. 98). As a price for lessening her naval construction, Germany "demanded neither more nor less than the obligation for Britain of unconditional neutrality in the event of any European conflict in which Germany might be involved" (p. 99). I may note in passing how clearly this is confirmed by the Note published by Sir Edward Grey on September 1st, 1915. And what was Germany to do, when England promised to stand aside? She offered "an unbinding, unwritten, temporary retardation, which involved no reduction in naval construction" (p. 100).[1] But Sir Edward Grey did not give up his

[1] As the exact terms of the offer made by Prussia to Lord Haldane in 1912, are of vital importance, I quote the text as follows:

"(1) The high contracting parties assure each other mutually of their desire of peace and friendship. (2) They will not either of them make or prepare to make any (unprovoked) attack upon the other, or join in any combination or design against the other for purposes of aggression, or become party to any plan or naval or military enterprise alone or in combination with any other Power directed to such an end, and declare themselves not to be bound by any such engagement. (3) If either of the high contracting parties becomes entangled in a war with one or more Powers in which it cannot be said to be the aggressor, the other party will at least observe towards the Power so entangled a benevolent neutrality, and will use its utmost endeavour for the localization of the conflict. If either of the high contracting parties is forced to go to war by obvious provocation from a third party, they bind themselves to enter into an exchange of views concerning their attitude in such a conflict. (4) The duty of neutrality which arises out of the preceding article has no application in so far as it may not be reconcilable with existing agreements which the high contracting parties have already made. (5) The making of new agreements, which render it impossible for either of the parties to observe neutrality towards the other beyond what is provided by the preceding limitation, is excluded in conformity with the provisions in Article 2. (6) The high contracting parties declare that they will do all in their power to prevent differences and misunderstandings arising between either of them and other Powers."

It will, of course, be obvious (with regard to the crucial articles, Nos. 4 and 5) that Germany was already allied with Austria, while England was allied with nobody. This meant that all Prussia had to do was to put up Austria as the nominal principal, which, in 1914, she did. But fortunately she had not tied our hands in advance, as she expected. She had, of course, rejected Viscount Grey's simple proposal that neither Germany nor England should take part in any aggressive design against the other. But Beth-

efforts. He gave a promise of non-aggression in the widest sense of the word. What reason could Germany have to refuse this, "unless—and there's the rub!—unless Germany herself had aggressive intentions towards her neighbours?" (p. 102). Then came Winston Churchill's famous offer, "that any retardation or reduction in German construction should be followed by this country in like proportion" (p. 104). It was never even answered. The Chancellor has said that Germany is fighting for "Security from attack, for development for her forces, unhampered attention to her culture." How could she have got these more cheaply than by accepting the English proposals? The truth is that for many years the Kaiser had hated England and drawn his country into a gradually increasing animosity against which all friendly overtures broke in vain. Some eight years ago Dr. William Bayard Hale (whose interview with the Crown Prince I mentioned in the Preface) had a conversation with the Kaiser which displayed such insane animosity against Great Britain and Japan, that the German Government hastened to buy up every copy they could get of the American magazine in which it had been published. But it remains on record. It justifies and prefigures all the bitterness of Bernhardi.

From what has been said above, it seems clear that England had no aggressive intentions. Then, what of France? Boulangism was dead. And in June, 1902, Jaurès said in the Chamber of Deputies that it was time "to forget the ideas of *revanche*, to become reconciled with history, and to free the nations of Europe from the intolerable burden of armaments" (p. 113). His speech was almost unanimously approved. And what of Russia? Why did Germany declare war on her when she was in the middle of friendly conversations with Austria, towards whom (and not towards Germany) she had several times been in a state of tension? Why did official Germany start the war by saying Russia was attacking Germany?

man-Hollweg's real surprise at our attitude concerning Belgium in 1914 clearly shows that, since the proposals of 1912 suited his own policy, he had taken it for granted that we should act upon them. Both he and the Kaiser are prone to take too much for granted.

What was she attacking Germany for? "Where is the truth to be found? What are we really aiming at? Against whom and for what are we fighting?" (p. 118). The Entente was not an offensive alliance; it was cemented only by a common fear of Germany and "her imperialistic efforts" (p. 120). In June, 1916, M. Sazonoff, Russia's Foreign Minister, fully confirmed this. And the course of events from July 21st to August 5th, 1914, were in themselves sufficient proof of it. Though Russia and France had both received ultimatums from Germany, it was not until August 4th that they knew England would fight on the separate question of that neutrality of Belgium of which we were a guarantor. There was no offensive and defensive alliance between England, France and Russia before August, 1914. It was Germany who bound the three together in mutual self-defence against her own aggression.

Serbia had been threatened by Austria in 1909. The same thing happened, as Giolitti revealed, in 1913. Why have Germany and Austria preserved "the silence of death" (p. 122) about the Italian revelation? Because it made their aggressive intentions perfectly clear. Why is Italy fighting against them both to-day? Because those intentions *were* aggressive; and Italy's attitude is "morally and legally incontestable" (p. 124).

Germany wanted war because the Prussian Junkers saw with horror and alarm "the increasing democratisation of Germany" (p. 126). Their war-party, though a minority, was strong and highly organized. The forces of peace were not organized at all. The Kaiser himself was gradually over-persuaded by the war-party. He showed this first at Hamburg in June, 1912 (p. 129). Martial thoughts were still further inflamed by "the boisterous banquets in celebration of the War of Liberation of 1813." Finally, we had the spectacle of the Kaiser, in the last days of July, 1914, "fluctuating to and fro between the desire for peace and the threat of war, between intimidation and sincerity, pursuing so long the policy of the mailed fist that gradually all policy disappeared and only the mailed fist was left" (p. 134). These striking words close what may be called the preliminary portion of the book, and in the third chapter the anonymous author proceeds to a

deadly examination of the diplomatic documents from p. 135 to p. 353.

It was at six in the evening of July 23rd that the Austro-Hungarian Government handed the Serbian Government its very formidable Note containing the demands made after the Arch-Duke had been assassinated. The place of this assassination in Germanic diplomacy has been fully discussed elsewhere in this volume. The Austrian Note demanded of the Serbians, among other things, that they should " accept the collaboration in Serbia of representatives of the Austro-Hungarian Government for the suppression of the subversive movement directed against the territorial integrity of the Monarchy." A time-limit of forty eight hours was fixed, so that the answer had to be given by six p.m. on July 25th, though it was well known that an immemorial community of race and religion, of political traditions and interests, existed between Russia and Serbia, and therefore a document already difficult enough for Serbia to consider alone would have to be considered both by her and Russia in this extremely short limit, which Austria sharply refused to extend, without giving any valid reasons for her refusal (p. 142). The danger of this course had been recognized on July 21st by the Austrian Ambassador at Belgrade (p. 317), who pointed out that in reckoning with Serbia " a war for the position of the Monarchy as a Great Power, even for its existence as such, cannot be permanently avoided " ; and on July 23rd Count Berchtold instructed his Ambassador in London that the time-limit had been imposed in order to avoid the " dilatory arts " of Serbia, and that the Austrian demands " could not be made the subject of negotiations and compromise." The Austrian Red Book, it may be said at once, unveils Austria's real attitude with appalling lucidity, leaving no doubt as to her real guilt, and showing, by its omissions, that she was fully conscious of the crime she endeavoured to conceal. There is no evidence in it whatever to corroborate the constant assertions of the German Government that Germany had repeatedly pressed Austria to assume an attitude of moderation and conciliation. But there is abundant testimony that Austria (being confident of Germany's support) meant to remain unsatisfied whatever answer Serbia sent.

Only after the recall of the Austrian Ambassador from Belgrade did Berchtold explain that the intention of this Note was that Austrian officials should take part, not in the Serbian judicial proceedings, but in the preliminary police investigations. This explanation is of the utmost importance. It was transmitted to Petrograd on July 25th, and published on July 27th; but it was neither stated in the Austrian ultimatum nor conveyed to Serbia by Austria after she had sent her answer, though it was one of the points which Serbia, after accepting nearly all the rest, had declared herself willing to submit to the Hague Tribunal, "or to the Great Powers which took part in the drawing up of the declaration made by the Serbian Government on March 18th (31), 1909." Such action on the part of Austria can only be explained by her having determined on war at any price, especially when we consider it in the light of the fact that the Austrian Ambassador left the Serbian capital *thirty-two minutes* after the Serbian reply had been handed to him on July 25th—a reply conceding more than any independent State had ever yielded in time of peace. Yet that reply was characterized by Count Berchtold as implying, on the part of Serbia, "all sorts of reservations, in order to impress public opinion in Europe, trusting that she would not be required to fulfil her promises." Why should he say this? And what else besides promises could Serbia do in forty-eight hours? That she felt obliged to mobilize three hours before she gave her answer was only natural after such an obvious threat. Yet this mobilization Austria treats as an outrage, after the well-known German pattern in the case of Russia and France, and supports the fiction by inventing an imaginary "attack" by Serbia on the Hungarian frontier. Again, you observe the classic principle of this war: that the aggressor should always accuse his victim of having fallen upon him (p. 323), the victim in this case being a little country exhausted by two recent wars and only too anxious to be left alone.

Let me emphasize the fact that Serbia had met Austria's wishes in questions of education, the army, justice, the Press, and the right of association; and that when she could not comply without openly becoming a vassal, she asked that the Hague Tribunal or the Great Powers

should interpret certain details *which Austria herself explained when it was too late.* Why did not Austria give those explanations in time? If she did not wish to do so, why did she refuse intervention from either the Hague Tribunal or the Great Powers concerning what was only a misunderstanding? Was it likely that Russia, after seeing the deep diplomatic humiliation suffered by her Slavonic sister-State should feel able to tolerate her being crushed by force of arms as well and incorporated in the Austrian Empire? If, in the words of the old song,

> An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
> Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade,

it must have been clear that the inevitable result would be

> Cossack commanders cannonading come,
> Dealing destruction's devastating doom.

But Austria was deaf to Russia's representations, partly because she believed Russia would never fight, partly because she was confident of Germany's full support in any eventuality. On the same day (July 28th) on which Berchtold rejected Sazonoff's proposal for a direct understanding between Austria and Russia, he also rejected Grey's proposal for a conference of Germany, France, Italy, and England to discuss the question at issue between Austria and Serbia, and it must never be forgotten that *this was the only question at stake, the sole pretext for the European War.* The conference could at once have settled the mere detail of interpretation which was all that was left at issue even in the main question. Germany had made a great parade of her polite shrinking from summoning her ally before a "European Tribunal." But Austria herself had no such feelings; her refusal was based on the curious plea that as she had rejected Serbia's answer it was too late to consider any conferences; the proposal had been "outstripped" by events! It can only have been "outstripped" by a very short time (possibly another *thirty-two minutes*), for it was also on July 28th that Austria had declared war on Serbia and she was bombarding Belgrade the next day. She knew very well (and so did Germany) that the conference would have stopped all

possibility of a European war. The proof of this is simple. The conference was only to discuss points which affected Serbian sovereignty and independence, and from the beginning Austria had given assurance that the sovereignty and independence of Serbia she did not desire to touch! Even more fatal is the fact (disclosed in the Austrian Red Book, No. 9) that, apart from her refusal on July 28th, Austria had definitely declined to talk matters over with Russia as early as July 23rd, and of this Germany must, of course, have been fully aware. But not a syllable of the inevitable communications between Austria and Germany appear in the diplomatic documents published by either Power. Obviously each Power felt unable to publish them; each wished to conceal the facts; and that concealment may be considered in the sinister light of the German Minister's public admission that interference with Serbia would almost certainly involve war with Russia.

Austria realized this also. For why should she mobilize all her forces against the little kingdom of Serbia? She mobilized, of course, against Russia as well; she was the first of the Great Powers to mobilize at all; and her mobilization naturally compelled Russia to mobilize in her turn. Russia, in doing so, had no aggressive intentions whatever against either Austria or Germany, as she clearly stated; she only desired to emphasize that she was really in earnest this time (in contrast to her passive humiliation over Bosnia and Herzegovina), and that if all her verbal proposals were rejected she was driven to prove her sincerity by her actions. Nor did she mobilize to make war. She mobilized against the unjust war threatened (and then declared) by Austria on her friend and kinsman Serbia. She mobilized in the cause of justice and arbitration against the cause of brute force and aggression represented by Austria and Germany. Of course, the Russian mobilization was treated as an offensive threat of attack by both conspirators. This was their little game all through, as we have seen, and it was what Bernhardi had advised some years before. But the publication of the Austrian Red Book, in spite of all its omissions, reveals one proof of guilt which would almost be enough by itself to condemn both Germany and Austria. It is this: When

Germany refused, on Austria's behalf, Grey's suggestion of a conference, and substituted the proposal for direct conversations between Austria and Russia, she must have known that Austria had refused these long ago, and therefore she deliberately proposed what she knew Austria would reject. If we accept Austria's reasons for this rejection, as an alternative argument, we find a still more damning indictment (p. 329), which our author describes as follows: " A insults B. A offers humble and plaintive apologies. Nevertheless, B raises his sword to run A through. C, a near relation of A, intervenes to restrain the lethal blow and points out that A has already apologized. B, however, objects to any intervention on the ground that it has been *outstripped by events*, and that the state of war produced by the raising of B's sword must now pursue its course." We may add that the argument about being " outstripped," even if sound, was in itself a lie. For Russia had proposed conversations with Austria as early as July 24th; she had refused them; and she only declared war on Serbia on the 28th, as has been said. It would only be correct to talk of " outstripped " if the proposals had come after the declaration. As we have seen, even the proposals of the 28th (if too late) were a repetition of proposals made on the 24th. More than this, in the Red Book No. 17, Berchtold points out to Mensdorff that Austria had already mobilized twice (in 1908 and 1912) because of Serbia. Now Russia also had mobilized on each occasion. On neither occasion was the peace broken. Why, then, did Germany consider the general mobilization of the same two states on July 31st, 1914, as absolutely fatal? Or rather, why did she overlook Austria's mobilization as innocent, and consider Russia's plans as wicked? Obviously Austria did not share that opinion, for it was after Russia's mobilization that Berchtold cabled to all the Austri n Ministers that pourparlers between Austria and Russia were " being *continued*, and from these we hope that things will *quieten down all round.*"

This means that in spite of Austria's early refusals, she had at last understood Russia's mobilization to have the meaning which Russia had always intended, and she was ready to discuss things with Russia instead of risking

European war. It was Germany's ultimatum to Russia, at this very point, which made war inevitable. This, in itself, would be damaging enough to Germany. But we have also to remember that on July 30th Sazonoff sent a most conciliatory proposal to Austria through the Russian Ambassador in Berlin, and this proposal (which Austria might then have easily accepted) was refused on Austria's behalf by Germany without even the formality of inquiring what the opinions of Vienna on the subject might have been. Germany's only excuse for not transmitting the proposal was the original refusal of Austria to discuss matters directly with Russia, and she held up the proposal for three days. *It has never yet been answered.* Russia, however, was not discouraged; and on July 31st she made an even greater step towards conciliating Austria (see the Orange Book No. 67). That step has never been recognized by Germany at all. She knew of the pacific opinions held that day by Berchtold, as quoted above, and she felt there was real danger of peace. So she took the fatal course of sending her ultimatum to Russia. Our anonymous author considers that Austria was well aware that Germany would thus precipitate war, and, therefore, that Berchtold's message about "things growing quiet all round" was a deliberate blind, due to a preconcerted plot to shift responsibility on to Russia. I do not agree. As I have pointed out elsewhere, I consider that on July 31st Austria realized the abyss opening beneath her feet, and genuinely desired peace with Russia by means which she had only refused originally because she believed Russia would never fight. Russia's mobilization had, in fact, produced all the beneficent results (in Austria's mind) which had been hoped from it by the Russian Government; for it was on July 31st, the day of that mobilization, that Austria told both Petrograd and Paris that she was ready to discuss her grievances against Serbia with the other Powers, in spite of being mobilized herself. Germany saw this, and at once made war inevitable by changing the whole question at issue, the sole question at issue, namely, Serbia, and raising the question of Russia's right to mobilize at all—a question to which there could be but one answer.

I have said that the Austrian Red Book is dumb as to

all the messages alleged by Bethmann-Hollweg and Jagow to have been sent from Berlin to Vienna urging peace. The German White Book only reveals the curious fact that not one of all these messages had the slightest beneficent result. The rest of us remember that July 31st, the day when Austria expressed her willingness to negotiate, was the day when Germany proclaimed her *Kriegsgefahr*, the formal preliminary to a mobilization which was already secretly far advanced. The obvious conclusion is that neither Austria nor Germany now dare to publish what actually passed between them; and if we can understand this reticence, we can only interpret on the theory of a deliberate deceit, practised upon the Germanic peoples, the further withdrawal from the pages of the Austrian Red Book of all the vital interchanges between England, Russia, and Germany, which took place from July 29th to August 1st, including Grey's proposal that Austria, *in possession of Belgrade*, should announce to the four Powers what her terms and intentions really were. That proposal has never had an answer from Austria or Germany. It is as deeply buried as all the formulæ put forward by Sazonoff. Will these ever come to light either in Berlin or in Vienna? I doubt it. Berlin prefers to take the childish line that those formulæ were the afterthoughts of the Allies' diplomacy, and, therefore, ought not to appear in the documents of Russia, France, or England. Again I prefer to give Vienna the benefit of the doubt. If she does not publish the famous formulæ we may legitimately suspect that Germany never forwarded them for her inspection. And if that happens to be true, what must be the verdict of posterity on Potsdam? I agree with our anonymous author's verdict (p. 350) that "the Red Book (of Austria) and the White Book (of Germany) taken together constitute the gravest indictment which could be written against Germany and Austria. Decapitation as the cure for toothache is the only parallel to European war in order to make "preliminary police investigations" in Serbia. The pretext, in fact, is so unutterably flimsy that the deliberate intention of procuring war at any cost is irrefutably proved.

The anonymous German author points out that the opening passage of Germany's White Book confesses her

knowledge that Austria's ultimatum to Serbia would involve war with Russia, but explains that a due respect for Austria's dignity necessitated giving her "a completely free hand." This implies (p. 165) that Germany (1) was ready to let Austria go to any lengths she chose, diplomatic or military, (2) was ready to follow her lead blindly, (3) was ready to fight for her as an ally against Russia and Russia's ally or allies. And what is this but shouldering, on her own confession, the full responsibility for the European War which a word from her could have prevented? Germany has laid great stress on her efforts to prevent war; but she discloses none of these, except one which she knew beforehand to be useless, and she was well aware that no others would prove effectual. And if she felt, herself, that Russia must intervene, why was she so surprised that other Powers felt the same, and why did she not assist these other Powers to put a stop to so perilous a situation? If she knew Russia was bound to come in, was it not useless (and criminal) to keep on interposing delays by a constant insistence on the "localization" of the quarrel? Germany talks of working for peace "shoulder to shoulder with England; but, if so, her shoulder was pushing one way and England's another" (p. 169). Even if we are to believe (which is impossible) Germany's constant assurances that she never saw Austria's ultimatum to Serbia before it was sent, how would that negligence help her case? It only suggests that with the most irresponsible levity she signed Austria's blank cheque; and this is her only alternative to the deliberate crime of foreknowledge. If she had not known the ultimatum beforehand, at least she knew it when the other Powers did; and why did she not then support their natural request for an extension of the time-limit? Why did she see nothing but moderation and justice in the Austrian Note, and nothing but procrastination and shiftiness in the Serbian reply—an opinion contrary to that of every other Power in Europe? And when that reply arrived—which von Jagow actually said *he had not had time to read*—why did Germany permit her ally to rouse an inevitable war on the interpretation of some police methods which Austria had not taken the trouble to explain clearly? She might perfectly easily have stopped Austria at any

moment; indeed, her ally would never have moved at all without the assurance of her approval. The whole of the statements in the German White Book "are but empty falsehood and deceit" (p. 174). They would be proved to be of this character by the one fact that Russia, France, and England separately and unitedly begged Germany to make any suitable proposal for peace that seemed good to her, in whatever form she preferred; and it is an overwhelming proof of Germany's guilt that she never made any such proposal at all.

As negotiations went on the differences between Austria and Russia on the Serbian question grew smaller and smaller. But the Kaiser's telegram to the Tsar on July 29th contains the first ominous threat of preparation for war, and the German White Book suppresses the Tsar's reply. We find it in an official publication of the Russian Government, and we find that it contains the simple and natural proposal to refer the few remaining difficulties to the Hague Tribunal. Why was this course impossible? Why did Germany prefer to send Russia an ultimatum? I do not agree with the author of *J'Accuse* that the Kaiser hesitated up to July 29th, 1914, and was only then overridden by the Crown Prince and the militarist party. Though this would not lessen his responsibility in the slightest, I believe the Kaiser had made up his own mind by the 26th at latest, and that he only protracted negotiations to secure an apparently sound diplomatic excuse for war, and to complete the German plans for mobilization. It has always been difficult to deal with Germany because she was represented by (*a*) the Kaiser, (*b*) the Chancellor and the Foreign Office, (*c*) the General Staff of the army and navy, (*d*) her ambassadors abroad; and, as war approached, no doubt the tension between all four grew continuously more complicated and more severe.

It is therefore quite true that only by the 29th does Bethmann-Hollwegg seem to have realized the necessity of strengthening his diplomatic position for the war he now knew to be inevitable, and this is why he began the "infamous proposals" to secure England's neutrality on that day.

If, however, he could only have given the Military Party, as an excuse for a delay they considered fatal, the

necessity for securing England's neutrality, they would have instantly replied that it had been his business to make certain of it long ago, instead of hampering them by attempting to get it at the last moment. So far, all had happened in accordance with their plans. Up to July 29th, Austria had presented her Note, Germany had backed her up, Russia had declared her interest in the question, Germany had warned Russia not to mobilize, Austria had declared war on Serbia, Russia had replied by saying she was therefore compelled to mobilize, England's efforts for peace had been blocked. The Military Party clamoured for the obvious corollary, immediate mobilization by Germany on July 29th or 30th; and Bethmann-Hollweg found himself so far committed that Germany could not retreat without a fiasco far worse than Morocco had been; all because he had not taken the proper precautions about England in time. But in 1916 he disclosed, for the first time, that there was another reason why he was compelled to refuse mobilization on July 29th, 1914. It was that on the evening of the 29th (perhaps during the Council of War) he got news that Vienna had refused the direct conversations with Petrograd suggested by Sazonoff on the basis of the Note to Serbia, a suggestion valuable enough to postpone even England's proposal for a conference. Vienna's refusal provided of course a complete justification for Russia's mobilization against Austria, and if Germany had then mobilized Russia could have at once pointed out that Sazonoff's proposals had been used by Germany as a pretext for rejecting England's idea of a conference, and that Germany's own threat to Russia had necessitated Russian mobilization being complete.

In that case, as Bethmann-Hollweg said in 1916, "we should have rendered ourselves guilty of that crime of which Russia was guilty, by mobilizing in the midst of negotiations." More fatal still, even the German nation and its Socialists could never have been deceived into accepting this as a "defensive" war; for its aggressive character would have been clear to them as to all the world. In order, therefore, to secure a diplomatic excuse as soon as possible for the mobilization which German militarists (in pursuance of their plan) could not postpone much

longer, Bethmann-Hollweg had to get negotiations re-opened between Petrograd and Vienna. I agree with Mr. J. W. Headlam (September 13th, 1916) that this was merely a "supremely dishonest move" to bring about the complete mobilization of Russia which was used to justify Germany's declaration of war against her on August 1st. But August 1st was very different from July 29th. The militarists saw their best chance rapidly going. They saw Liége getting ready for a defence which actually proved fatal to the speed of their attack. They saw the vision of "Paris in six weeks" gradually fading. Even when they were at last unleashed they thought it still possible. By 1916 they had begun to realize what their failure had involved; and when, in September, 1916, the Socialists also began to intimate that their further support would depend on proof that this had been in the beginning a war of "self-defence," the Chancellor's efforts to reassure them were met by his bitter Military critics with the accusation that his delay in trying to make England neutral had cost them the three vital days at the beginning of their campaign which meant defeat of their whole plan. And Baron Burian was given just as difficult a heckling as Bethmann-Hollweg. In two years the mistakes and sins of both came home to roost. We observe, all through, that Bethmann-Hollweg's refusal to publish vital documents in his first White Book has been fatal to him. If he is to clear himself now, he must prove (1) that he tried to stop Austria making war on Serbia, (2) that he tried to stop complete mobilization by Austria, (3) that he could not accept Russia's further offer on July 30th. In November, 1916, he failed in all three.

Sir Edward Grey (if I may now return to the events of July 29th and 30th, 1914) very rightly replied to Bethmann-Hollweg's feverish and base suggestions at the last minute, that the only "proposals" necessary were that Germany should join England in working for peace; it was useless to offer England dishonourable terms for the purposes of war. Sir Edward even proposed (Blue Book, No. 101) an agreement between Germany, France, Russia, and England, which would have produced a general alliance of peace throughout all Europe. Germany returned no answer whatever, though she is supposed now to be fight-

ing the bloodiest war in history in order to secure for herself exactly what Sir Edward offered her in peace. And on what grounds did Germany so arrogantly demand that both Russia and France should demobilize? Were they showing more military activity than she was herself? Did Austria imagine either of them were preparing to attack her? Has the world been plunged into this war because Germany insisted on Russia doing something to which Austria attached no importance? Even if every Power was actually mobilized, as a general measure of precaution, did that imply that all attempts at peace were impossible and that war alone could terminate the situation so created? Austria, at any rate, who had been mobilized since July 31st, never declared war against Russia until August 6th. Why was Germany suddenly so much more precipitate? When the principals in the original duel (p. 203) had not yet crossed swords, why did one of the seconds insist on beginning to fight himself? And why is there the constant outcry that Germany was being attacked, by Russia, by France, apparently even by Luxemburg and Belgium? What was the "state of defence" of which the Chancellor made so much on August 4th, 1914? There would never have been a state of mobilization unless Germany had willed it, and no other Power was arming for any other purpose except to defend itself from Germany, who, as a matter of fact, began the attack all round.

The author forcibly points out the error made by the invasion of Belgium (p 215). "If anyone wishes to maintain that we were in a condition of consternation, alarm, or terror, then the transgression of the limits of the state of defence would be forgiven us. But I was under the impression that we Germans fear only God and not the French . . . and the state of defence never excuses the violation of the rights of a third party." The whole purpose of the neutralization of Belgium was to protect it in just such a war as this is, and the Chancellor's excuse "that 'Necessity knows no law' may be used to justify any crime." The campaign of lies about Belgium having sacrificed her neutrality before she was invaded was only begun long after that invasion had taken place, and after the most devastating atrocities had been added unto it;

and the documents brought forward (the famous forged "Conversation—Convention") only prove that everyone concerned was perfectly right in preparing to guard themselves against the possibility of Germany's unjust aggressions. The true position of England is proved by Sir Edward Grey's promise to respect the neutrality of Belgium which was given in April, 1913, and could not, therefore, have been written with a view to justifying any events in 1914. And even as late as August 3rd, 1914, Belgium pointed out to Germany that she would feel bound to resist a French invasion just as much as a German attack (Belgian Grey Book, No. 22). Even the King of the Belgians' telegram sent that same day to King George only speaks of "diplomatic intervention," which does not sound very much as if a military treaty had already existed. "No one in Germany takes the trouble to reflect for a moment what could have induced Belgium to give up her neutrality, and sell herself, body and soul, to the Entente Powers. What advantage could she expect from such behaviour? . . . Why should she have run this risk? Why should she have exposed herself to the vengeance of her powerful German neighbour?" Yet, as a matter of fact, she has been far more brutally punished by Germany for defending her neutrality than could possibly have been imagined if she had previously sold it. The truth is, "we were resolved," says our anonymous German author, "to overrun Belgium, either in kindness or by force of arms, whether she behaved well or ill towards us. That is the essential point. From this reproach no rain will ever wash us clean" (p. 223). "No strategic interest justifies such a violation of law" (p. 225). Switzerland's attitude Germany praised, because her neutrality could only be inconvenient to France; yet she did the same thing which in the case of Belgium was a "crime" (p. 226). The Germans have nothing but slanders and accusations against Belgium to-day, which are to justify their own lawless cruelty. All their old enthusiastic sympathy for weak nations struggling to be free has been diverted "into the corrupt morass of national pride and megalomania which is constantly associated with contempt and barbarism toward others" (p. 228). Belgium and France were rightly and truly in

the "state of defence" which the Chancellor so loudly claimed for Germany; but what in Germany apparently justified even illegality was in other nations a heinous sin that deserved only a hideous punishment. When Germany fights France she is a gallant nation in arms; but if Belgium or France fight Germany they are mere gallows birds; and even after the war has started, proofs of their deeper iniquity must be discovered: "As an afterthought" (p. 231), "in order to appear whiter, Cain blackened Abel. In my opinion it was a spiritual blunder to rummage for documents in the pockets of the quivering victim." Even if it can be proved that Belgian citizens fired on German soldiers, "where is it written that shots from a rifle must be answered by arson?" The Low Countries were full of the artistic jewels of an earlier age—"these have been ruined, destroyed, burned, because, owing to *a state of defence*, Germany was obliged to invade Belgium, and owing to a state of defence was *obliged* to apply a torch to the walls. . . . Is it also due to the *state of defence* that we have imposed contributions amounting to more than £25,000,000 on the State, the towns and the provinces of Belgium? . . . 'Why did you not submit to the insult [of invasion]?'—exclaims the slanderer to the slandered. 'Now you get in addition a blow on the nose.' But why did not Germany submit to the Napoleonic occupation? If she had remained quiet she would have been spared much bloodshed and the horrors of war. Why did not Leonidas and his Spartans allow the Persians to pass through Thermopylæ? If they had done so they would all have remained alive" (p. 233).

The author of *J'Accuse* does not mince his words. He points out that Bethmann-Hollweg's manifesto of December 24th, 1914, is as full of lies as the speech on December 2nd in the same year. Is it possible, he asks, that the man who forced war by his ultimatums to Russia and France, and announced his intention to fight in that offer to Sir Edward Grey which brought England's proposals for a lasting peace, should have "the effrontery (p. 247) in contradiction of his own printed testimony to hold England responsible for this world catastrophe, for which he alone bears the fearful responsibility? It is possible, for it has happened. But the world knows what view

to take of his statements, and the lie goes home to roost." When Austria treated Serbia's conciliatory reply as if it had been a blank negative, the only measure of precaution taken by England was that the English fleet was not disbanded on the conclusion of its normal manœuvres near Portland (July 27th, 1914), but was kept together. In his manifesto of December 24th in that year Bethmann-Hollweg described this as "mobilization on a great scale," implying "humiliation of the two Powers in the Triple Alliance." But what is the correct description of the measures taken by Germany from the morning of the 26th? (p. 239). "The garrisons of Alsace-Lorraine were concentrated, the fortresses on the frontier were put in a state of defence, reservists were called in by individual summons, German ships were called back from Norway, officers on leave were summoned from Switzerland. . . ." Did any of the Entente Powers exclaim that this aimed at their "humiliation"? Why were such preparations quite innocent in Germany and hopelessly guilty everywhere else? And even England's anxiety not to hurt Germany's susceptibility during the negotiations is twisted into a deliberate crime. The German Chancellor seems to think war would have been avoided if England had clearly and at once said she would fight on the side of France and Russia. Yet Sir Edward Grey's attitude was clearly correct, and Buchanan's message to Sazonoff is warmly approved by the author of *J'Accuse*. "The attitude of Germany would merely be stiffened by such a menace; only in the capacity of a friend who was anxious to preserve peace could England approach Germany and endeavour to exercise a moderating influence in Vienna through Germany" (p. 249). In face of this (and many similar facts and statements) it is difficult to find the "clear and incontrovertible proof" which Bethmann-Hollweg sees in England's Blue Book that "she was taking her stand on the side of France and Russia." Grey expected Germany's help "not, be it observed, *for* war but *against* war," whereas Germany sought England's neutrality, "the consideration of which naturally postulated the outbreak of war." The alternative accusation of Bethmann-Hollweg (who never minds how often he contradicts himself) is that it was most unfair of England to fight

after she had so carefully displayed her peaceful intentions. The Chancellor has never understood the utter and sincere inevitability of each position. In the first case Grey made it quite clear that, though England wanted peace, no one could count upon her standing aside if peace was wantonly broken; and he gave repeated and serious warnings of the result to be apprehended from Germany's possible violation of Belgian neutrality. If Germany had met these efforts with equal honesty, she could have stopped Austria doing anything dangerous at any time. She was reduced to trying to prove England's guilt *before* the war by adducing evidence from England's actions *after* war had broken out—a supremely Teutonic illogicality of the same family as the famous excuse that the sin of August, 1914, was obliterated by a subsequent discovery (and forgery) of documents. Subsequent events can never be used to "explain" the original crime. Nor should it have been possible for any responsible statesman to forget that the line England had taken (concerning the Belgian Treaty of 1839) in 1870 she would be compelled to take again, with even greater emphasis, in 1914. England was at least abiding honourably by her engagements; and "the man who acts honestly is not obliged to render to anyone an account of the extent to which his action corresponds with his own interests" (p. 267). The truth is that German Statesmanship in this matter had been completely captured by German Militarism (p. 269), and each is only now discovering the immensity of the error that was committed. And if it was so important for the world's peace that England should remain neutral in July, 1914, why did not Germany give the lead and declare her neutrality in any possible war between Austria and Russia? She preferred herself to aid and abet a guilty great Power, and she abused England for protecting a small, innocent nation. Our author evidently approves the blunt confessions which have driven Maximilian Harden into exile. "How petty we are!" he cries of his German fellow-countrymen (p. 277). "In our writings and our speeches at home we preach a policy of world-power, of conquest, and of world-dominion—of course only among the initiated; but to the stupid people and to the foreign countries we profess that it is we who

have been attacked. . . ." Yet if Germany regarded the Russian mobilization as in itself a *casus belli*, " how much more justification was there for England regarding the position existing on August 2nd as a menace to Belgium."

The known facts prove that the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs was so successful in his efforts to moderate Serbia's feelings that her reply to the brutal Austrian ultimatum was extraordinarily submissive. Even after Austria had insisted on quarrelling, Sazonoff was ready either to talk matters over quietly with her or to leave the question to the other Powers to settle; and he repeatedly signified to England his willingness to choose either course. He was equally ready to try arbitration at the Hague. If Serbia's sovereign rights were guaranteed he was ready to stop Russia's military preparations, and even to see Austrian troops in occupation of Belgrade. Not only did he undertake not to *begin* hostilities after receiving the German ultimatum, but he refused to take any provocative military action so long as Austria was willing to negotiate. So much for the real attitude of the Power to whom official Germany imputed all the blame for war at the outbreak of hostilities. The accusations made against France were just as futile, and, indeed, it was German troops which crossed the frontier even before war had been declared. The whole course of the preliminary negotiations shows the pitiable straits to which von Schoen was driven in his efforts to justify the various steps in Germany's militarist policy. One instance is enough: though Russia had made all the offers just described, he kept on asking France to join Germany in " putting more pressure on St. Petersburg." What was the pressure for? Russia had already made every possible suggestion, as has been seen, and every step she took in this direction was warmly supported by France. The whole story, in fact, is a striking revelation of the miserable part which Germany's ambassadors had to play in " representing " a country which was only using them to conceal the facts. And how lamentable is the picture presented when the bubbles they blew in every capital were neatly pricked by the Frenchmen who saw too clearly the fatal trend events were taking. " Does Germany, then, wish for war? " asked Cambon in Berlin, as

Viviani had asked in Paris. There was never any clear reply. None was possible. Germany's game was to delay everything until Russian mobilization gave her the immediate pretext she required. And when the right time came, she insisted that Russia should demobilize, while Austria (and Germany) remained prepared to strike. No proposal more certain of a fatal answer could be imagined.

The grotesque proclamation of the kingdom of Poland (temporarily occupied by invading troops) in the late autumn of 1916 (see p. 102) was Germany's most recent violation of the fundamental principles on which the constitution and existence of the society of civilized nations are based. The proposal to levy a Polish army and thus to force the subjects of her opponents to fight against their own country was as contrary to the most elementary axioms of justice and morality as were the shameful deportations into alien slavery she carried out at the same time in Belgium. Soon afterwards, in the middle of November, 1916, died Henryk Sienkiewicz, Poland's greatest writer, who had earned the proud title of "Defensor Patriæ." One of his finest books was the story of Polish struggles against those Teutonic Knights (see p. 98) who were the typical precursors of modern Prussia. His noble inspiration will long outlast the predatory bombast of Prussia's latest robber-chiefs.

The death, on November 15th, 1916, of Herr von Tschirschky, German Ambassador at Vienna, removed one of the chief conspirators guilty of the outbreak of war (see pp. 117–122). With the Kaiser, he drew up the ultimatum to Serbia, and the part he took in the Serajevo plot (which we shall never know in detail) was the corollary of his anti-Serbian schemes in 1912. What Sir M. de Bunsen thought of him may be read in *Diplomatic Documents*, p. 74, Despatch Number 95.

It is significant of the future that no less than Herr von Jagow has gone from Berlin to fill the vacant German Embassy in Vienna.

III

HERR FERNAU'S BOOK

In 1916, Messrs. Constable & Co who have done good service in a number of valuable war-books they have published, issued an authorized translation of Hermann Fernau's striking volume *Because I am a German*. Herr Fernau devotes a large part of his space to considerations of the arguments and the treatment of the German author of *J'Accuse*, so that a good many of his pages will be familiar to my readers. But the significance of their bold championship remains the most extraordinary symptom of revolt we have yet had from a German source, and the introduction by T. W. Rolleston is full of valuable and lucid argument.

MELIOR EST MORS QUAM VITA . . .

Openly to attack your own Government in time of war has always been a dangerous thing. In England, apparently, only reputation suffers, and opinions are free, how-

ever much harm they may do among the ignorant. In Germany, however, a very much sterner view is taken, as is only natural. For not merely would it be fatal to Prussia to have her motives and methods openly discussed, but it might reveal an unsuspected weakness to foes with whom she is fighting for her life. Prussia has burked Herr Fernau's book, and he could have expected little else; for though it is not half so damning as Germany's own White Books on the diplomacy of 1914 and on the atrocities in Belgium, these latter are official documents, and the sacrosanct reverence paid to officialism in Germany has been the most potent factor hitherto in the salvation of the Allies. It would, I suppose, be too good to hope for an official reply to *J'Accuse*, in which the German Government might once more ponderously pillory themselves as knaves and rascals before all the world. That Government has its hands too full just now to indulge us with more literature like the White Books, or even to forge a few more Belgian documents. So we must accept their fulminations against Herr Fernau as the best assistance we are likely to obtain from them at present, and as the best proof of the strength of Herr Fernau's arguments.

Sincerity and purity of motive are not alone sufficient to excuse a man for attacking his own Government in time of war. Nothing is more dangerous than your sincere fanatic. The writer who takes up the cudgels with his pen must not merely give proof of his disinterestedness and faith, he must have finally satisfied himself that the ideals which he attacks are both false and dangerous. This Herr Fernau believes (as does the author of *J'Accuse*) of that German General Staff which uses its despotic authority to gag all expressions of criticism, and calls on the regimented intellect of the State to support its crimes by arguments over signatures that once were great. He takes a dangerous line, therefore, in this respect, and does it cheerfully; while his view of the Allies, on the other hand, contains not a grain of unworthy adulation or exaggerated praise. The strength of his book, in fact, chiefly resides in his reiteration that he *is* a German, and no traitor; a Prussian subject of German stock, born and bred in Breslau, then domiciled in Paris, now living in

Switzerland. It is not he but Prussia that is the traitor to the true ideals of Germany, and when Germany wakes up to the truth she will discover that her worst enemies are not those who face her trenches and withstand her hail of shells. Her deadliest poison-gas is pumped in Prussia, all for home-consumption.

I have before now, in these pages, noted the result of the secular Vaticanism of the Prussian system, which has not been content to drill the bodies, but must also enslave the minds of every German. In 1910, Kurt Martens was writing of "the ringing trichord made up by the voices of the drill-sergeant, the petty official, and the commercial traveller, which became the *fanfare* of the German nation . . . now Germany is an arsenal, a stock exchange, a madhouse, a monster hotel." But as soon as war broke out such free speech ended, and perhaps the most despicable feature of the whole appalling picture is that the best minds in Germany (such as Gerhart Hauptmann) made common cause with their own worst enemy, and even such distinguished professors as Haeckel, Ostwald, or Eucken joined in the chorus of greed and battle-fury, endorsed the lies and brutality they were given to publish, and branded themselves for ever with an inexpiable stain—scientists, theologians, artists, novelists, poets, everyone.

It is true that the earlier treatment of intellect in Germany had not been encouraging. The author of *Deutschland über Alles*, August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben, was dismissed from his professorship at Breslau, and hunted by Prussia for six years from one German state to another. Ernst Moritz Arndt, whose lines appear to-day on all postcards sent by German soldiers from the front, was deprived of his professorship at Bonn and forbidden either to write or lecture. Ludwig Jahn, whose original and patriotic mind conceived the athletic and gymnastic movement which has doubled the physical strength of Germany, was arrested and imprisoned for six years. Gutzkow, the brilliant playwright and novelist, was also imprisoned. Fritz Reuter, one of the most amusing of dialect-writers, was made to serve seven years out of a sentence of thirty. Even if we do not include the exile Heine, there are such men as Börne, Laube, Herwegh,

Wienborg, Freiligrath, Prutz, and many more who suffered for their opinions. All the more necessary was it then that Gerhart Hauptmann, whose Breslau festival-play had been brutally crushed by the Crown Prince in 1913, should never have traded his independence for the Order of the Red Eagle which rewarded his subservience to tyranny and lies in 1914. A noble nation has not only its military frontiers to protect. To its great writers is given the even higher charge of defending its liberty of thought. The result of such intellectual treason as that of Hauptmann is that in Germany even thought is under police supervision, and therefore the revolt of such a writer as Fernau, in the book before us, is of the utmost significance; and he rightly asks why the self-styled champions of *Kultur* should begin their work by stifling their own writers, and why the spiritual heirs of Kant and Fichte should betray their nervousness about such a book as *J'Accuse.*

The author of *J'Accuse* has been banished and outlawed. Can it be that men, who are not afraid to oppose their enemies with steel and flame, can fear to face the intellectual arguments of their own countrymen? Is the only civic virtue recognized by Prussia to be grovelling servility? Do they imagine that gagging and outlawry are the most convincing replies to the arguments of *J'Accuse?* No other answers, worth the name, have ever been given to that impassioned indictment; and Herr Fernau makes short work of such futilities as Professor Schiemann's suggestion that a "preventive" war is really a "defensive" one; or that history previous to 1914 will give any excuse for the German diplomatic documents of that July. Crimes are not justified by the allegation that the sufferer was plotting a similar attack, or even by the hint that the victim's Past was not all that it should be. Nor can the plain questions of *J'Accuse* be answered by mere threats of personal violence to the author. Take one point in the German White Book, the proposal made by Sir Edward Grey (English Blue Book, No. 88), that Austria should occupy and hold Belgrade as a pledge for the satisfaction of her demands. This was forwarded by France to Russia (French Yellow Book, No. 112). But when Dr. Helfferich, in one of his speeches, says that it

was "transmitted by Germany to the Austro-Hungarian Government with a recommendation," we should like to ask why no documentary evidence of that transmission has ever been published by the German Government? Nor is it any argument to say that the war was caused by the Russian mobilization, when all the world knows that this mobilization was only the final act in a long series of events which Germany controlled.

Germany has made a few statements as to her reasons for going to war; she could have secured (and was actually promised) all she admits to wanting without going to war at all. There must be other reasons she can never avow. It is useless for Herr von Jagow to go on *asserting* the guilt of Germany's enemies in attacking her, in reply to Liebknecht. He has to prove it. At present the whole weight of proof is on the fact that Germany attacked us first, and always meant to do so. Mere suspicion of other people's plans is no excuse for such a crime. If nations acted upon mere suspicion, no one would be safe. Suspicions can never justify war; no action can be called a crime until it is committed. When this "defence" breaks down, the Prussian General Staff (for they are behind every servile mouthpiece) urges that the morality of the State is entirely above the laws of individual morals; as if Machiavelli and all the mediæval lumber of the "Right Divine of Princes" were still integral portions of our modern life, and as though prudent measures of precaution were an excuse for actual declarations of war! If this were so, every principle of responsibility, of law and punishment would disappear. If Germany really declared war because she wanted to forestall her neighbours, then all ideas of peace and security in the world may be given up while Germany continues to exist; and this is what the Allies have fully realized.

Apart from the "War of Liberation," Germany has no national history, only a history of dynasties. It is not "Deutschland" but "Hohenzollern" that is their real battle-cry. And the war was made not by Germany but by the Hohenzollerns and the immediate circle of their closest counsellors. Explosives are not lit by nations, but by individual hands upon the fuse. It was the Kaiser's

hand that blew up the peace of Europe and started "the most criminal oppression of the masses that has ever taken place on God's earth" (p. 127). The despots and mercenaries of the Middle Ages never showed such a revolting picture as the Kaiser and his conscripts; and his civilized nation, allowing him to impose universal military service upon them, have yet given over to his hands as well the ultimate and sole decision upon war or peace. He has never lifted a finger to share that terrible responsibility with his people (p. 129). Herr von Jagow, indeed, has absolutely refused any such change in the constitution as might distribute that responsibility in the slightest. As Sir Edward Grey lately told the American Press: "When once the dreams of world empire cherished by Pan-Germanism are brought to nought, the German people will insist on the control of its Government." The Agrarian Junker, after having driven Germany into war, not only will make no sacrifices he can avoid himself, but stubbornly insists on wringing every farthing he can out of the misery of a nation which boasts of its unrivalled patriotism. And, says Herr Fernau, we insist on Europe fixing responsibility for the war upon the men who assumed it and deserve to suffer for it. Germans are not all "infuriated fanatics and traitors to their own nature. . . . We are not the spiritual slaves of our Government, but our Government is the first servant of the nation . . . (p. 135) . . . The man who continues to defend the Government of his country, even when that Government is manifestly guilty of lying and brutality, is a fool. . . . There is only one Truth, and it is capable of demonstration, provided, of course, that this demonstration is sought solely and exclusively in the name of Europe and in the universal sense of right of the modern world. . . . This time we shall take care that it is no longer kings who sit in judgment over kings, that it is no longer merely a case of the expulsion of a rival by dynasties frightened of their own privileges. This time it will be the nations themselves who will decide concerning their future . . . (p. 141). . . . Anyone who strives to establish public peace without having first demanded the punishment of the criminal is setting a wolf to mind the sheep. . . ."

It would be difficult to find anywhere, inside Germany

or outside it, a more convincing proof of the justice of the Allies' determination. Those who wish to compare a neutral's opinion with those quoted here from German writers should read Johannes Jorgensen's *Klokke Roland*, translated as *False Witness* (Hodder & Stoughton), 1916. His facts are marshalled with the bitter irony of the true poet.

The deadliest enemy of Prussia is the Truth. Of all the arch-conspirators of 1914 only two have learnt that lesson—the German Ambassador at Vienna and the aged Austrian Emperor. Both died in November 1916.

FINIS

MEMORARE NOVISSIMA ET IN ÆTERNUM
NON PECCABIS . . .

INDEX

Ancona, 272
Andenne, xxii
Andrassy, Count Julius, 126
Arabic, 68
Aschenbach, xxii, xxviii
Asquith, H., xx, xxviii, 201
Asturias, hospital ship, 194
Austin, Dr. ,301
Ballin, Albert, xxiii, 40
Barnardiston, Lieut.-Col., 176, 184
Bassermann, 199
Belgium, 14
Berchtold, Count, 148, 155, 368, 371
Bernhardi, 3, 103
Bernstorff, Count, 12
Bethmann-Hollweg, xii, xvi, xviii, 70, 74, 127, 150, 158, 169, 173, 180, 264, 289, 304, 376
Bienvenu-Martin, 120, 166
Bilse, Lieut., 43
Bismarck, 105, 130
Bissing, von, 224, 316
Bissolati, Signor, 148
Boers, 8, 23
Boylesve, René, 55
Briand, M., xix
Bryce, Lord, xxxiv, 280
Bülow, Prince von, xxiii, xxxii, 40, 143
Bunsen, Sir M. de, 114, 118
Cambon, M., 119, 120, 142, 159, 160, 166
Cavell, Edith, xxi, 310
Chirol, Sir Valentine, 37
Chotek, Countess Sophie, 346
Clausewitz, 31
Congo State, 14
Crown Prince, xxii, xxiv, xxv
Darwin, Charles, 19
Davignon, Henri, 298, 332
Dernburg, 12, 176
Dieckmann, Major, 89
Dillon, Dr. E. J., 153
Donington Hall, 300
Dryander, Dr., 40
Ducarme, Major-General, 176, 184
Elector, the Great, 21, 101
Erhardt's (Munition factory), x
Eucken, Prof., 50
Falaba, 272
Fernau, Herman, 385
Flotow, von, 116
Forgach, Count, 345
Francis, Emperor of Austria, xxviii
Francis Ferdinand, Archduke, 343
Francke, Prof., 40
Frederick the Great, 21, 99, 101, 103
Frobenius, Colonel H., 31
Fryatt, Capt. Charles, ix, 318
Gardelegen, 308
Garter, Order of the, 81
Ghika, Prince, 116
Giolitti, Signor, 147, 167
Giuliano, Marquis di San, 166
Goetzen, Admiral von, 144
Goltz, Field-Marshal von der, 40
Goschen, Sir Edward, 152, 156, 174
Grey, Viscount, xxxii, 66, 67, 71, 73, 74, 75, 112, 113, 122, 159, 160, 177, 191, 196, 211, 247, 309, 340, 363, 377, 388, 390

Grivegnée, 89
Hague Conference, second, 11
Hague Convention, ix
Halluin (nr. Lille), ix
Hamon, Augustine, 180
Harden, Maximilian, 27, 199
Harnack, Prof., 40
Hatzfeldt, Prince von, xxiii, 40
Hauptmann, Gerhart, 388
Havenith, E., 176
Headlam, J. W., xvi
Heincken, Dr., 40
Helfferich, Dr., 388
Hoetzendorf, Baron Konrad, 345
Hohenberg, Duchess of, 347
Holbein, Hans, 265
Holy Roman Empire, 7
Italy, 166
"J'Accuse," 356
Jagow, von, 117, 119, 152, 160, 170
Jaurès, 358, 365
Jutland, 35
Kaiser-Wilhelm Canal, 17
Kant, 6, 53
Kiao-Chau, 22
Kitchener, xxvi
Konopisht, 345
Lagarde, Prof. Paul de, 40
Lamprecht, Prof., 125
Lasson, Prof. Dr., 45
Lea, General Homer, 32
Liebknecht, 226, 348
Lloyd George, D., xix
London, treaties of, 14
Loti, Pierre, 261, 262
Louis XIV, 136
Lusitania, xxii, xxix, 68, 205
Macchio, Baron, 120
Machiavelli, 13
MacNab, Dr., 233
Maeterlinck, xxix, xxxiii, xxxiv
Marshall von Bieberstein, Baron, 325
Mensdorff, Count, 155
Mercier, Cardinal, 263
Mitchell, Dr. Chalme[illegible]
Moltke, General von
Morgan, J. H., 328
Morier, Sir Robert
Morocco, 18
Münster-Derneburg, Prince, xxiii, 40
Napoleon, xxvii, 136
Netherlands, 14
Peace of Westphalia, 101
Poincaré, 336
Poland, 101
Potiorek, General, 124, 352
Powell, Alexander, 234
Queiroz, J. M. E., 78
Radziwill, Princess Catherine, 350
Renan, 78
Reuss, Prince Henry of, 301
Reventlow, xxiii, 40, 264
Richthofen, 29
Root, Elihu, 11
Roumania, 164
Sazonoff, 122, 153, 157
Scharnhorst, 6
Schön, Baron von,
Schrack, Command
Serajevo, 111
Siemens, Wilhelm v
Sigismond Jagellon,
Steed, Henry Wickh
Stein, 7
Stenger, Brig.-Gener
Stürgkh, Count, 349
Tisza, Count, 119, 35
Treitschke, xv, 99
Triple Alliance, 7, 18
Tripoli, 18
Vambéry, Prof., 130
Vandeleur, Major, 307
Viviani, 148, 202
Vorwärts, 207
Wagner, Prof. Keans, 125
Whitlock, Brand, 315
William II, 79, 80, 90
Wittenberg, xxviii
Yussuf Izzed-Din, Prince, 349

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